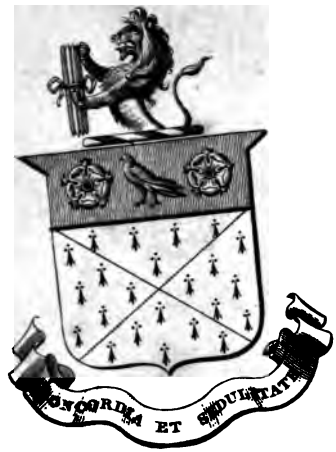

John Goldsmid.

Ex-Libris.

"Remove not the ancient land mark."—*Prov. xxii.*, 28.

J. Edward Ekins.

John Goldsmid.

Ex-Libris.

"Remove not the ancient land mark."—*Prov. xxii.*, 28.

The Old Cottages Sheep Street

J. Edward Ekins.

THE

SPIRIT

OF THE

PUBLIC JOURNALS

FOR

1810.

BEING

AN IMPARTIAL SELECTION

OF THE MOST INGENIOUS

ESSAYS AND JEUX D'ESPRITS

THAT APPEAR IN THE

NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND ANECDOTES

OF

MANY OF THE PERSONS ALLUDED TO.

VOL. XIV.

To be continued Annually.

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Festive

The

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THE

THE

SPIRIT

OF THE

PUBLIC JOURNALS.

AN ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

A PARODY.

BY THE RT. H—BLE S—— P——.

[From the Morning Herald.]

ERE yet, 'mid Rhetoric's mazy bowers,
I humbly cull'd some pretty flowers,
By silv'ry Thames's mud-bank side,
And saw dead dogs float down the tide:
There, as I roam'd the crowd among,
I learn'd to tune my legal song.
My teeming fancy hail'd the future day,
When Lancaster * should own my legal sway;
When Policy should cure all minor ills,
And line my forensic jerkin with Exchequer Bills!

Wrapp'd in ambition's mantle—touch'd by grace,
I took, at first, a Special Pleader's place;
And learn'd, by swimming round the laws,
To make the worse appear—the better cause;
To varnish o'er my clients' lame pretences,
To coax a Jury and befog the senses:
But yet, ah me! how Shame would oft step in,
To damp my ardour, and pourtray the sin;
Till, having strangled Fear, I hail'd the day,
And kick'd th' obtrusive hussey far away!

* Perhaps the Poet, though no Lavater, might allude to the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster.

From Pitt's sophisticated iron reign,
Who laid the taxes on with might and main,
And took, in soft captivity, by scores,
From verdant Erin's hospitable shores,
Her noble Senates, with prognostics dull,
To fill a House, that was—before, too full!
And, while Hibernia sung a *drimunduh* †,
To see her native Chiefs go, two and two,
To catch the British packet in the Bay,
While old Saint Patrick groan'd, Ah well-a-day!
I lauded loud the deed, and bade them cry,
With lungs of leather, "Bless the Ministry!"
Grateful the boon that suffers Pat to go
As sleeping partner to John Bull and Co.!

Though looking back through many an age,
Since Machiavelli blessed axioms made,
No Minister competes, on Hist'ry's page,
With my great Master Pitt, in the financing trade!

When gold and silver fled the land,
From rags he new resources call'd!
Then tatter'd shirts and shifts, a num'rous band,
Flew to the paper-mill, in swarms, like flies,
Stunning the Miller with their countless cries,
"Ah! make me into notes," each fragment bawl'd.

Though seated on Pitt's party-colour'd throne,
Girt by a courtly adamantine zone,
I feel a mist come o'er my aching sight;
The Pope and Bonaparté me appal!
Each, in a dream, came forward yesternight,
And wash'd "No Popery" from off the wall!
My stool of power is tottering! Lord! who 's that?
Where are the Bishops? Send for Rowland Hill:
I 'll cling, like birdlime, to my *post*, *that 's flat*;
Sir Francis nor Whitbread shall have their will;
Come, brethren, let us league like saints when dying;
If we go *down*, we 'll sink—with colours flying!

---

† Lamentations.

A RAPID

A RAPID VIEW OF THE LIVERPOOL AND PERCEVAL ADMINISTRATION.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 8.]

A NEUTRAL power treacherously attacked, its capital burned, its inhabitants slaughtered during peace; from this, Russia driven to war, and Sweden, the most faithful ally of England, annihilated. Two English armies sacrificed in Spain. Not one diversion made in favour of Austria, and a tardy expedition, ending in disappointment and ruin! A war wantonly provoked with America, and an insurrection in India. These have been the blessings of the *No Popery* Administration. And yet *these* men are *suffered* to govern!—Poor England! Poor Europe! Fortunate, *thrice* fortunate Bonaparté, oh!

O. P. PP. PP.

THE TALENTS.

[From the Morning Post, Jan. 9.]

AN attempted Imitation of an Article in the *Opposition Chronicle* of yesterday, entitled, "*A Rapid View of the* LIVERPOOL and PERCEVAL *Administration.*"

A SLIGHT SKETCH OF THE FOX AND GRENVILLE ADMINISTRATION.

A neutral power *threatened*; its capital *attempted*; *our own seamen* destroyed in escaping from it, during peace; *Prussia* driven to war; *Hanover*, the closest ally of England, subjugated; two English armies disgraced in *New Spain*; not one diversion made in favour of *Russia*, imploring our aid; an Egyptian expedition ending in disappointment and ruin; *America* conciliated by a treaty, which she rejected; a Governor sent to India, to quell insurrections by paragraphs. These were the blessings of the *Coalition*

 Ministry;

Ministry; and yet these men have the impudence to sneer! Huzza! Grey and the Prerogative! Grenville and Parliamentary Reform!

O. B. C. Y.

THE WARDLE SUBSCRIPTION.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO FARMERS IN DORSETSHIRE.

[From the same.]

"I THINK," says Tom, "'t is much to be lamented,
The Common Council has in town consented
To vote their humble thanks to Col'nel Wardle,
With less of merit in him than a fardel;
For, though their votes were not more worth than he,
And should be only a retaining fee,
For him to serve them in his turn, I trust,
That good can never spring from such a dust."

"I think," says Jack, "thy head is always running
On things thee dost not fairly understand;
Prythee let 's talk of something there is fun in,
And then, my boy, I 'll join thee heart and hand."

"O Jack! we must not always look for fun,
There 's graver matter here, as sure 's a gun;
'T is not the thanks, nor yet the box of gold,
(If nothing farther than the thanks it hold,)
That makes the mischief here; but Waithman cants,
To fill the box with gold besides, and wants
To have a posse coming at us all,
To preach the cause of Wardle and his fall.
You 've heard the famous speech of draper Waithman;
And know what credit 's due to all he saith, man;
But, strange to tell, some others too are caught
Completely by his gab, and now are taught
By him to think, that we must all subscribe,
And each man pay his share in Wardle's bribe;
So, 'cause the Council will not fill his box,
He hopes we noodles may—the cunning fox!"

"I 've heard of Waithman, and of Wardle too,"
Says Tom; "but cannot see what we 've to do

With

With either; if they come for gold to me,
I 'll pay them off, my boy, as you shall see."
Jack shook his head, and full of grief replied,
" That thou art honest, Tom, I ne'er denied;
And nobly ready in good cause to fight,
But thou wast ever very short of sight.
It was but t' other day I heard a rogue
Declare, that knav'ry was now all the vogue;
And that the Common Council said the same,
When they insisted on th' unblemish'd fame
Of their dear Wardle, who has prov'd to be
What they now gravely beg us not to see.
If here in our town knaves come into play,
'T were better hop the twig, than tamely stay,
To see them pamper'd and caress'd by some,
Who want to work us out of house and home."

A TIMELY REMONSTRANCE FROM COMMON SENSE, TO THE COMMON COUNCIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE O. P. DRAMATIC VISION *.

[From the Morning Herald, Jan. 9.]

THE SOLILOQUY.

NOW all the City Wards are half swept out
By Virtue's dreaded besom,
I'll take old Contradiction by the snout,
As Dunstan seiz'd the devil!
And be to tergiversation most uncivil;
For if I cannot mend them both, I 'll tease 'em
But, lo! the *Max'rine Corps* is now assembling,
I 'll lecture them forthwith, without dissembling.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

Messieurs, or gentlemen, or what you will,
Whether at Terrey's now you take your fill,
Stowing each stomach with three pounds of turtle,
Or mingling Bacchus' vine with Venus' myrtle;
And, toasting beauty till your eyeballs glisten,
Lay down your knives and forks, and breathe, and listen—
Uncommon Council! that 's the proper phrase,
Open your ears, and swallow all my lays.

* See Vol. XIII. p. 380.

When

When Corporate Bodies cease to be consistent,
Where can a resting-place be found
For *poor Propriety* on British ground,
While Noise and Folly journey co-existent?

Should misses at a school, for very fun,
Stitch pretty flowers on their Christmas samplers,
And the next day unravel what they 'd done,
And throw their labours 'neath the feet of tramplers;
What would their governess, or mammas say,
To find their reason vanish'd?
Yet you, alack-a-day!
Do and undo, as if you thought me banish'd!

To button and unbutton, morn and night,
Forms the great agency of polish'd stations!
To eat your words, then vomit them in spite,
Seems the great end of Civic disputations!
Yet lords and liverymen, with placid features,
Presume it aver they 're reasonable creatures!

When Waithman (whom some folks would play their tricks on)
Raises his pond'rous arm, and hits you hard
Dealing out sarcasms against mighty Dixon,
Just as he measures muslins—by the yard!
Pr'ythee, my friends, attend to the oration!
Perhaps his apothegms may save the nation!
For, if he cannot all your rights restore ye,
At least he 'll place your miseries before ye.

When you go up, in crowds, to address the King,
Leave your *Porrsoken* manners all behind ye;
As you ascend the staircase, do not sing,
Lest Townsend should come up and bind ye.
Let not your awkwardness make Cott'rell weep;
Nor suck your thumbs, when your ideas sleep;
Or hitch your breeches up, or scratch your hose;
And use a handkerchief to clean your nose.

Blow off the fog that dims your mental eyes;
Ope wide your well-made ears;
And hearken to the whisper'd sneers
That float, like *miasmata*, in the air;
Yet give the wretch they poison, to despair!
I don't expect ye to be learn'd or wise;

Or

Or charg'd with acumen, or bright or witty;
But if ye ever play the fool again,
And give to me, and Reason, so much pain;
Running, like yelping hounds, to meet contempt,
As if you were from fear and shame exempt,
By G—d I 'll leave the city!

ON THE LATE PROMOTIONS OF BARRISTERS TO THE FIRST OFFICES OF STATE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 10.]

POOR Albion! doom'd to be distress'd,
By rulers weak bestridden;
Our ancestors by priests oppress'd,
Ourselves by lawyers ridden!

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN THE SECRETARY OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE, AND SOME YOUNG LADIES.

[From the same, Jan. 16.]

WE are assured that the following very curious Correspondence is genuine:—

(A COPY.)

No. 9, Vigo Lane, Piccadilly, May 19, 1789.

YOUNG LADIES,

(Peace be among you!)

I AM directed by one of the worshipful governors of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, to intimate to you, that he had the pain to witness one of you, wilfully, and unnecessarily, profaning the holy Sabbath, at the hour of three yesterday, by working at her needle, in the window of your apartment; thereby breaking the Commandments of God Almighty, and setting an evil example to others to do so likewise. It is one commandment to keep holy the Sabbath; it is another not to steal—you think it sinful to steal, and

why is it not sinful to break the Sabbath? The first commandment is from God, as well as the last. Then "Go thy way and sin no more, and thy sin shall be forgiven thee." This much from the governor. I would now say a few words to you from myself. "God made man upright, but he hath found out many inventions;"--and "God made man after his own image," but not to be squeezed into the figure of a spider or a wasp, as if the head and tail had no connexion with each other;—put away your corselets, and your whalebones, and your iron busks, and your double laces; they are an abomination to the Lord; they are the ruin of his handy-work. If you would be beautiful, be what you are; shaped by the hand of the Creator of the Universe, who hath made the angels, as he made you, perfect in symmetry, after the express image of his own person. Angels do not wear corselets, neither do they gird their loins—they do not wear their stomachs in their mouths, nor their bowels in their sandals—but, "grace is in all their steps, heaven in their eyes, in all their gestures, dignity and love." This was said of the parent mother—but then she wore no corselets. Whatever is natural is beautiful, and whatever is beautiful is lovely. Do not spurn this advice, which would teach you to be good, and to be beautiful. "Angels are happier than men, because they are better."

Praying to God that this admonition may prove salutary,

I am, Ladies, faithfully,
Your fellow-labourer in the vineyard,
SAMUEL THACKERY,
Secretary to the Society for the
Suppression of Vice.

To young Ladies, names unknown.

TO

TO THE GOVERNORS.

In answer to yours, I inform you we are Jewesses, and keep our Sabbath the day (God) appointed holy. By working, when you choose to rest, we commit no sin; therefore, in that respect, have none to be forgiven. Should you be acquainted with the Jewish law, I beg leave to refer you to the Bible; if there unable to satisfy yourself, my father is a Hebrew teacher, and capable of giving you any information relative to our religion, or your own. I am sincerely sorry you should be uneasy respecting the preservation of our souls; as, I assure you, we are well acquainted with the commandments, and not only observe the one included in the ten commanded to all nations, but six hundred and thirteen; be, therefore, perfectly happy on our account: we sacredly perform the tenets of our religion, consequently our consciences must be perfectly at rest.

TO THE SECRETARY.

Had you confined yourself to religion, ignorance of the Jewish law might have been considered a sufficient excuse for your unnecessary letter; still I cannot help thinking, that the governor and secretary of a religious order might better have employed themselves, than gazing in the apartments of ladies; as gentlemen, politeness should have taught them better. Respecting the dress now worn by ladies, it is certainly a curious subject for a divine; still it requires an answer. Permit me to say, you cannot be perfectly correct in your observations; as corselets form no part of a female's attire: however, examine your dictionary, and you will not only perceive your error in that part of your letter, but in several others, as you doubtless retain a copy. Iron busks we have never seen, therefore never worn; as for double laces, be assured we have a very large family, and find it sufficiently expensive

to purchase single ones. Your next observation we just pass over in silence, it not being a subject sufficiently delicate for a lady to reply to: your compliment we shall, most assuredly, accept, not allowing ourselves for one moment to suppose a divine would flatter. The passage you quoted from Milton, we think extremely beautiful, but not at all applicable to the subject in question. Nobody, I assure you, admires Eve more than we do; still you must agree with us, that the fashion has so much altered since she graced this terrestrial sphere, that it would be utterly impossible to accept her as a pattern for dress. Permit me to give you a little advice, in return for yours. Make yourself better acquainted with that lady's costume; then reflect, ere you advise females to attire only as she did, whether or no, in the present enlightened age, your doctrines would not be considered as erroneous. One observation more: Supposing it had been a family, who had so acted through necessity, as we are not to judge by the external appearance, does your society, in the suppression of vice, relieve the cause from whence it proceeds?—With all due veneration, we beg leave to subscribe ourselves,

Yours, with the greatest respect,

THE BRITANNIA IN DISTRESS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 20.]

SHORT is the reign, the power, and pride of sway,
When Tapaphobia scowls along the way;
As in the vessel where disunion reigns,
A sad confusion every action stains:
The voice of discord roars along the realm,
While Per——l and M——e hold the helm;
The gale increases, and the neighbouring shore
Displays new shoals, and rocks ne'er known before.

Hard

Hard is the task the fated bark to steer—
Fresh breakers rise, and danger hovers near;
Portentous glooms the land along the lee;
No weather shore to guard us from the sea;—
Unknown, the quicksands of the fatal coast;
In mute suspense, our palsied Pilot's lost;
To save the ship, no skilful hand we find—
The sport of every wave and every wind;
Borne at the impulse of the threat'ning gales,
No skilful Master trims the shatter'd sails.
Awhile the crew, with anguish and dismay,
Behold her drifting o'er the dang'rous way;
With folded arms and downcast looks they stand,
Aw'd by the horrors of the neighb'ring land:
High o'er the foam the rugged rocks appear,
No hope is left, and all is doubt and fear:—
Too late our Pilot's errors we retrace,
When death and horror stare us in the face!
And shall we cry, when every hope is lost,
They could have *sav'd us, had they known the coast?*
And shall we tamely sink into our grave,
Without one effort to resist the wave?
No, Britons! every heart with fire shall glow,
To stem the torrent of impending woe!
Haul aft your sheets, and trim the flutt'ring sails,
The ship's soon righted, and disarm'd the gales!
Firm at his post let every hand appear!
The *land's a-head, the ship must quickly veer;*
Discharge your Pilots, if you 'll save your crew!
We're on a coast, whose sands they never knew!
Send P———l to stammer at the Bar,
And Mul——e's glories to terrestrial war;
Place at the helm a liberal, steady soul,
And let all hands attend to his control.
Secure your masts and yards, aloft, below,
Check your lee braces, and away you go;
Place your *look-outs*, and, fore and aft, their eyes
Shall see all danger, and prevent surprise.
When rocks and sands surround us on a cruise,
No Briton every thinks to take a *snooze;*

who, I imagine, is an Independent Member of a certain Assembly, and was addressed to his Lady. I send it to you without further comment, and am, Sir, &c.

TO MRS. SCRAPEALL.

To write you, dear SUKEY, I sit myself down,
A journal of all that has happen'd in Town.
Rememb'ring your counsels, "to play a sure game,"
No sooner to London's gay city I came,
Than, anxious the harbour of Int'rest to find,
I tried to set sail with a favouring wind:
'Midst the Ins and the Outs I balanc'd awhile,
To know which was safest, to frown or to smile:
For, alas! 't is no longer so easy to know
When best to say "Yes," and when best to say "No."
In Pitt's happy time what fortunes were made!
How glibly ran on the political trade!
To grandeur and riches the road was so plain,
'T was found without trouble, or thinking, or pain:
Without hazard the game of Ambition to play,
To vote as he bid was th' infallible way;
While, loyally taking the Treasury bribe,
We scoff'd at the sneers of the *Jacobin* tribe.
No longer the chances are all on one side,—
Then how can one safely for either decide?
No less than six Leaders of Parties contend,
All of whom yet declare me their much-honour'd friend.
The little pert man, of whose sallow complexion,
Perhaps, dearest wife, you have some recollection,
Whom graciously once with a guinea I fee'd,
When briefless he came on our circuit to plead,
(Good L——! what a change,) is now suffer'd to sit
Where, worshipp'd by all, reign'd th' omnipotent Pitt;
But his seat is unsteady, and doubtful his fate,
Though he vows he 's the Champion of Church and of State.
Next my Lord Castlereagh, of Walcheren fame,
Whom some seem to pity, and many to blame,
Protesting that, scorn'd and deceiv'd by George Canning,
His Colleagues deserve just an *Irish half-hanging;*
Says the Nation alone can be sav'd by his head,
Which others pretend is as heavy as lead.

Then

Then Canning, that flippant and eloquent elf,
The God of whose praises is always himself;
Who sending our heroes to perish in Spain,
Where they fought, and they suffer'd, and conquer'd, in vain;
Still modestly boasts of his sense and decision,
And treats both his foes and his friends with derision.
The Marquis (though nom'nally filling a post)
Will never be quiet till Lord of the Host;
And, accustom'd in India to sovereign pow'r,
Just values his honours as steps to gain more.
Lord Melville, too, back'd by a Scotch delegation,
Prefers his just claims to the reins of the Nation.
As for Grenville and Grey, (for together they seem
On all subjects to act, and together to dream,)
'T would be easy for them to be Masters, indeed;
(But the K— must be humour'd, and Members be see'd;)
And they, with Utopian folly, pretend
The feelings of Patriots and Statesmen to blend.
For the *Ins*, I believe, I must vote; for they say
How wisely they 'll act, and how nobly they 'll pay;—
If the latter they 'll do, I care not for the first,
But, alas! I much fear that the bubble will burst;
That the will of the People their glory will blast,
And the trade of a Jobber be ruin'd at last.

A NEW SONG, CALLED TIMOTHY KEARNEY.

BY AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF HIS OWN.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 30.]

IN the County of Cork did I first show my head,
And they christen'd me Timothy Kearney;
At the Custom-house Quay my dad earn'd his bread,
With a little proportion of blarney.
Oh! 't was early, he saw, that my own little pate
Was destin'd to shine in a tottering state—

[So, after a complete classical education at Terry M'Grath's *Writing School*, I was sent to the College, where I took my degree, and turn'd Lawyer, being the best trade going at all times, but especially at a moment—]

When so highly the nation our talents would rate—
'T was the moment for Timothy Kearney.

Then

Then a large Orange lily I stuck in my hat,
Success to you, Timothy Kearney!
To distinguish myself from a *Catholic Pat*,
And make my appearance in blarney:

But, seeing I never could do the thing *clane*,
If a parliament station I did n't obtain—
[We accordingly set our wits to work, my father, Watty, and I—Oh! then, to be sure, we did n't bother all the country for votes—The good old cause, says I, and damn the *Papishes*—The sweet cause of loyalty for ever, and the glorious badge of disunion. I was soon returned—]
And no wonder my father and Watty were vain
Of the patriot Timothy Kearney.

Oh! then I forsook the sweet county of Cork,
The gauging, and dear grove of Blarney,
To support *honour's cause*, and the great D— of ——,
With the talents of Timothy Kearney.

Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke, bless her sweet little heart,
Was certainly acting a prostitute's part—
[So I, like a true barrister, tried to bother her out of it: but His R—— H——, long life to him, was too deep in it—his name was enough for me; so, after all, our questions were of no use, we voted—*never a blister on his soul* Ah! Mrs. Clarke, sweet bad luck to your two pretty eyes! Cupid certainly has a quiver of arrows in each; but—]
If a small bit of gold is n't winging the dart,
They can never pierce Timothy Kearney.

In the Parliament House, then, I gain'd such renown,
With my native profusion of blarney,
That the speeches and poems were hawk'd through the town,
Of the elegant Timothy Kearney.

By the way of commencing my brilliant career,
I slipp'd into a place of four thousand a-year—
[Ah! boys, the country will prosper now, says I—Soldiers and lawyers for ever! Mr. Flannagan, is it you!—think I saw you in Cork—really have so many to provide for—formerly intimate, to be sure—But you 'll please to observe, there 's a mighty difference in people—]
On the banks of the Lee or the Liffey, and here—
So good morning, says Timothy Kearney.

THE

THE NEW "VICAR OF BRAY;" OR, "TWO STRINGS TO THE BOW."

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD, TO THE TUNE OF "DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, DERRY DOWN."

[From the same, Jan. 31.]

WHEN Castlereagh first stood for Down,
And found the Court resist him;
He look'd about, to see what church
Or sect would best assist him.

The orthodox were very shy
On such a choice to venture;
For there were whispers buzz'd abroad,
Which dubb'd him a dissenter.

He therefore thought his surest game
Was, for the kirk to stickle;
So, down with church, tithes, bishops, and
Huzza for conventicle!

But uncle Camden once sent o'er
To rule the Irish nation;
For Ulster-synod, elders, kirk,
He now found no occasion.

So quickly left their "civil rights"
And doctrines, as schismatic,
And vow'd himself, in church and state,
A staunch aristocratic.

The right divine of priests and kings,
No Bishop could hold higher;—
A good episcopalian he,
As high-church could require!

The "Protestant ascendancy"
He held the true communion,
And Catholics were sent to graze—
Till Pitt propos'd the Union!

The kirk oppos'd—the church-man trimm'd—
(His Lordship be'ng much puzzled,)
So aid from Popery he sought:—
And Orange-men were muzzled.

The

The whippings, pickettings, he stopp'd,
Their priests and chiefs he courted—
Poor Paddy thought that all was gain'd,
So Union straight supported.

So hot his Lordship's zeal, you 'd swear
With Rome he 'd made alliance—
And for repeal of penal laws
All gave him full reliance.

He pledg'd himself, the Government,
Cornwallis, Pitt, and all,
Should steadily emancipate—
With Papists stand or fall!

But, when our gracious K— flew out,
And spread a wide alarm,
His Lordship found his "Roman cloak"
Would never keep him warm.

Full short he turn'd—and once more sought
The arms of mother church—
To Catholics he *left* his *pledge*,
And *left them* in the lurch.

Conforming thus religiously—
His scruples were the *King*'s;
And show'd, in politics and faith,
His "bow" must have "two strings."

God grant the Turk may ne'er come o'er,
To bully or disturb one—
For sure 't would grieve us all, to see
His Lordship take the turban.

THE CONJUROR.

[From the Morning Post, Jan. 31.]

I WAS not aware, till within these few days,
My dear Nancy knew legerdemain,
But fully convinc'd of the fact by her ways,
She 's a conjuror, I will maintain;

For

For once I remember, with cups and with balls,
I witness'd a juggler's skill,
When the vanishing toys left their cups at his call,
And chang'd places just at his will.

Now you have this power—but why, my love, start?
I engage the assertion to prove;
For your beauty I 'm sure has robb'd me of my heart,
By the *presto pass* mighty of love.

Ah! then, lovely juggler, take pity, and deign
(As I cannot this anguish endure,)
By a *new trick* to lighten my heart of its pain,
To give my torn bosom its cure.

And seeing I cannot without a heart rest,
(As your past steps you cannot retrace,
By giving me back that which once I possess'd,)
Oh! give me your own in its place.

SLIPPERY ACCIDENTS.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR,

BEING a *peripatetic* on Sunday last, upon the Serpentine river, I confess I was not a little amused by the various casualties incurred by those who were rash enough to venture——

"O'er crackling ice, o'er gulfs profound."

I shall not even presume to hint at the little *faux pas* or *slips* made by the fairest part of the creation; but will simply state, that I could not command my risible nerves at viewing the *slippery accidents* which befell the following grave and important personages:—

Colonel Wardle was using every possible exertion to attract *the admiration of the public*; when, either from his head being giddy, or his senses not exactly *right*, he unluckily ran against his *ci-devant Clerk*, and in the course of the jostle came in violent contact with Lord Ellenborough. The impetus was so strong, that though the Colonel made every effort for a *new trial*

trial of his skill, he fell down senseless; nor did he recover, until it was intimated, that his friends meant to *set him upon his legs again by subscription.*

Lord Folkestone was driving on at a most furious rate; when his Lordship unfortunately *tripped*, and *came down* with such violence, as to alarm a large *Newfoundland dog*, which immediately began a vociferous "*Bow, wow, wow.*" This seemed to the bystanders as rather emblematical of the late *Bark*-shire meeting.

Sir Francis Burdett, as usual, dashed along, helter skelter, without *looking before him*; but was soon brought to a *stand-still* by *running foul* of a man, whom he afterwards discovered to be Governor Aris.

John Philip Kemble, Esq. was walking alone, and buried in his accustomed profundity of thought; when hearing somebody exclaim—*O. P.* and which he naturally supposed to be a friendly *abbreviation* of "Oh! Philip," he turned round so suddenly, that he twisted his ancle, which has been in continual *aitches* ever since.

Yours,

Little Chelsea, Jan. 26. GLACIALIS.

THE OUTS AND INS.—A SIMILE.

[From the Public Ledger, Feb. 1.]

WHO has not seen and heard, not deaf and blind,
Young urchins run and shout, "Cut, cut behind!"—
With all this seeming justice, the plain case is,
The groundlings envy those who ride, their places!—
Thus the raw patriot hunts the Premier down,
Till, in his turn, he makes his seat his own;
Meanwhile, the groaning vehicle of state
Sinks in the mud with surreptitious weight!

C.

THE

THE WOULD-BE MINISTERS.

EPIGRAMMATICAL.

[From the Morning Post, Feb. 3.]

GRENVILLE AND THE CATHOLICS.

GRENVILLE, regardless of disgrace,
Deserts the Papist cause,
More from the lust of power and place,
Than love of Church or Laws.

With grief his faithful Oxford band
Peruse his late concession;
Who look'd for masses, pardons, and
Auricular confession.

Grenville, in haste the King to please,
Their murmurs come too late,
From Peter gets the church's keys,
From George the seals of state.

ORNOR.

THE ADMINISTRATION.

BY A SEA-FARING POLITICIAN.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Feb. 3.]

O'ER the rulers of state
The dark visage of fate
Presides with a sad consternation;
And astonish'd we gaze
On the late feeble rays
Of our impotent Administration.
Too long has their dilapidation
Exhausted the strength of our nation:
Yet, like Trojans we view'd
Ev'ry plan they pursu'd;
Till they fought for the Administration.

When Austria began
To pour forth ev'ry man,
And marshal her warlike creation;
We resolv'd, for her sake,
A diversion to make,
On some point of the neighbouring nation.

Our

British tars and soldiers will be performed by actors, some of whom have never appeared on this stage before. It is thought that the managers have a good deal depending upon the success of this piece; and that, in case of its failure, they will not *hire* the present *company* and *band* any more.

PROPHECIES FOR 1810.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER AND DAILY ADVERTISER.

[Feb. 6.]

SIR,

AS the magistrates have lately been more than usually vigilant in apprehending conjurors, diviners, and other persons professing to reveal hidden things, and as I have no very violent attachment to the interior of a jail in this inclement weather, nor to the employment of beating hemp in any weather, I have determined to give up the business hitherto carried on by me in the three pair of stairs back room in Tripe Alley, Cow Cross (a lamp over the door); and herewith I transmit for publication, my whole stock in trade of prophecies for the present year of 1810; which I consign to your valuable paper, entitled, the Public Ledger, open to all parties (and conjurors among the rest); with this *proviso*, that if any paper or papers copy the same, without a suitable acknowledgment, I *predict* that they shall be exposed, by me, to merited contempt.

Imprimis, Then, I *foresee*, that notwithstanding what some folks call the present awful and alarming prospect of national affairs, the public will be pestered with as many long accounts of silly diversions, entertainments, &c. as if we enjoyed a state of perfect security and tranquillity.

I *foresee*, that the usual number of cases of *crim. con.*

con. will be served up for the edification of the gay world, any thing in the laws of God or men to the contrary notwithstanding; and I foresee that all the females will be "beautiful and interesting," and their dress will be most minutely described in the fashionable papers, as an article of exceeding importance, and bearing very much on the merits of the case.

I *foresee*, that we shall hear of the usual number of ladies' routs this season; and that, after having sent a list of names, and five or ten guineas with it, to the fashionable papers, we shall have a "stale, flat, and unprofitable" account how the floors were chalked, the lamps suspended, and the green-house plants displayed on the staircase; together with "a full, true, and particular" mention of the Scotch bagpipes, strathspeys, Sir David Hunter Blair, and the last German Waltz—all tending most powerfully to fill the columns of a newspaper, and promote female humility and delicacy.

I *foresee*, that sundry persons of the fair sex, from old women down to young ladies, will be burnt to death by their clothes taking fire, notwithstanding the repeated examples and repeated cautions, recorded and offered, by which such accidents may be avoided.

I *foresee*, that various limbs will be broken, and ladies frightened into hysterics, by their blood and unbroken horses taking fright in Bond Street; running down St. James's Street; the wheels catching a post, the carriage upset: and the same is repeated every week, or fortnight, without the least consideration how such matters may be better managed.—N. B. The coachman and footman, while their ladies are shopping, will continue to leave their horses to their own discretion, and themselves take a *drop of som'mat* at the public-house up the passage, where the *horses* are sure not to see them!

I *foresee* that, if we have more frosty weather, the

ice upon the Canal will give way, and a certain number of skaiters will either narrowly escape *with* their lives, or be dragged up *without* them; and I further foresee, that this will happen principally upon a *Sunday*, during the hours of divine service; that being the time, in this religious town, when it is thought that St. James's Park is most honoured by the feats of skaiters, and the *profession* of religion finely contrasted with the practice.

I *foresee*, that several alarming and destructive fires will take place, attended with the usual want of water, and occasioned by the usual marks of *carefulness*, such as leaving a pitch-pot to boil over, placing a candle among a heap of straw, reading in bed, or leaving a candle near the curtains, or any other trifling circumstance that can show how much we profit by experience.

And lastly, I *foresee*, that, when all these prophecies are read, the drift of them will be immediately comprehended, and as soon *forgotten*.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

THE CONJUROR.

REPAIRS WANTED.

[From the General Evening Post, Feb. 8.]

SIR,

PASSING, a few evenings since, by a great house at the west end of the town, *that wanted a few repairs*, my attention was attracted by a number of people in the act of being turned out, apparently much against their inclination, by several who seemed to wish to shut *themselves* in.

Upon inquiry as to the occasion of the bustle, I was informed, that the excluded party had been sent by the owner of the house, to attend, and *report* upon, a consultation of the carpenters, joiners, and other workmen employed, respecting an erection, which,

for

for want of a good sound basement plan, had the misfortune last autumn, during its execution, to tumble in ruins about the ears of the projectors. These masters and journeymen, not liking that the rights of the affair should come to the knowledge of their employers, had passed a rule which they were then enforcing, that "All persons sent by the owners to *report* upon their proceedings should be excluded."

This was all the information I could procure about the accident: but, Mr. Editor, is it not very strange, that a man may not know what those are doing whom he employs to spend his money? In going away, I could not help thinking, that these masons, carpenters, bricklayers, &c. &c. must have been about some *very dirty work inside the house*, or they would certainly not have wished to shut *themselves* in, and to exclude their employers.

Not knowing the customs, Mr. Editor, of your great city, I should wish to be informed if this is the usual practice of your builders in the metropolis.

Yours, &c.

Feb. 6, 1810. A PLAIN INQUIRER.

SPECIMEN OF ANCIENT REPORTING.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Feb. 8.]

MR. Windham, in his speech on Mr. Sheridan's motion for reconsidering the standing order for the exclusion of strangers from the House of Commons, is reported to have alluded to the good old times when the debates of Parliament were given under fictitious names, as the debates of the senates of Lilliput and Blefuscu. For the amusement of our readers, we extract a specimen of this mode of reporting, which Mr. Windham so much regretted, from a scarce and curious Magazine, entitled, "The Politi-

cal Intelligencer for the year 1747." We are wholly at a loss to guess what proceedings are meant to be referred to; but, upon inquiry, we find that the year above mentioned, was that which Sir John Pringle describes, as having been so fatal to our troops in the Island of Walcheren. After perusing this extract, our readers will, probably, be of opinion, that the object of concealment was not much promoted by this exploded mode of reporting.

EXTRACT.

The Hurgol Dunder-A,dam Gander, being interrogated, saith to the following purpose, viz.—

"He is principal Truncheon-bearer to his Lilliputian Majesty. The Nardacs of the kingdom commanded him to attend their council on the 24th of the moon of March: desired him to furnish them with 16,000 Lilliputians for an expedition up the river Swamp'em, which he was told must be done without delay; as otherwise, upon the first alarm, the Blefuscuans would move their ships up the river out of our way—he answered, that the required men could not be furnished. He was afterwards desired to give his opinion in writing, on the practicability of an attack upon Anterwerpen; but no information was given him of the state of its defences, or of the number of the enemy likely to be opposed to our troops: that he gave a strong opinion against any attack upon Anterwerpen by land, and represented the risk and small chance of success attending a combined attack up the Swamp'em—was never asked his advice again. The Nardacs had no map or plan of the fortifications of Anterwerpen, neither had the principal Truncheon-bearer. He described them to the Nardacs, as they were sixteen years before, when he, being grievously indisposed, was sent into the rear of the army for seven days, by the then Truncheon-bearer, and had an opportunit

portunity of observing that some of the ditches were wet and some were dry, and that it was a place of strength. The Truncheon-bearer expressed his opinion, that 10,000 men in Anterwerpen would stop four times their number assembled before that fortress. If an army had proceeded to the attack of Anterwerpen, 15,000 men must have been left in the Island of Marshgrave. The other islands must have been occupied, all the fortresses to the eastward masked by a sufficient force, and the forts upon the river besieged. That the number of men landed at Marshgrave was 39,143, out of whom the number of sick and wounded amounted to 12,863."

"Nay, then," quoth the Hurgol Fool-Erbawl, "I marvel how many men could have reached Anterwerpen!"

The Truncheon-bearer here continued, and said, in answer to a question from the last-mentioned Hurgol, "In the military history of the world I never yet heard or read of a coup-de-main being attempted by 40,000 men and 30 sail of the line with cavalry on board. He was not consulted on the appointment of the commander of the expedition; but thinks the Nardac Chatterum the properest person who could have been named for that purpose, because he served (the Truncheon-bearer forgets how) in the American war; commanded a brigade, for two moons, in the Helderflight campaign, under the Royal Nardac of those days, when the Truncheon-bearer saw every thing proper in his conduct; and because he had served with great distinction under him the said Truncheon-bearer, within the realm of Lilliput, in the course of which service he had witnessed his actually exercising from 8 to 10,000 men, with credit to himself, at a review."

The principal Glys-terpypol Lookas-Peerparsas being then interrogated, saith, "That he, the said

Glys-terpypol was commanded to furnish medicines and medical assistance for an army; but whether said army was to go to Blefuscu or to Jericho, deponent was not informed.—Had he been told said army was to have gone to Marshgrave, should have recommended an additional supply of every medical article, and a greater number of assistants. Knoweth Marshgrave well, and believeth it to be the most pestilential spot on the face of the globe, except perhaps Batavia. Doth not think the sickness which prevailed in the Lilliputian army, greater than might have been expected by any man acquainted with Marshgrave.—Was never consulted by the Nardacs upon the sickness in the army, until the 10th day of the moon September, and verily it was not his duty to give any opinion unasked.—Hath heard, that on the 1st day of the said moon, the Nardacs in council had been told by the Nardac Chatterum, that on the 29th day of the moon August, the number of sick was already little short of 3000 men; and that they were further informed on the 8th of said moon, that on the 6th, the number of sick exceeded 8000 men."

The chief Blood-letter to the forces, Che-Te-Pocket-Fe, being interrogated, saith, "He never was consulted by the Nardacs, on the state of the sick at Marshgrave, until the 10th of the moon September. —Never knew the army was destined for Marshgrave, until he received a letter from his deputy-blood-letter, dated from thence.—Had he known their destination, would have sent a much larger proportion of bark and of wine, and comforts for the soldiers; not as a cure for, but as a preventive against the disease. —It is his duty to order medicines only upon requisitions made to him by the chief Truncheon-bearer through the office for war; received no such requisition until the moon of September.—The sick of the whole army of Lilliput, at home and abroad, are under

der the superintendance of the medical board, consisting of the chief Glys-terpypol, the chief Blood-letter, and the principal Hospital-peeper.—The board meets by order of the office for war.—The board never was ordered to meet after the commencement of the Marshgrave fever.—A letter was sent to the board, directing one of its members to proceed to Marshgrave. The Blood-letter and the Peeper thought it the duty of the Glys-terpypol to go.—The Glys-terpypol objecting thereto, had a private communication with the Truncheon-bearer, whereupon none of them went at all.—The salary of the Glys-terpypol is two sprugs per diem; of the Blood-letter three sprugs per diem; and of the Peeper four sprugs, besides travelling expenses." Whereupon the Hurgols exclaimed, "Verily, verily, it is too much." The Blood-letter further saith, "that at one time it was reported to him, there were only 50lbs. of bark in store in Marshgrave.—Understands 400lbs. were discovered by accident on board a vessel sent by mistake."

The Hurgol Lieng O'Cracker having presented certain documents to the Hurgols, calling themselves documents of intelligence received at the sea house, by the chief Admiral Muley Graaf Hum Bug, relating to the state of the Blefuscuans' existing force and preparations at Marshgrave, was interrogated as to the dates of the said papers; whereupon he declared, "He knew nothing thereof, that he knew they had been received two or three years ago, he thought during the present war, but could not take upon himself to assert that they might not have been articles of intelligence respecting the Spanish, or the preparations of William the Third, of glorious and immortal memory, in the year of the Hegira 1688."—Whereupon the Hurgols laughed and exclaimed, "Of a truth thou hast been deceived by thy brother Lieng Bawbu-Uard."

WALCHEREN.

[From the Morning Post, Feb. 12.]

AH! wretched spot, by nature's hand unblest,
Where fell Disease high rears her spotted crest;
Where horrid fogs eternally prevail,
And fatal damps from poisonous floods exhale;
Where blasts pestiferous taint the sullen air,
And spread around contagion and despair:—
There, where the sun of heav'n no pleasure yields,
No joy the summer, no delight the fields;
Where seasons, hail'd in other climes with bliss,
Fill the sad natives with dismay in this;
Where blooming spring, and glowing autumn's breath,
Bring in their rear inevitable death,
Where festive summer lays her myriads low,
And bids the yawning sepulchre o'erflow:—
Inhospitable land!—unkind to all,
In heaps thy children on thy bosom fall;
Nor young nor old, nor art nor care can save—
Thou giv'st them birth, and giv'st them soon a grave;
Born but to perish where they first drew breath,
Call'd into life, to hasten unto death.
But if, perchance, amid the wretched throng,
Some few may crawl to lengthen'd life along,
Phantoms deform'd they seem, a ghastly train,
And mourning, till eternal rest they gain.
Here Death is king, and here he holds his court,
And here his sad and grisly troop resort;
Tow'ring he stalks, supreme in high command,
His lifted sceptre ever in his hand!
And is it you, heroes of mighty name—
Heroes of Albion, of transcendant fame!
Ah! is it you, from hardy Britain sent,
With thoughts on deeds of noblest valour bent—
With hearts, that fondest energy inspir'd,
Young hope and wild enthusiasm fir'd,
Of vict'ry certain—to all danger blind,
And nerving body by the force of mind!
Is it to you my mournful tears belong?
For you the muse must chant her funeral song?

And

And sadly cast those flowrets o'er your tomb,
Which should have strew'd your path of glory home?
Ah! little thought ye, while, in graceful pride,
Your numerous fleets appear'd on ev'ry side,
Ah! little thought ye, as ye skimm'd the main,
Ye ne'er were doom'd to see that home again.
A grove of ships, majestically grand,
A moving grove of ships ye seem'd, from land;
But vain your numbers—vain your splendid train—
Vain your high hopes—your burning ardour vain:
Soon as, alas! upon that fatal ground,
In springing life, and sparkling joy, ye bound,
Rank pestilence bursts forth, an ambush'd foe;
Too soon its deadly pow'r ye feel, and know:
From oozy rivers noisome mists arise,
Curling in clouds of vapour to the skies;
Cold chilly damps unbrace the frame of man,
His vigour fails, and life becomes a span;
Ye droop, ye die, by swift disease ye fall,
And gaunt destruction hovers over all.
His comrade gone, not long the soldier grieves;
Another, soon, his own sad breath receives;
The brother, o'er his brother's early bier,
In anguish hangs, and drops the bitter tear;
With his sad sigh contagion foul inhales,
And dies, while he another's death bewails!
Wide ruin spreads the fearful sacrifice,
And hecatombs of heroes swiftly rise!
So rapid, ruthless Death augments his heap,
Soon shall no wretch remain, a perish'd host to weep!
O God! what horror and what grief to tell
The dreadful fate of those we lov'd so well;
Of fathers, brothers, sons—our country's boast!
Unnumber'd, dying on a foreign coast.
Here while some object dear, each breast might mourn,
Their lifeless forms by drooping friends were borne!
Borne to the grave, in mingled crowds along,
And buried in an undistinguish'd throng!
Yet, ah! ye heroes of untimely doom!
E'en o'er your vast immeasurable tomb,
Wide-spreading laurels to the skies shall bloom!

What though ye perish'd in a common grave,
Shall monuments be wanting to the brave?
Your country's heart immortal makes your fame,
And there inscrib'd, shall ever live your name!
Their gratitude your monument shall raise,
And ages yet unborn record your praise.
Nor earthly honours shall be yours alone,
High Heav'n approves, and takes you for its own;
Though not with sword in hand your blood has flow'd,
Your lives were in your country's cause bestow'd!
In youthful prime, ye perish'd for her good,
And wish'd for life, for her to shed your blood;
For this, the hero's soul sublime shall rise,
And find a crown of glory in the skies!

ROSA MATILDA.

A HINT.

[From the Morning Post, Feb. 14.]

YE Westminster patriots, who all loudly storm
About the old bugbear, St. Stephen's reform;
Leave the saint undisturb'd; let each troublesome elf
Commence his career, by—*reforming himself.*

CANDIDUS.

BEAU FRIGHTFUL!

[From the same.]

CLODIO neglects each proper duty,
Because he loves!—but 't is not beauty.
Clodio sighs! but not for feature;
Clodio pines! for naught in nature.
The reason plainly thus we trace,
For Clodio loves—*his ugly face.*

B.

THE

THE QUONDAM FRIENDS.

[From the Public Ledger, Feb. 15.]

WHEN HONEST FOLKS FALL OUT, &c.—OLD PROV.—NEW READING.

SAYS Windy to Cob, "What I speak you may print."—
"If I do not," says Cob, "there can be nothing in 't."
MUM.

THE GARDENER AND THE SNAIL.

A POLITICAL FABLE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Feb. 15.]

"THOU emblem of sloth, thou pilfering thief,
How dar'st thou presume to come here,
To kill my young plants, and to eat up their leaf,
And render abortive my care?"

"Cease man," said the Snail, "and look at your race,
Who sinecure places enjoy;
They eat up your bread, and they laugh in your face,
While they your hard earnings destroy.

"Extirpate those first.—'T is surely a shame
That they the poor's earnings assail;
While you are so hard, and so cruelly blame
A wandering innocent Snail."

Westminster, Feb. 1810. W. X.

THE LADY AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

[From the Morning Post, Feb. 15.]

A CYNIC once growl'd to a beautiful lass:—
"A female 's the very reverse of a glass;
And this I can prove, without fear of correction—
A mirror, we know, and 't is fact which I preach,
Exactly *reflects*, but without gift of *speech*;
Whereas we all rue,
And find it too true,
That a *female talks on without any reflection*."

T.

A FRIEND OF THE PRESS, TO ORATOR GAB.

[From the same, Feb. 16.]

GREAT is your reading, and nimble your tongue;
Of wit you have store, and around you 't is flung
With rapture, with fury; while hearers oft stare,
And wonder when you, Sir, will deign to forbear,
With puns, strange conceits, and inventions all wild,
To *torture* the bosoms that can't be beguil'd.—
Your wit is allow'd—and your *wisdom* 's so small,
That John Bull suspects that you have none at all.
And, with "All the Talents," so pert and so vain,
So common, alas! are defects of the brain;
His surprise (not contempt) is most certainly less,
Now one of the party has slander'd the press,
That press, without which you had scarcely been known,
Which were a great pity, the candid must own.
O Orator Gab, pray attend to my pen;
Be *singular* sometimes—let wisdom say when;
Conceit's silly dictates ne'er stoop to obey,
Or they, as they have done, will lead you *astray*. B.

A HINT TO A LADY ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

[From the same, Feb. 14.]

ACCEPT, Eliza, name for ever dear,
The fervent wishes of a heart sincere;
Nor heedless turn, on this revolving day,
From friendship's grave, yet well-intended lay.
To guide thy spotless vows, the task be mine,
Where love and prudence socially entwine:
Avoid the noisy *self-important* youth,
Laugh at his nonsense, and suspect his truth:
The desp'rate gamester like contagion shun,
With him *all evils* are combin'd in *one*;
Spurn the dull sot, and mark this certain rule,
To scorn a puppy, and neglect a fool;
To *modest worth* thy sentiments incline,
Then *like thyself* shall be thy *Valentine*.

Little Chelsea. MENTOR.

NAUTICAL

NAUTICAL QUIBBLE.

[From the same, Feb. 19.]

FATHER.

A SAILOR is a drunken sot,
And shall not have my daughter—

FRIEND.

How can it be! Have you forgot?
A sailor *lives on water.*

AN ARGUMENT ON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

ADDRESSED TO PETRONILLA.—1810.

[From the same.]

IF you believe in all that you profess,
(Without offence we dare suppose no less;)
If such your faith, as "mountains to remove,"
And, "without works," ensure your bliss above:
While (so you hold) no virtues can avail
To save us, vagrants from your church's pale:
This life computed, as it needs must be,
At just not nothing to eternity;
This mass, on which we move 'twixt either pole,
An atom to th' interminable whole:
We, outcasts sentenc'd to perpetual pain,
You, blest already in your promis'd reign;
Why, angels half, descending from your sphere,
Deign with our world's concerns to interfere,
Mix in its broils, and ardently contest,
For miscall'd goods, as if they were the best?
For power you ask, pre-eminence, and place,
Amongst an excommunicated race;
And, of a pittance, which they ill can spare,
Grasp, inconsid'rate, at a dang'rous share.
Yes, we are told, and by a Guide divine,
(Yours, Petronilla, sure, as well as mine,)
That camels pass the needle's narrowest eye,
More easily than rich men reach the sky.

For

For these, if arduous, what must those await,
Whom false ambition makes what fools call great?
'T is those restraints of which you most complain,
That, justly valu'd, prove your surest gain;
Think then, how much the rights you claim, may cost,
Nor risk, with us, to be for ever lost.

THE DISASTROUS ADMINISTRATION.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Feb. 19.]

OH! for disasters, John Bull loves disasters,
Without them he 'd never be mellow;
Then grant us disasters, and very bad masters,
To make him a fine happy fellow.

When Cintra Convention was made, it was thought
By some grave thinking codgers of state,
That John would feel sore, and turn Ministers out—
But he lov'd them the better for that.
Oh! for disasters, &c. &c.

An inquiry was made, our honour to save,
But it prov'd, that things went as they should do,
That Sir Arthur was bold, and Sir Harry was brave,
And Dalrymple did all that he could do.
Oh! for disasters, &c. &c.

Next they sent gallant Moore with an army so good,
To beat Bonaparté in Spain;
But, as they forgot to supply it with food,
The army was march'd back again.
Oh! for disasters, &c. &c.

But 't was thought that Sir Arthur was abler than Moore,
And to fight had a far better mind;
So he fought and he conquer'd—and fled as before,
And left half his army behind.
Oh! for disasters, &c. &c.

Thus Perceval, finding, the worse he succeeded,
The more he was prais'd by John Bull;
Determin'd to please us as much as we needed,
And at Walcheren gave us our full.
Oh! for disasters, &c. &c.

Again

Again we inquire, and again we shall see,
That all things went just as they ought;
That the Minister's plan was as wise as could be,
And that Chatham most gallantly fought.
Oh! for disasters, &c.

Since then we 're more pleas'd the more we 're annoy'd,
Let 's pray that we all may be undone,
That our navy be sunk, and our army destroy'd,
And Bony be master of London.

Oh! for disasters! John Bull loves disasters,
Without them he 'd never be mellow,
Then grant us disasters, and very bad masters,
And make him a fine merry fellow.

LOVE AND LEAD!

[From the Morning Herald, Feb. 20.]

THAT young rogue Cupid, who, like the tax-gatherers, is never at rest, has been playing the deuce lately in the vicinity of Lincoln's Inn Fields. A certain amorous plumber became deeply enamoured with a barber's rib in the next street. Saturated with love and desire, he panted for an interview with his fair enchantress; and, at length, by the suggestion of the mischievous godling, he resolved to visit her husband's shop, and be shaved every day, instead of twice a week. It was on one of those occasions that he slipped a *billet-doux* into the delicate hand of *Mrs. Razor*, who was *au-fait* at such practices. A mutual sympathy was soon established; and their nocturnal meetings were carried on in clover, *sub silentio*, until a female lodger in the house became scandalized at such proceedings, and gave the suffering husband a circumstantial detail of his dishonour. Poor *Razor*'s teeth gnashed with agony at the recital; and he had nearly cut the throats of a grocer and a currier on the same day, from the trembling of his anatomy.

At

Will they, as I guess, seize the tools of their trade,
And, "mad as March hares," will, of Mammon the slaves,
To Westminster march—make a grand cavalcade,
And to "Ministers give them to dig themselves *graves?*"

Should the bankers do so, may the Ministers deign
Their presents to take, and to do as desir'd;
For cash might return, and credit might reign,
If those would withdraw, from whose sway they retir'd.

ON TWO EX-STATESMEN.

AN IMPROMPTU.

[From the Morning Herald, Feb. 22.]

SAYS C—stler—gh, "I 'm out of place,
And owe my fall to C—nn—g!"
Quoth C—nn—g, "That is not the case;
'T was all your own wise planning!

"I am the hapless wight, not you,
That may with truth complain:
You *call'd me out*—the Lord knows who
Will call me in again!"

QUIZ.

ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE

OF THE DOCUMENTS AND EVIDENCE CONCERNING THE EXPEDITION TO THE SCHELDT.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Feb. 26.]

LORD Chatham, with his sword undrawn,
Kept waiting for Sir Richard Strachan:
Sir Richard, eager to be at 'em,
Kept waiting too—for whom?—Lord Chatham!

MORTALITY

MORTALITY OF ALDERMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER AND DAILY ADVERTISER.

[Feb. 26.]

SIR,

BY the death of Sir Watkin Lewes, which I perceive announced in the papers of yesterday *, Sir William Curtis, who has not been an alderman above twenty years, becomes father of the city. And what then? you will say. Why, Sir, no more than this, that having been for a number of years a calculator of the mortality of sundry ranks and degrees of men, I have perceived a very considerable falling off in the article of aldermen; and although I am unwilling to alarm the feelings of those worthy elders of the city, I must take the liberty to say, they are not, in respect to *age* and *person*, the sort of men whom I can remember in that high station. And I strongly suspect, that some unhappy change in the *diet* and *keep* of these gentlemen, threatens to extinguish the ancient *portly* breed, if it has not done so already.

This is an age of revolutions. We, that are grown old, see nothing that reminds us of past days; and it is a melancholy reflection, that at our time of life, instead of moving on as we have been taught, we are obliged to conform ourselves to the novelties, and new experiments, and new plans, which we can scarcely expect to see executed. In our days, Sir, bishops and aldermen ran in a parallel of personal figure and longevity. The one did not reach a *diocese*, nor the other a *ward*, until the dimensions of the *abdomen* bore a proportion to the weight of years, and each exhibited a specimen of the body *corpulent*, which was characteristic of the office, and commanded, in all its

* Without foundation.—EDITOR.

leisurely

leisurely and dignified motions, a degree of respect which we in vain look for among the thin and alert representatives of the church or city. I do not indeed assert, that either bishops or aldermen were chosen by the *waist* only; but I do maintain, that a certain portion of rotundity was either an indispensable *qualification*, or an infallible *consequence*, of arriving at the honours of the *Right Reverend*, and the *Worshipful*. I appeal to those undeniable authorities, the poets and the painters, who, in describing or delineating an alderman of former days, never failed to provide him with a set of dimensions, characteristic not only of the *opulence*, but of the *plenty* which then prevailed in the metropolis. Ah! Sir, we now canvass, and bribe, and struggle and contend for those offices to which a man, in my younger days, used to *eat his way* calmly and leisurely; and when, if there was any thing of *party* in the case, it was a party of pleasure, in which, *appetite* predominated, and in which there was no distinction of ranks, but what was regulated by *second* and *third courses*.

And what have we gained by the change? The whole body of aldermen becomes extinct in *twenty years!* and scarcely a trace remains of the ancient portly figures, who could have buttoned three of the present race in their waistcoats! Do we wonder that public affairs prosper so indifferently, when public men change their natures so completely? But it may be sufficient, in times of visitation like the present, merely to hint at these matters; and when we are desirous to look into the state of mortality among great men, to inquire, how it comes about, that your great calculators of annuities—your Dr. Prices and your Mr. Morgans—will persist in telling us who shall live longest, without the least consideration of the rank we fill in life. How much better would these skilful arithmeticians be employed in furnishing us with tables of the chances of life, adapted to the bench

bench of bishops, the deans and chapters, the courts of aldermen and common-council! men, in whose lives we are all so deeply interested; and who, of late years, instead of "dying suddenly, after eating a hearty dinner," which was formerly the invariable practice, and characteristic *exit*, now sneak off in consumptions, asthmas, and other tedious and womanlike disorders, thus disgracing their office, and disappointing the worms.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

VETERANUS.

A NEW MINISTERIAL PLAN

FOR NAVIGATING HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS IN AN ECONOMICAL AND EQUALLY COMICAL MANNER, WHICH WAS ACTUALLY PROPOSED A FEW DAYS SINCE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Feb. 28.]

A MINISTER, whose skull is rather thick,
And where cool reason seldom gains admission,
Thinking the nation not completely sick,
Hatches, it seems, another expedition:

Now ships of war as transports he ordains,
And now, it seems, the Cabinet's in clover;
But though they've rummag'd poor Lord M—l—'s brains,
The deuce a clever hint can they discover.

He sends a mandate for Sir W— R—e,
And, after compliments encomiastic,
Accosts this veteran in the timber school,
With arguments as senseless as bombastic:—

"We want some ships, our soldiers to transport—
Yes, every wooden-bottom'd tub in port;
Frigates and sloops, and vessels of the line."
Cried the C—ss—r, "That's mighty fine;
But, with due reverence to your high commands,
Pray, where the deuce are we to get the *hands*?"

"Hands!"

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG, ON A LATE DANCE IN CORNHILL.

TO THE TUNE OF "THE FROG WITH THE OPERA HAT."

[From the European Magazine for February.]

A SPRUCE little cit would have a grand hop,
Heigho! says Billy;
We 'll clear all the counters, and sweep out the shop,
And make the folks stare, as gaily they pop
'Mongst the broad-cloth, toilinets, waistcoat and breeches-stuff.
Heigh! says spruce little Billy.

This dance it shall be a dance of renown,
Heigho! says Billy;
So the servants ran up, and the servants ran down,
And the cards flew about to all parts of the town,
With the broad-cloth, toilinets, waistcoat and breeches-stuff.
Heigh! says spruce little Billy.

I won't have no married folks come, d' ye see,
Heigho! says Billy;
They 'll keep such a watch, they 'll spoil fun and glee,
I shan't have the lovely ones frolic with me,
'Mongst the broad-cloth, toilinets, waistcoat and breeches-stuff.
Heigh! says spruce little Billy.

At length came the eve which had made so much talk,
Heigho! says Billy;
The shop was all lamps, and the floor all red chalk,
And a few ladies star'd, and a few took a walk.
'Mongst the broad-cloth, toilinets, waistcoat and breeches-stuff.
Heigh! says spruce little Billy.

But, though supper was mention'd, the party was thin,
Heigho! says Billy;
Sixteen ladies appear'd, eight fierce beaux came in,
The host shone in buckskins and slippers so thin,
'Mongst his broad cloth, toilinets, waistcoat and breeches-stuff.
Heigh! says spruce little Billy.

Why,

Why, what can this mean? enough I 've invited,
Heigho! says Billy;
And he swell'd and look'd blue to be so requited;
But the ladies all vow'd they were vastly delighted
'Mongst his broad-cloth, toilinets, waistcoat and breeches-stuff.
Heigh! says spruce little Billy.

But they danc'd and they gambol'd the whole ev'ning long,
Heigho! says Billy;
And when dulness appear'd in this sweet little throng,
Mr. C——n, the fidler, came forth with a song,
'Mongst the broad-cloth, toilinets, waistcoat and breeches-stuff.
Heigh! says spruce little Billy.

But the fun of all fun from the chalk'd floor arose,
Heigho! says Billy;
Ne'er were seen such red faces, such hair, and such clothes,
But what happen'd more I shall not disclose,
'Mongst the broad-cloth, toilinets, waistcoat and breeches-stuff,
Of tight-button'd spruce little Billy.

ON THE MINISTERS' MAJORITIES, AGAINST THE OPINIONS OF JOHN BULL!

AN EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Herald, March 1.]

WITH a pocket near empty, a nob full of woe,
John Bull knows not which way to turn him,
But thinks, from the frying-pan toss'd in the fire,
That the Minister now means to burn him!

He raves of *reform* in the Parliament House,
As a nostrum to save the poor nation;
And then to turn over a leaf that is new,
By a change in the Administration.

Alas, honest John! one sad chapter of fate,
Writ by Moses, thy will so encumbers,
That, turn o'er as many new leaves as thou canst,
Thou 'lt be d—'d by the *Chapter of Numbers!* NIM.

IMPROMPTU,

IMPROMPTU,

ADDRESSED TO LORD ELLENBOROUGH, ON HIS MOST ABLE AND IMPARTIAL CHARGE TO THE JURY, ON THE TRIAL OF MR. LAMBERT AND MR. PERRY, FOR A LIBEL.

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 1.]

TO hear the charge summ'd up by thee,
This inference we draw :—
So long as *Law* shall *Justice* be,
Justice shall still be *Law!*

Woburn. E. T. PILGRIM.

IMPROMPTU,

ON HEARING A SERMON, BY A WELL-KNOWN DULL PREACHER.

[From the Morning Post, March 1.]

BY our pastor perplex'd,
How shall we determine?
"Watch and pray," says the text;
"Go to sleep," says the sermon.

PERCEVAL'S NOTES.

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 1.]

MR. EDITOR,

I WAS walking up Slough road, after church this morning, and just on this side Fifteen-Arch Bridge, close by the Playing Fields wall, I picked up the inclosed paper. My private tutor, who was with me, said directly, that he was sure it was the foul copy of Mr. Perceval's notes, which he is obliged to take of every night's debates for the King; and that their being in rhyme made him more sure of it; for that ever since Mr. Canning came into office, all the dispatches are made out in verse. At least, this is what my tutor says; and he knows somebody who knows Colonel Taylor, who, you know, knows every

thing; and he says too, that Mr. Canning is coming in again, for that the King is by no means pleased with Mr. Perceval's poetry; it wants harmony; his verses very often haven't feet enough, and don't run smooth; they are full of false concords; and that, in reading them, he makes so many false quantities, the King's ears are quite shocked. The verses about the Princess were at first written in the same shape that the upper boys write their Sapphics; but my tutor has cut out so many lines and words that were not proper, that I don't understand them now, though you probably will. We were all very glad you beat them on Saturday. Keate is pretty well liked—He is not so strict as we thought he would be, and don't flog a bit tighter than Goodall did—but we expect he will. Pray put Mr. Perceval in a good place, somewhere where he may be seen.

Yours,

Eton College, Goodall's Lane, Feb. 27. G. B. C.

P. S. He has been through here three or four times within these two days. This looks as if my tutor was right about Canning. Pray is it true, that Lords Grenville and Grey were turned out because they would not do business in verse, but would talk, and tell truth, in plain prose?

DEBATES, FEB. 23.—PERCEVAL'S NOTES.

178—171.

Save us Heaven—
Majority seven.
We, the minority,
Lose my authority.
E'en Mathew look'd blue,
"Is Arbuthnot true?
So sparing of notes,
We lose many votes."
Bless me, I swore,
For he said so before,

"Notes

" Notes enough have been sent,
To disgrace Government:
Then throw up the game,
And go out as you came—".
What! " Cover'd with shame!"
Found myself very faint,
A bowel complaint,
Mrs. P. (won't believe her,)
Says, " a Walcheren fever."
Overheard Mr. Canning
Whisper Citizen Manning,
" It was Ward, never failing,
Lamb gravely assailing,
Severe without railing,
It was Whitbread's sour beer,
And Tierney, too clear,
That makes him thus queer."
Sneering dog, lifeless log—
His whole party attack me;
Castlereagh's never back me.
Who 'd have thought that the duel
Would have made him so cruel?
He muster'd up *four*,
Canning nearly a score—
[Here the paper was tore.]
- - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - -
- - - Of Chatham so sly.
And be sure to deny—
Never stick at a lie—
Better blow up two thirds of the navy
Than a brother of Pitt's cry—peccavi.
Then who to propose?
It must come from George R——;
He will call God to witness,
With wonderful quickness;
And if he 's detected,
Will stand " *all corrected*,"
" *With grief unaffected*."
Wilberforce is *too* pious;
Sebright won't e'en try us—

Is this all that we reap
For such flocks of fine sheep?
But the Earl of Bridgewater
Will give him no quarter,
If I could but resolve
The House to dissolve.
Ah! there is the wrench—
My Admiralty Bench,
My Treasury Board,
No speakers afford.
Learned Stephen *too* prosing,
Myself even dozing,
Mr. Secretary Ryder
Had better have tried her.
A good figure I own,
Is my Lord Palmerstone;
But, as Secretary of War,
I might as well have a daw.
Not much better off in the law—
Lord Lowther does nothing but bet;
Sir Vinegar nothing but fret.
Ask Solicitor, why?
Hear his wicked reply,
"Because Mansfield's so well,
Whom he wishes in ——."
- - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - -
In gallery the first night,
Laughing at me downright.
Princess so delicate,
Loves to investigate,
Never thinks of former state.
- - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - -
This comes of - - -
- - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - -
Who can stand at this rate—
The saints only pity,
pleads the city,

Ev

Even Scotchmen neglect me,
All honest men reject me,
May my Lord the King protect me!

FAST-DAY EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN ON A LATE PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEE.

A MIRACLE.

[From the Morning Post, March 2.]

SPARE diet, as your doctors say,
Should make the system cooler;
But I can better tell than they,
Made *fast*—I still am

FULLER.

MY UNCLE TOBY REDIVIVUS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 5.]

TRIM, said my uncle Toby, one morning as he entered his breakfast-parlour, go and ask for the newspaper; and then thou shalt read me all that has come out about the expedition, while I eat my breakfast. Trim made a gratified bow, and retired. My uncle had closely followed our armament to the Scheldt; he had regularly carried on every operation that occurred at the siege of Flushing, with the same success as they were in reality carried on, upon his own principles, and with full as much benefit to his country. He had had long ago every thing ready to begin the siege of Antwerp, though the fortifications there cost him many a sleepless night; but when the "Ulterior objects of the expedition" were relinquished, he had abandoned his conquest, and contented himself with assuming the command of the fleet as it were, and blockading the port, by double locking the garden-door. Moreover, he declared at the time, that if he had in reality commanded the expedition, he would still have done the same. Trim returned with the paper, and carefully unfolding it, held it before the fire

to dry. Dry it thoroughly, Trim, quoth my uncle, lest it give thee cold. Trim thanked his master, and then drolling a little, added, That paper, your Honour, is as unwholesome as the Walcheren marshes. My uncle Toby looked serious; hemmed once, and then said in a gentle voice, Thou dost wrong, Trim, to joke at all about those terrible marshes; it is one of the worst consequences of war, that it accustoms us to talk and think lightly of the deaths of our fellow-creatures.—Trim looked abashed. Not, Trim, added my uncle, that I think thou dost so, for thou art one of the kindest-hearted fellows alive; nor indeed would it matter if you or I were to laugh outright (his voice was choked in his throat) at every poor fellow's death we read of; but it is so sad a thing when rulers and generals forget to calculate the lives that may be lost, among the expenses of an expedition, that I cannot bear such disregard to be at all countenanced in my hearing by any body. Come, Trim, read! said my uncle, and pointed out the column with the sugar-tongs. Trim hemmed twice, but was still embarrassed from my uncle's reproof. It seems to be very short, your Honour, said he; and then, after another hem, read with a distinct voice:—"The order of the day being moved, for going into the committee of inquiry upon the Scheldt expedition, the standing order was moved for the exclusion of strangers, and we were not re-admitted."

My uncle Toby had just put two lumps of sugar into his tea-cup, and with a piece of muffin half bit through in his mouth, had taken up the kettle to replenish the tea-pot: while Trim had been reading, he had stood immovable with the kettle in one hand, and the lid of the tea-pot in the other; as soon as Trim finished, he deliberately replaced the kettle on the hob, the lid upon the tea-pot, bit through his muffin, and put half of it back upon his plate, and pushed

his

his cup, with the lumps of sugar in it, into the middle of the table. Read it again, Trim, quoth my uncle. Trim read the paragraph again. My uncle took the paper from Trim, put on his spectacles, and read the paragraph over five times—three times to himself, and twice aloud to Trim; then, after casting a wistful look over the rest of the paper, gave it back to Trim without saying another word. Trim began to read, and my uncle looked in the fire, so that he might or might not be listening. Trim read the "Fashionable World." It may be foolish to publish it, quoth my uncle. Trim read the trials at the Old Bailey. But shall not those poor fellows' deaths be justified to the country? They are for house-breaking, your Honour, answered Trim. But, quoth my uncle, when thou and I served, Trim, added he, after a pause, what we did or suffered, was never concealed. True, your Honour, replied Trim; but then we were always commanded by real generals. But, Trim, said my uncle, why, this commander has been regularly promoted to his rank. But, said Trim, it seems to me, your Honour, that they now only promote to the command of armies, those who have studied politics at home; now, your Honour knows that won't teach a man how to be a soldier. Your Honour must remember thin Major Slugby of the Artillery, who knew so much about state affairs and ministers, yet he was always behindhand upon service; and I don't believe he even knew how to begin his approaches to a town, that is to say, if it had happened to be a fortified one. There was George Cunning too, who had belonged to the sea-service; your Honour knows how cheerful and funny he used to be, and how he used to write songs that were the delight of the mess; but when he had to do with leading a detachment, he set all the officers by the ears. All that may be true, said my uncle, and yet it is no reason for concealing the truth. Every general can tell, when it

is over, why he suffered a defeat, or gained a victory. Marry, Sir, said Trim, shaking his head, I almost doubt not, for they seem to mistake one for another very often now-a-days. I trust, however, said my uncle, after a pause, I trust that some advantage to ourselves, or, at least, injury to the French, will be proved to have resulted from our occupation of Flushing. Why, as to that, your Honour, replied Trim, the French are so cunning, that I doubt whether they would not have let us occupy Flushing for the time we did, if they could have known beforehand, that we should occupy, as I may say, the fever too for them; for your Honour sees, if our army had not been there to furnish men, as it were, for the disease, the French would most likely have suffered all that we have suffered now; howsomever, our army would have suffered nothing. I wish they had consulted some old officer about the climate, exclaimed my uncle; you or I could have warned them of the fever, Trim! Ay, your Honour, said Trim, holding himself more upright than usual; and if they had chanced to have asked me, I should have spoken out, as is my duty. I would have bid them not believe all the stories about the people being ready to fight with us, and the fortifications being weak, and the garrisons thin, and such-like rhodomontades, which are always said at first, and then we lose some thousand poor fellows to come at the truth. They don't even seem to have attended to the little information they had, observed my uncle. Why, your Honour, said Trim, I believe that all comes from what they call vigour. Vigour! thou meanest something else, Trim, said my uncle. No, no, please your Honour, rejoined Trim; I mean that when in their speechifyings they talk so much of vigour, they mean, that, when they have resolved upon doing any thing, they won't hear any thing that any body has to say against it, whatever he may know about it more than they.

Well,

Well, added Trim; it brings [illegible] think of it. It was like sending [illegible] yard. Nay, Trim, replied [illegible] wrong. A church-yard is the [illegible] one: and it has been ever, [illegible] there, if he has not left some good [illegible] be recorded over his grave; [illegible] it was that [illegible] bravery to obtain [illegible] be enrolled [illegible] of the country's [illegible] [illegible] given [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Lest [illegible]
[illegible]

MODERN PATRIOTS.

[From the Morning Post, March 7.]

WHEN for Reform our Patriots cry,
For place and pension truly sigh;
A change of men would show their wishes
Were for their neighbours' loaves and fishes.

G.

TO THE
EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[March 7.]

SIR,

UPON reading in your paper of this morning the account of the chapter of the Order of the Garter, which was held at Windsor on Saturday last, I was [illegible] the day being gloomy and not very inviting [illegible] to go into my own book-room; and [illegible] Mr. [illegible] to consult him [illegible]. He tells [illegible] there hav- [illegible] Princes, [illegible] in the [illegible]

last precedent doth; but differeth from the same herein, that the former is framed of an arch-line, and this of a right-line. This abatement is due to him that telleth lies, or other false tales, to his sovereign. For if light ears incline to light lips, harm ensueth; and war is then easily begun, but hardly allay'd again, when misreport and light credence meet together."

This, Sir, I consider as a strange concatenation of circumstances; and at present I can only account for it, by the attractive powers of the columns of your paper, which you know will sometimes come very readily to the aid of each other—they must have had a wonderful effect upon the leaves of Mr. Guillim, that whilst I was merely investigating what was written in one column of your paper, they, by a sort of chemical affinity, drew all the leaves back to a page which elucidated what occupied a considerable portion of another of your columns — "'T was strange," Sir, "'t was passing strange"—but I will not dwell longer on the subject; leaving it with this motto, *Qui capit ille facit.*

I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

March 5, 1810. PANCA.

THE DRAMATIST*.

[From the British Press, March 8.]

A DRAMATIST fam'd says, the only true plan
Of *Management*'s doubtless to *Laugh when you can.*
He in youth felt a *Rage* for Melpomene's aid;
And *Werter*'s sad sorrows with judgment pourtray'd.
But wisely preferring the smile to the tear,
In mirth's *Caravan* he's been chasing *Dull Care;*
By which well-adopted and wise *Speculation,*
Notoriety gain'd, with the town's approbation.
And e'en with *Cheap Living* he cheerfulness taught,
His *Will* with judicious instruction was fraught;

* F. Reynolds, Esq.

Thus, *How to grow rich* he has found out the way.
And though a *Blind Bargain* he once did display,
When the *Three per Cents fell*, still continues his aim,
Folly as it flies with keen satire to maim.
And when *Out of Place*, he pursu'd the same rule;
Which proves, though an *Exile*, he 's not *Fortune's Fool.*
Still the foe to oppression, and champion of rights,
He, by *Charlemagne's Edict*, unmasks *The Free Knights.*

ON THE APPROACHING CAMBRIDGESHIRE ELECTION.

AN EPIGRAM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING HERALD.

IN these up and down times, which such strange wonders show,
Of the strangest you 'll be the recorder;
If *Charles Y—ke* at our poll to the right-about go,
And thus *fall* by his own "*Standing Order.*"

A CANTAB.

PICTURE GALLERY.

[From the British Press, March 8.]

TO the opening of the British Institution, Pall Mall, which has already taken place, and the opening of the Royal Academy, Somerset House, which is announced for next month, we now add the opening of our own Picture Gallery, which usually commences about the same season. The following are among the pieces intended for public exhibition:—

No. I.—A Scene from the Act of *Miching Malicho*, introduced into the Tragedy of Hamlet, where the *Player* infuses the poison into the *King's* ear, as he sleeps in the garden.—By the Earl of C——, Royal Artist.

The dignity and unsuspecting innocence of the King, are finely expressed in the composure of his countenance, and the serenity of the scene that surrounds

rounds him, contrasted with the perturbation of the figure that intrudes upon his privacy, and infuses the poison into the royal ear. The figure of the actor is appropriate, being very spare; but the *costume* is entirely out of character; instead of being dark and dingy, like the deed, he is dressed in the uniform of an English General, exactly like that worn by the Commander-in-Chief in the Walcheren Expedition.

No. II.—*Shooting Wildfowl.*—A scene not to be found in *Thomson's Seasons.*

This, like the former, is a night scene. As was lately observed by a distinguished member of opposition in Parliament, the birds are shot, and the carcasses are floating upon the lake, but there is no *getting them out.* They appear mostly birds of prey of the most voracious kind, such as can digest iron, and every other species of metal. In the distance is a combat in the air between a sort of *Parrot* of the *Canning* species, and a *Spoonbill* crane. The variety of the scene is further increased by a Woodcock, caught in his own springes, in one of the *Chatham Pits.* The design of this piece is very bad, and the colouring vile, but the light thrown upon it is most admirable.

No. III.—*Punch redivivus;* a scene from the popular Entertainment of *Punch and Judy.*—By Mr. P—rc—v—l, R. A.

The artist has seized the moment when *Punch,* thrown from his horse, is stunned by the fall, and presumed dead, but suddenly rises from his trance, as his friends are in the act of taking the corpse away for burial. This little piece is executed in a very spirited style, and displays much comic humour. *Punch* is generally represented by a little sturdy figure, with a prominent *Castlereagh-beak;* but here he appears a little snub-nosed thing, like the Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the back-ground is a little *Atlas,* sinking

ing beneath the weight of a *world* of places an pensions.

No. IV —*A Storm at Sea.* By the same Artist.

A miserable trading vessel is seen ashore among the breakers, with the waves beating over her. Part of the wretched crew are busily employed in throwing over board the lumber and ballast, consisting of some heavy *Chatham* ordnance, while the rest are fighting for the best berth. The vessel, however, appears irrecoverable, and on her stern may be read "*The Cabinet.*"

No. V —A Scene from the Life of Oliver Cromwell.

"Take that fool's bauble, the mace, from the table."

Vide new edition, by Jack Fuller.

The story of Oliver Cromwell turning the members out of the House of Commons, is familiar to every school-boy. The present piece is a picture of that fact; but in the manner we observe a great violation of historic truth; for what Oliver did by his soldiers is here executed by himself in person. The figure of Oliver is however well drawn, and in character with the purpose. It is sturdy, strong, and athletic. The expression is also in unison with the design, being full of fury and disorder.

No. VI.—Bull-running, as practised in Lincolnshire.—By the same Artist.

The bull, the prominent figure in the piece, appears a noble animal. All before him is terror and dismay. The bull-runners have seized him by the tail; they appear no more able to retard his progress, than if so many flies had alighted upon his rump. This piece was originally intended for the Speaker of the House of Commons; but we understand it is to be sent a present to the [illegible] Junta of Spain. The bull-run[illegible] f some of the Door-keepers of [illegible] ons, and reckoned formidable li[illegible]

EXTRACTS

1ST CABINET MINISTER.

WE now are met, in grave deliberation,
Upon the plan for Antwerp's subjugation.
That we may not dispatch this Expedition
Without due caution, knowledge, and [illegible]
Ye officers of military fame,
We wish for your opinions of the same.

1ST MILITARY OFFICER.

I wrote before my reasons in detail,
Why I esteem your plan quite sure to fail.

LORD C———GH.

You think 't will fail?

2D MILITARY OFFICER.

And so do [illegible]

3D MILITARY OFFICER.

And [illegible]

LORD C———GH.

All of you think so! better go and [illegible]
But ere our army sails, [illegible] we know
Something about the place to which they [illegible]
Pray, Sirs, is Antwerp fortified, or no?

1ST MILITARY OFFICER.

Rumour reports it fortified full well;
But I, not having been there, cannot tell.

2D MILITARY OFFICER.

Rumour says more.

HORACE, ODE XXIX. LIB. I

AD ICCIUM.

TO LORD WELLESLEY.

[From the same.]

I. N [illegible] source of Ganges' [illegible]
[illegible] Wellesley [illegible] to boast
He [illegible] ve his Eastern dreams,
[illegible] Portland's hoar.

W[illegible] w[illegible] to say,
T[illegible] their arduous course
[illegible] will force their way,
[illegible] their very source:

[illegible] of better promise far,
[illegible] same [illegible]
A[illegible] ministerial jar,
For Portland's empty Garter.

A NEW PLAN OF ECONOMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER AND DAILY ADVERTISER.

[March 9.]

SIR,

EVERY lover of his country must be glad to find that the necessity of *economy* is now acknowledged on all sides; and that, while some gentlemen [illegible] a considerable degree of difficulty in [illegible] to the popular opinion, yet it will not [illegible] possible for any description of men to en[illegible] profusion which has so materially [illegible] public purse.

[illegible] are pleading the cause of economy, [illegible] step in the salvation of our country [illegible] that we seem to confine our [illegible] one article only, viz. *money*. [illegible] my humble opinion, there are other things in [illegible] we ought to become wisely parsimonious, if we expect

expect to benefit our cause; and I shall mention only two, time and eloquence; but as the connexion between these is very intimate, and as in this letter I mean to exemplify my own doctrines, by being as brief as possible, I shall advert only to the extravagant *oratory*, which seems every where to be substituted for *prompt action*.

The fame which a few men, such as Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, acquired by their eloquence, has had very pernicious consequences on our deliberative assemblies, whether in London or Westminster. Like the great prizes in the lottery, they invite a prodigious concourse of adventurers, who waste *words* and *money*, in the pursuit of what, by the constitution of *nature* and the *wheel*, can fall to the lot of very few. And, Sir, the consequence of an increase in the number of orators is, that the time which should be employed in *doing*, is, in nine cases out of ten, consumed in *talking*.

Permit me, however, Sir, to say in the outset, that I am aware that I am taking very unpopular ground: *talking*, I will allow, is a mighty pleasant thing, and has of late years been so successful, that I scarcely know any one of our public characters who has *pushed himself* into notice by any other means than *talking*. Some apology therefore is due on the present occasion; and the apology I have to offer is simply this, that in a time of war, and especially of a war like that we are now involved in, it is by *deeds* and not by *words* that we can expect success, because we are contending with an enemy who has shown how much may be done without the least aid from the powers of eloquence, and who never consumes one single moment in words which can be employed to better purposes. I should, therefore, have never interfered with those displays of oratory in which our politicians delight, had we been at peace, or if the finances and resources of the country were in a state which entitled us to *say* much about them;

[illegible] the present state of things, I [illegible] we have very little time to waste at [illegible] and [illegible] our public appropriations might be more [illegible] than in [illegible] at spouting-[illegible].

[illegible] I may not seem to complain of a grievance, without suggesting a remedy, I beg leave to submit a few propositions by which a very considerable saving may be made in the article of eloquence, and yet enough be left for the necessary consumption of our public assemblies.

My first proposition is, that our orators be required to confine themselves to subjects which they happen to *understand*. It is generally thought that a man speaks the better on any given topic who knows something about it, and particularly if he happens at the same time to know the meaning of the words he employs. If this be acceded to, I have no doubt that in about one out of ten we shall arrive at the division [illegible] four hours sooner than in the common way, and thereby gentlemen get home to their dinners, or beds, at a time convenient for pleasure or health.

II. I propose, that speakers confine *themselves* to argument only, employing no powers but those of reason, bringing no aid but that of truth, and making no large drafts on imagination. But while I contend, that this would occasion a saving of time and breath, greater than the former, I am aware, that it would have a very fatal effect on that class of orators, whose *forte* is to say every thing that comes uppermost, and who think they have done enough to an ocean of words, if they apply a drop or two of sense,

"—tari nantes in gurgite vasto."

III. Another considerable saving might be effected by a[illegible] [illegible]ies, or what is called *personal abuse* [illegible] with more diffidence than any

any other of my remedies—not because I have any doubt as to its efficacy, but because, of late, personalities have become so extremely common and fashionable, that some of our new orators seem to have reached popularity by this means only. I am convinced, notwithstanding, that no good is done by this species of eloquence; and if reputation was conferred by the best judges, they would, I humbly think, hesitate, in bestowing it on a man, who aimed at no higher display of talent, than what may be heard any morning in Thames Street, from the mouth of a fishwoman. In making my estimate of the quantity of time to be saved by this retrenchment, that I may not seem to strike gentlemen dumb altogether, I shall set it down at *two thirds* only of our most brilliant speeches. In all my propositions I wish to be moderate.

IV. The last suggestion I shall offer is of a general kind; and although less capable of being made the subject of calculation, would, I am persuaded, eventually tend to a very considerable saving in that species of eloquence, by which the country gains nothing. It has lately become a practice with many of our orators, to talk *in a passion*; and, after an hour's or two hours' labour, instead of displaying the truth of any proposition, they have been displaying nothing but their own *temper*. The consequence of this is an unhappy, but very tedious and monotonous, selection of harsh language, terms of contempt and asperity, which, whether they promote the cries of *Order* and *Chair*, or of *Hear, hear, hear him!* have nothing to do with the subject under discussion, and serve only to convince us, that greatness of manners, and dignity of conduct, or what we call the behaviour of a gentleman, however necessary in private, may be wholly dispensed with in the establishment of a public character. I presume, therefore, that if the ingredients which form the character of a passionate and ill-tempered man were

were to be omitted in our harangues, although they might thereby be reduced to two thirds of their length, they would come with more acceptance into the ears of their hearers.

I have thus, Sir, attempted to suggest some methods by which economy may be established in an article which I have some reason to think provokes the ridicule of our great enemy more than any other part of our hostile measures. Whether my propositions will be speedily adopted, is not for me to determine; and that they should *all* be adopted, is more than I can reasonably expect from the present race of orators. I shall conclude, therefore, with offering one simple proposition by way of trial; and, if I can carry that, I shall, for the present at least, be content to postpone the rest of my scheme. That proposition is, Sir, that none of our orators shall get up to *speak*, unless he is convinced that he has something to *say*.

I am, Sir, yours, AN ECONOMIST.

ON THE EARL OF CH——M HAVING RESIGNED HIS SITUATION OF MASTER-GENERAL OF THE ORDNANCE.

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 10.]

WHEN Ch——m, full of rage and scorn,
From his great office fled,
"I 'll go,"—said he,—it can't be borne!—
I 'll go"—but where?—TO BED.

March 9, 1810. H. G.

A MODERN SONNET,

TO A GOOSE.

[From the Morning Herald, March 12.]

IF thou didst feed on western plains of yore,
O- 'ng slow with flat or flabby feet
C 2 Hibernian plashy moor,

Or

Or find in farmer's yard a safe retreat
From gipsy thieves, and foxes sly and fleet :—
If thy grey quills, by lawyers guided, trace
Deeds big with ruin to some wretched race,
Or love-sick poet's sonnet sad and sweet,
Wailing the rigour of some Lady fair!
Or if, the drudge of housemaid's daily toil,
Cobwebs and dust thy pinions white besoil,
Departed Goose! I neither know nor care:
But this I know, that thou wert very fine,
Season'd with sage, with onions, and port wine!

GANDER.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE,

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

[March 12.]

DEAR Sir, in your paper one day in last week,
A squib, meaning nothing, I hope,
Appear'd, saying Boney might take a new freak,
And force me to marry the Pope.
If he should, though, compel me to new marriage-vows,
What I 've suffer'd could ne'er be surpass'd;
True it is I should have a most sad wretched spouse,
But could he be worse than the last?

JOSEPHINE.

ON THE REPORT OF MINISTERS HAVING MISCOUNTED THEIR VOTES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON FRIDAY LAST, PROVING TO BE ERRONEOUS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 15.]

IF Ministers *had* reckon'd wrong,
'T would not have swell'd our nation's wonders;
For don't we know, by trial long,
Their *Calculations all are blunders?*

March 14, 1810. H. G.

THE RIVAL PUPPETS.

[From the same.]

P——L plays Punch full well:
As well would Punch play P——l.

JEW

JEU D'ESPRIT.

(TO LORD COCHRANE.)

[From the British Press, March 15.]

YOU fight so well, and speak so ill,
Your case is somewhat odd—
Fighting *abroad*, you 're quite *at home*,
Speaking at *home*, *abroad*;
Therefore, your friends, than *hear yourself*,
Would rather *of you hear*;
And that your *name in the Gazette*,
Than *Journals*, should *appear*.

EPIGRAM.

[From the same, March 15.]

TWO friends sat at table discussing the meat
To their tastes, that they might not be starv'd;
Said Tom, "I like best of a *plain* joint to eat;"
"And I," said Will, "one that is *carv'd*."

A QUERY SOLVED.

[From the same, March 19.]

HOW comes it, that, after the fam'd resignation,
Which promis'd to break up "the Administration;"
Yet still the machinery, view it all o'er,
Seems quite of a piece, and goes just as before?
—This rule, well applied, will the riddle explain:
"Take cyphers from cyphers, and *cyphers remain!*"

COCKER.

IMPROMPTU

ON MR. SHARPE'S PICTURE OF A LADY SINGING TO THE GUITAR, AT THE BRITISH GALLERY.

[From the Morning Post, March 20.]

WHILST we this matchless piece of art admire,
Thus in uncertainty the fancy floats—
To snatch a kiss, at heav'n 't were to aspire;
But hell, to interrupt th' angelic notes.

H. M.

ADELFRID;

ADELFRID;
AN HISTORICAL DRAMA,
INTERSPERSED WITH SONGS.

IN THREE ACTS.

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

[Original*.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ADELFRID, *a Saxon Lord.*
EDGAR ATHELING.
DUNCAN.
OFFA, *the Son of Adelfrid.*
MODRED.
MORCARD.
PENDA, BALDULPH, CADOR, } *Domestics in the Family of Adelfrid.*
COLGRIN, GOSPAR, JOHAN, AMBROSE, } *Peasants.*
SHOCK, *an old Mariner.*
Two Centinels, Mariners, Peasants, &c. First and Second Minstrels.

ELINOR, *the Baroness.*
BERTHA, *a Ward of the Baron's.*
AGATHA, *the Daughter of the Baron.*
ROSALINE, *disguised as* GEOFFREY.
MATILDA, *Wife of Duncan.*
ACCA, SAXA, } *and Daughters of Gospar.*
First Virgin.
Second Virgin.

Ladies, Attendants, Knights, Squires, Virgins, &c.

SCENE—*The Coast of Northumberland, near the Mouth of the Tyne.*

TIME—*Christmas.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Curtain rises, and displays a View of the Castle of Adelfrid, situated upon an eminence: the broad expanse of the river Tyne appears at a*

* The Editor has again the pleasure of expressing his thanks to his ingenious correspondent, Mr. Moser; who has now, for the fourth time, favoured this collection with an original DRAMA, comprising a judicious mixture of interest and humour.

distance;

distance; and the German Ocean in the back ground. On the side, Rocks and leafless Trees, the whole exhibiting a Winter Scene. On the Tower of the Castle, the Standard of the House of Adelfrid seems to wave in the wind, and exhibits a globe Or, surmounted by a white horse, proper, upon a field Gules.

Trumpets sound from the Battlements of the Castle: Male and Female Peasants cross the Stage; some enter the Gates of the Hall. COLGRIN, GOSPAR, JOHAN, AMBROSE, ACCA, SAXA, *and other Peasants, come towards the Front.*

SONG.—COLGRIN.

HEAVEN prosper long Lord Adelfrid,
Fair Elinor, with all
Their noble race: may fate forbid
We e'er should see it fall!

Allow us, ere that dreadful day,
To make a glorious stand;
To rescue from the Norman sway
Our dear, our native land!

Northumbria's hardy sons, advance;
Your ancient flag 's unfurl'd;
On tyrant upstarts, scum of France,
Be quick destruction hurl'd!

Protect, O Lord! Britannia's coasts,
And glorious Saxon line;
For futile are usurpers' boasts,
Oppos'd to power divine!

CHORUS.

Protect, O Lord! Britannia's coasts,
And glorious Saxon line;
For futile are usurpers' boasts,
Oppos'd to power divine!

Gospar. In this song, consonant to your feelings, my children, I hail the revival of the ancient spirit of the *Ottodati*. Attached, from infancy, to the family of

of our patron, Adelfrid, whose ancestors were once the sovereigns of this district, in which, while I lament that he is now, by the iron hand of despotism, driven to a remote corner, I yet participate in the general joy which his benevolence, at every return of this solemn season, inspires.

Johan. His benevolence, perhaps we should say, the benevolence and liberality inherent in the royal race of Adelfrid, are, neighbour Gospar, far more extensive than his present domination. Though the Norman, envious of valour and virtue that he had not the power to emulate, has torn from him many of the lands and lordships, the ancient appendages to his house; though he has abridged his retinue of a hundred knights, and divested his banner of the last insignia of royalty, the crown of Northumberland; yet, such is the veneration that even hypocrites pay to true piety, he did not dare to extend his depredation further. The Baron is, therefore, in this small domain, permitted to enjoy his feudal dignity unmolested; a dignity which, were it known how truly he reigns in the hearts of his vassals, the greatest monarchs upon earth might envy.

Acca. Attached to our native land, to our parental cottages, we know nothing of feudal dignity; but we know a great deal of feminine virtue and piety: of these we have a pattern before our eyes daily in the Baroness, the lovely Elinor; for though she was married before I was born, she is still lovely. I am sure, the greatest Empresses upon earth might copy from her example.

Saxa. So they might, my dear Acca. And more—how proud might ladies be, could they rival in beauty the lovely Agatha, or her cousin Bertha, whom the Baron calls his younger daughter!

Gospar. Beauty! nonsense; these girls talk of nothing but beauty; we have enough of that in Nor-

thumberland. It is the beauty of the minds of those ladies that you are, my children, to admire; and, as far as your station will permit, endeavour to imitate. It is the humility and benevolence of the Baroness, when you see her supported by her two lovely representatives, attending at the tables of the poor, which the liberality of the Baron has caused to be spread with such profusion, that ought to attract your attention. Beauty indeed——

Colgrin. Certainly, friend Gospar, renders exalted rank still more conspicuous.

Acca. And even confers a natural distinction on the poor.

Johan. Right, Acca; I knew you would not be left out, when the theme was beauty.

Ambrose. It was impossible, while their father was speaking on the subject, for us not to turn our eyes upon Saxa, and her lovely sister.

Saxa. It is equally impossible for us to return the compliment, because my father would ill brook the interruption of a much more interesting subject.

Gospar. My subject, Saxa, might have been rendered interesting to strangers; but to my friends around, who are so well acquainted with the piety, the liberality, the benevolence of the family of Adelfrid, it must have appeared a description of what they have a thousand times seen, and a repetition of what they have a thousand times heard: for although this is the highest of our Saxon festivals, it is not only at this solemn season of Christmas that their liberality is extended, but it pervades every other.

Colgrin. Yet the wide-opening gates of the hall, the solemn service, and the displayed standard, signal of general invitation, indicate a more enlarged hospitality.

[*The Trumpets sound from the battlements.*]

Ambrose. To partake of which, the trumpets now invite us.

Enter

Enter CADOR *and* BALDULPH.

Cador. The trumpets have repeated the sound of invitation; but even this repetition does not, my friends, seem to have quickened your motions. I can remember, when the trumpets through the marches gave the signal for that battle which ended in the death of Malcolm, your ardour to rush into the field could hardly be restrained by the mandate of the tyrant William, whose jealousy proscribed the adherents of Adelfrid from mingling with the Norman host.

Baldulph. By this it should seem, that Colgrin, Gospar, and their neighbours, would rather be present at a *fray* than at a *feast.*

Colgrin. Not quite so, neither, Master Steward. If we were ardent on the occasion to which you allude, remember we would have fought to repel invasion, to guard the house of Adelfrid, to show our attachment to his person; and, while we endeavoured to protect his family and demesnes, to secure to ourselves the enjoyments of those blessings which we derive from him.

Baldulph. Of your attachment, our Lord is fully sensible; though, as my friend Cador has hinted, we think that you are rather slow in your gratulations upon the present occasion.

Cador. The noble guests are assembled; the higher tables are already filled; the domestics are now marshalling the company at the lower; therefore you will, it is probable, be too late.

Baldulph. Besides, my Lord has inquired for Gospar and Colgrin, and said, that half the eagerness which he has seen you display upon a march, would long ere this have brought you to his presence.

Gospar. Upon every occasion, eagerness is a much more laudable propensity than inattention; therefore,

my friends and children, let us hasten to pay respect and duty to our benefactors.

[*Exeunt* GOSPAR, COLGRIN, JOHAN, ACCA, *and Peasants.*

Manent CADOR *and* BALDULPH.

Cador. It is not unlikely, Baldulph, that, in the hurry concomitant to the hospitality of this day, we shall be wanted; yet, numerous as are my avocations, I cannot resist detaining you a few minutes.

Baldulph. Upon what account?

Cador. A disagreeable one it is: to hint at my apprehension of the danger that may, in these turbulent times, attend our Lord's reception of Edgar Atheling, and the Scottish fugitives.

Baldulph. How can you suffer such apprehension to cloud the hilarity of the present hour?

Cador. Have I not, from what has already happened, sufficient reason? Edgar is still the darling of the Saxons, a party which greatly predominates in this country. If the jealousy of the Norman should again be awakened, its consequences may be dreadful.

Baldulph. Granted; but how can we avert them? I have not a sufficient portion of that heroic generosity in my composition, the excess of which distinguishes our Lord, to rejoice exceedingly, either in the reception of Edgar, or of his grave companion Duncan; but still, driven from Scotland by the tyrant Donald, whither could they have flown for shelter? If they had put themselves under the protection of the Lord Warden of the Marches, the fate of at least one of them would soon have been determined.

Cador. True; had not his popularity protected him. Edgar is the last representative of the Saxon monarchs, therefore would the Norman have dared?

Baldulph. Adelfrid is equally popular; therefore he seems to be equally guarded in the protection he affords

affords to the last vestige of a race that was revered by a whole people.

Cador. Be it so. [*The Trumpets sound from the battlements.*] This, the third sound of the trumpets, informs us, that it is not a time for further discussion of such important subjects. Let the remainder of this day, according to the Saxon custom, be devoted to joy and hilarity.

Enter PENDA.

Penda. That is impossible.

Cador. Why?

Penda. Target the jester is absent; and as a fool at a great table is the most poignant and necessary sauce, my Lord has sent me to seek him.

Baldulph. Target absent! Why, I saw him this morning following Duncan towards the cliff.

Penda. That was exactly as it should be. Duncan is grave, Target merry. Mirth should always follow solemnity. Betwixt them, they exhibited the type of a practical epigram: you never discover the *patched coat* till you come to the latter end of it.

Cador. I hope we shall not so soon discover the *latter end* of Target. He is the joy of our family, nay, of the whole district. Sure no accident has befallen him.

Penda. Never fear. His humour, light as a cork, seems to buoy him above the accidents of life. Not even the *lead* of Duncan, whom he appears so much to observe and admire, could sink him; though, if he is still detained, I would venture any thing, that the weight of the Scot hangs upon him, and impedes his progress.

Baldulph. Speak with more respect of a man who seems sanctified by misfortunes; a man whom our Lord at once reveres and admires.

Penda. In this, the taste of our Lord and myself

is by no means consonant. Many a toilsome search have I had after Duncan, when he has wandered in the woods till he has forgotten that such a trifle as eating was necessary to the support of the human system. He is not only *dull* in himself, but, by taking away Target, is likely to be the cause of dullness in the whole company.

Cador. Instantly pursue your search of him.

Penda. I will; but if I am sent upon a sleeveless errand, I shall appear the greatest fool; so I wish I may find his coat; for, let me tell you, folly was never so profitable as in the present time.

[*Exit* PENDA, *who returns.*

Oh! I had forgot: you, Master Steward, and Master Usher, are nearly as much wanted as Target; for you provide and marshal food for the body, as he provides and arranges food for the mind; therefore, as there is no jesting with hunger, you are the first called for.

[*Exit* PENDA.

Cador. Of this, we are fully sensible; therefore we will instantly obey the calls of hunger, both exterior and interior. Let hilarity, in the shape of Target, as Penda says, follow us.

[*Exeunt* CADOR *and* BALDULPH.

SCENE II.—*The Saxon Hall.*

Scene draws, and discovers the interior of the Castle of Adelfrid; a large Hall, ornamented in the Saxon style, with two large Trophies of Armour betwixt them; a Gallery, in which are placed Minstrels and Virgins, arrayed in white, with crowns of bay and misleto on their heads. The Minstrels have golden harps. On the Side-wings, the Hall is adorned with armour, emblems of the chase, or branches of holly, misleto, and other evergreen plants. Three Tables are placed: at the upper one, which

which is raised above the two others, under a Canopy of State, sit ADELFRID *the Baron, and* ELINOR *the Baroness; on the right of* ADELFRID, EDGAR ATHELING, MODRED, OFFA, *and other Nobles; below them, Father* FRANCIS; *on the left of* ELINOR, BERTHA, AGATHA, *and other Ladies. At the middle Table, Knights and Squires, Attendants upon Adelfrid; and Ladies, Attendants upon Elinor. At the lower end of the Hall,* COLGRIN, GOSPAR, JOHAN, ACCA, SAXA, *and other Peasants, male and female.—A splendid Banquet is displayed, and while the Company is feasting, an Overture is performed.*

SONG *and* CHORUS *by the Minstrels and Virgins.*

'T was when the brilliant star of night
Shot downward through the skies,
And saw, with less refulgent light,
The new-born crescent rise;
'Midst foliage thick, and deep'ning gloom,
Through dingles dismal as the tomb,
Brave Edwin long explor'd his way,
And panted for the dawn of day.
His ardent bosom beat in vain,
'Midst show'ry sleet and drizzling rain.

CHORUS.

His ardent bosom beat in vain,
'Midst show'ry sleet and drizzling rain.

Yet calm was elemental strife,
To that which reign'd within;
The voice of his departed wife
Cried, "Turn, thou man of sin!"
Brave Edwin's senses felt a shock,
While shrieks resound from rock to rock;
When, lo! to his astonish'd gaze,
The tangled branches seem'd to blaze.
The darkness fled, the zenith clear'd,
And fair Adenais form appear'd.

CHORUS.

The darkness fled, the zenith clear'd,
And fair Adena's form appear'd.

"Turn, turn, thou man of sin," she cried,
"Nor urge a brother's fate;
Against the race of Adelfrid
No longer nurture hate.
No longer sluice the sanguine flood,
Nor wade to power through kindred blood.
Turn, Edwin, turn; retrace thy way,
And Heaven shall bless thy future sway."
The spectre into air dissolv'd,
While Edwin on her words revolv'd.

CHORUS.

The spectre into air dissolv'd,
While Edwin on her words revolv'd.

Fraternal love his soul inspir'd,
Reason resum'd her reins;
No longer with ambition fir'd,
He sought his native plains.
Reclaim'd at once to virtue's charms,
He rush'd into his brother's arms.
Their force combin'd destroy'd the Danes,
Their people freed from galling chains.
Secure from dread their praises join,
And bless the brave Northumbrian line.

CHORUS.

Secure from dread their praises join,
And bless the brave Northumbrian line.

Modred. This song, Lord Adelfrid, while it recites, records an event respecting your remote ancestors, which has been long one of the traditional themes afloat in this country. Upon the present solemn occasion it is our duty to repeat the sentiment with which it concludes; a duty which, I can answer for the present company, will be performed with the greatest alacrity and pleasure. I therefore give the health of your Lordship, Lady Elinor, Offa, the lovely Bertha, Agatha,

Agatha, and the whole of the Saxon Northumbrian race.

[*Music while the health is repeated.*]

ADELFRID *rises.*

My noble friend, Modred, though to you I particularly address myself, I mean in this cup of thanks to drink health and welcome to this whole assembly. The sight of so many lords, ladies, knights, squires, and my worthy tenants and vassals, as are here assembled, while it gives to my mind a strong sensation of pleasure, it is at the same time not unalloyed by pain, that the emblems of feudal state, which this assembly exhibits, must depend upon the circumstances of the times for their existence; but I will not cloud the hilarity of the present hour, by calling to your remembrance what we once were, or alluding to what we now are; let it rather be our duty to render this meeting agreeable to our royal guest, Edgar Atheling, the legal representative of the Saxon monarchy; and while we render thanks to him for the honour he has done us by his presence, to lament that his friend, the noble Duncan, is absent.

Edgar Atheling. Words are too weak, too contracted a medium, to convey, Lord Adelfrid, the strong sensations of gratitude which your noble, your exalted generosity, braving the rage of the Norman, and receiving myself, and the Scottish fugitives, with that dignified, that liberal hospitality, which has ever distinguished your race, has engendered. For the tardiness of my friend Duncan, whose absence I keenly feel, and of whose safety I have some apprehensions, it is impossible for me to account; though I am convinced his non-attending here, is involuntary.

Adelfrid. Have the messengers returned, that were sent to seek him?

Baldulph. My Lord, Penda is returned from his search.

Penda. But without success. I have, in consequence of your Lordship's command, searched the cliffs, the shore, and explored the woods; but neither Duncan nor Target is to be found.

Enter CADOR.

Cador. Indeed they are, for they are just arrived.

Enter DUNCAN *and* TARGET.

Duncan. I am sure your Lordship will not deem any apology for my absence from this solemn festival necessary, when you learn the occasion that has detained me.

Adelfrid. I have no doubt, noble Duncan, that your absence was involuntary, and that the company is obliged to Target for the temporary loss of one of its greatest ornaments. That man has heard, perhaps, that wit and humour consist in opposition; and therefore, of late, seems to have resolved to thwart and counteract every measure, however proper or necessary.

Target. I am happy, my Lord, that, while I form an argument for your Lordship, as it is no unusual thing, for *Peers* to lay the blame upon *Commoners*, if any thing goes wrong, I can also furnish an excuse for Duncan; but if you had been where I have been this morning, you would have found opposition necessary.

Adelfrid. Why, where has your wisdom been?

Target. Where my wisdom has been, I do not know, because it left me before I set out upon the expedition from which I have just returned.

Adelfrid. Well, Sir, leaving wisdom out of the question, give me a direct answer—where have you been this morning?

Target. Yes, my Lord, wisdom ought to be left out of every question put to me; therefore, I answer,

swer, I have been endeavouring to turn a *festival* into a *fast*.

Adelfrid. How?

Target. Nay, the thing is rather difficult, indeed impossible in this Castle; therefore I am just come from an ordinary, where nothing but *fish* was provided, though liquor was indeed in great plenty: now to define the properties of different liquors.

Adelfrid. How! do you dare provoke me? Proceed with your story.

Target. And leave the embellishments of *figure* and *metaphor?*

Adelfrid. Certainly.

Target. Well then, I have this sultry day been solacing myself in the tepid waves of the Tyne.

Adelfrid. What led you thither?

Target. That which has led many a man into difficulty and danger—folly. I am a fool by prescription, and upon a late occasion had not the wit to keep my feet *dry*.

Adelfrid. What object was you in pursuit of?

Target. A man to whom I mean shortly to resign my coat.

Adelfrid. Why?

Target. Because, though I followed him, I think him a still greater fool than myself.

Adelfrid. To what man do you allude?

Target. To the noble Duncan! Shall I hand him my cap and bells?

Adelfrid. This insolence deserves a scourge.

Duncan. Rather the highest honour. O my Lord Adelfrid! this generous friend, for so I shall ever esteem him, this humane, this benevolent man, hath this day saved my life, at the hazard of his own.

Adelfrid. How?

Duncan. You well know the pensive habit of my mind: the silent hour and solemnity of the season

seemed

seemed propitious to my indulgence of it; I therefore walked out early this morning, and proceeding to the edge of the cliff, was straining my eyes toward the German Ocean; at the same time my faculties being absorbed in the deepest meditations, my incautious feet betrayed me, and I fell into the river.

Target. This was soaring to the height, or rather fathoming the depths, of folly.

Duncan. This generous friend plunged in after me.

Target. More generous than wise: but what could you expect from a professed fool?

Duncan. Though that may be your *professed*, it is extremely opposite to your *real* character, whatsoever reason you may have for disguising it.

Target. [*To* DUNCAN *aside.*] Am I the *only* person in the hall that disguises his real character?

[DUNCAN *starts.*]

Nay, I meant not to alarm you. Folly will sometimes level a shaft at wisdom; but it always falls pointless.

Elinor. I have a boon, Lord Adelfrid, to request of you; which is, that you would interpose your authority to put an end to the private conversation which seems to have divided the company, and is an evident impediment to the general hilarity that ought to prevail at this season.

Adelfrid. Happy to oblige you, Elinor, I call upon Target to relate a story that may attract particular attention, and repress the frivolity of the hour.

Target. I am the last man in the world, my Lord, that ought to be called upon to repress frivolity, because folly is my profession. I have, indeed, in this district acquired a royal title, and been styled the Prince of Fools. I am sure your Lordship will rejoice to see my Court so well attended.

Adelfrid. Leave your exordium, and proceed with your tale, I command you.

Target. I will, because I should be a greater fool than I am, if I were to dispute your authority; and for-

tunately I have a story come into my mind which the circumstance of having a foolish sister revives.

Agatha. Foolish sister!

Target. Yes! because she is in the situation that you wish to be.

Agatha. What situation?

Target. She is married, young lady.

Agatha. I am answered—proceed.

Target. When the government of this province was by Edred wrested from the hands of the Northumbrian Danes, of whom, Lord Adelfrid, the archives of your royal house afford you abundant reason to lament the existence, Archbishop Dunstan made a progress through the country. He travelled with a train scarcely inferior to royalty: among the noblemen, his attendants, was Oswald, a relation to Elfrida, the favourite of his monarch.

Adelfrid. However pleasing this story might have been, had it been new, it certainly can be little interesting, at least to me at present; as, except what relates to Oswald, I know every word of it before; therefore inform us to what does it tend?

Target. That I am coming to. Archbishop Dunstan stopped at the monastery of Rippon: I could describe the state with which he was received.

Duncan. So could I, if I had a mind to be diffuse, and hide a grain of sense in an acre of words.

Target. Well, if I must sacrifice florid description, in which persons of *my coat* so much delight, at the shrine of common sense, which is our aversion; I shall leave Dunstan and his monks to an entertainment which indicated that they would rather pray than fast, and follow Oswald to the bank of the river, whither he had wandered, like you, my friend, to enjoy a contemplative hour.

Duncan. And, like me, plunged into the waves.

Target. You are *out* at present.

Duncan.

Duncan. Out—why?

Target. *He* was a bachelor!—He was, I say, a bachelor; [DUNCAN *starts.*] but in a few minutes wished to change his condition; for, looking toward the opposite shore, he beheld—

Elinor. A lady?

Target. No.

Agatha. An armed knight?

Target. No.

Offa. A castle?

Target. No.

Duncan. What then?

Target. A fisherman's cottage.

Adelfrid. A very extraordinary sight upon the bank of a river.

Target. Oswald considered it as such from this circumstance: A man came from it, who seemed to crave his assistance. The generosity inherent in the Saxons, warmed and animated his bosom. He made signs to the man to come over to him, which he did in a corracle. A few minutes served to convey him to the other side, and brought him to the hut, which he entered, and beheld a lady apparently lifeless.

Agatha. Was she beautiful?

Target. Alas! I am not permitted to hold the descriptive pencil, or I should allude to that immense assemblage of charms which the Courts of England and Scotland display, and from them select the most prominent characters. I should—but I can, perhaps, by two strokes give a better idea of her: she was almost as lovely as Bertha, or yourself.

Agatha. Bertha and myself are obliged to you.

Target. Oswald, it had appeared to Dunstan, was bent upon a monastic life. Whether he really was so, it is not for me to decide.

Adelfrid. Nor does it signify a single *thyrma*.

Target. Your Lordship is right; for ladies have been

been most terrible perverters from the beginning of time. However, the first moment that Oswald beheld the fainting fair, he bade a mental adieu to a monastic life for ever.

Elinor. A resolution he, I have no doubt, persevered in.

Target. Indeed he did not, my Lady Baroness; for when he flew to the assistance of the lovely stranger, chafed her temples, and opened her bosom for air——

Duncan. Could Oswald then think of a cloister?

Target. Very soon after he thought of nothing else.

Adelfrid. How so? Your story becomes interesting.

Target. I am glad of it, my Lord, because I am just come to a conclusion. Pendent from the neck of the lady, the prying Oswald discovered a diamond cross and locket, on the back of which was inlaid an argent horse, the well-known symbol of the Saxon line: he was gazing upon this with astonishment, when the lady opened her eyes, and he found that his arms encircled his beloved sister Editha.

Father FRANCIS *rises and comes forward.*

Who are you that is so well acquainted with the history of Oswald and Editha, the supposed rival of Elfrida? I say, of Oswald, who fortunately in that moment became her protector.

Target. I can only answer that question with another: Who are you, that know more than I have stated, namely, that Oswald became the protector of Editha from the fury of Elfrida?

Father Francis. I am that Oswald.

Adelfrid. You!

Father Francis. Yes, my Lord: upon the occasion to which Target has alluded, I not only protected my sister Editha, but made even the haughty Elfrida do justice to her fame; and when she retired to the convent

vent of Tynemouth, where she is now prioress, I resigned my sword, and took this habit in the adjacent monastery.

Target. And have I in my lonely walks frequently met and conversed with the brave Oswald?

Father Francis. You have, though I think you are a conjuror to have made the discovery you have.

Target. No: my Lord will do me the justice to witness that I am no conjuror. What I am is of little importance at the present moment; at a future time we may meet.

Duncan. Let me be of the party.

Target. If you will promise to avoid the cliff; because in these *slippery* times we walk with *unsteady feet*, though upon even ground.

SONG.

When first I came a page to court,
  Fal de rol, de rero,
I made the lords and ladies sport
  With prying here and there-o.

A smile, a nod, to me were gold,
  Fal de rol, de rero;
Whispers were bought, and favours sold,
  For ready money there-o.

A sword was given me by the king,
  Fal de rol, de rero:
Oh! then I strutted quite the thing,
  At court and every where-o.

At length the furious Danes invade,
  Fal de rol, de rero;
My country then requir'd my aid,
  But never I came near-o.

I left the sword and took the robe,
  Fal de rol, de rero;
I set at variance half the globe,
  And was the legal hero.

I bawl'd

I bawl'd and bluster'd into place,
Fal de rol, de rero;
I then beheld an alter'd case,
And every juggle clear-o.

The Danes arriv'd, I left the spot,
Fal de rol, de rero;
Says I, Since nothing 's to be got,
I can't be wanted here-o.

I clad me in this motley coat,
Fal de rol, de rero;
A type of every party's vote,
In witen-gemot there-o.

Duncan. [*To* TARGET, *aside.*] It gives me pain, friend Target, to see you thus assume a character which I have publicly declared I am sure does not belong to you, and endeavour to beguile the time with light frivolity, which ought to be dedicated to more serious purposes. The tyrant Donald denounces vengeance against the borderers. The tyrant William is no less anxious to extirpate the Saxon race. Surrounded by barbarous foes, is this therefore a time to sport?

Target. Certainly the properest, noble Duncan! Man is continually the sport of circumstances. Behold the ancient sceptre of Northumberland, which, as an emblem of the departed royalty of his house, is now laid before Lord Adelfrid; though it is of no more value than that of the gold of which it is composed, yet if you contemplate the contentions it has occasioned, and the blood that has, at different periods, been shed to obtain possession of it, I am sure you must consider mankind as greater fools than myself, to sacrifice their lives for the acquisition of such a bauble.

Duncan. Still, I say these are opposite to your real sentiments: however, this is neither a time nor place for further explanation; we shall probably meet in the wood.

Target. We have, my noble friend, been entangled in

in a wood the greater part of our lives, from which we shall probably find it difficult to extricate ourselves. But no more.

PENDA *approaches them.*

No person, however low, but finds admirers. This is my imitator; he is serving an apprenticeship to folly, and is a youth of considerable promise.

Penda. I am sent by my Lord, to inform you in three words, that the hilarity of the hour languishes, and therefore I must request you to revive it.

Target. Thus words accumulate in transmission. You were charged to deliver *three*, and have most generously bestowed on us a *dozen*; however, half of them shall not be lost, for just so many will serve to summon the peasants.

[TARGET *goes to the lower Table.*]

COLGRIN, GOSPAR, JOHAN, AMBROSE, SAXA, ACEA, *and other male and female Peasants, come forward, and range on the sides of the Stage.*

Target. My Lord Adelfrid, as the Commons have on this occasion nominated me their *Speaker*, I shall of course say very little, because I know that they mean to say or sing a great deal: however, as in this address there can be no opposition, I shall leave them to carry it in their own way.

Gospar. Target, my Lord Adelfrid, our noble patron and benefactor, has not done justice to our feelings if he supposes this address, though annual, a matter of course. The sentiments which we entertain for your Lordship, the veneration and respect with which we behold your person, the blessings which we derive from your mild administration, and the love and admiration which we entertain for your family, the true representatives of the ancient Saxon line, have inspired us with emotions of gratitude, little short of adoration. We therefore congratulate your Lordship, Lady Elinor, and

and your family, on the return of this season, and wish to all a long succession of years, of health, and happiness. [*Trumpets sound.*]

All the Peasants. Health and happiness to the royal Saxon line, represented by the family of Lord Adelfrid.

Adelfrid. The love of his people is the most pleasing appendage to the feudal Baron: in this, notwithstanding the unpromising aspect of the times, is Adelfrid most happy. In this, my friends and children (for I consider the elder part of my dependants as my friends, and the younger as my children), I rejoice. Of your regard to my family I am equally sensible. Attached to each other by stronger ties than even those of consanguinity have sometimes proved, may the patriotic ligature never be divided; but, while the trumpets of war resound from shore to shore; while Scotland, England, nay Europe, seem armed against each other; may the happy province of Northumberland still flourish in peace and unanimity! for believe me, my friends, nothing but unanimity can produce or continue peace. A country is like a large family; divide it, and it falls. [*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

Elinor. After my Lord has so ardently replied to your heartfelt congratulations, it would be presumptuous in me to endeavour to add to those words which his sensibility of your attachment elicited. I shall therefore only remind you of our annual custom. We think this festival too solemn to be entirely dedicated to sport; therefore, while we retire for the evening, we invite the whole of this company to the ball, which will be given to-morrow. Dancing is an amusement, the love of which is hereditary to the Saxons; therefore to-morrow we will enjoy it to its full extent.

Gospar. Before we take our leave of Lord Adelfrid, your Ladyship, and the noble persons assembled, my friends and daughters request the honour to tender

tender their sentiments in a song, in order to sho that they can do something.

Elinor. Which we shall with pleasure hear. Y know, good Gospar, I have frequently declared mys the patroness of Acca, Saxa, and all the virgi around.

Gospar. Your Ladyship, like our Lord, was alwa the patroness of humility and virtue.

SONG.

ACCA.

Auspicious Power, at whose command,
Old ocean ebbs and flows,
Preserve our dear, our native land,
In plenty and repose.

Of war let savage nations boast,
But guard in peace Northumbria's coast.

CHORUS.

Of war let savage nations boast,
But guard in peace Northumbria's coast.

SAXA.

Yet if the trumpet's shrilly sound
Proclaim intestine rage;
If friends recede, and foes surround,
While kindred hosts engage;

May Scots and Normans with disgrace
Shrink from the glorious Saxon race

CHORUS.

May Scots and Normans with disgrace
Shrink from the glorious Saxon race!

COLGRIN.

Auspicious powers that guard the just,
In whom our valiant leaders trust,
If pirate Danes invade our coast,
Ordain our youth, their country's boast,
To see the British flag, unfurl'd,
In triumph ride throughout the world.

GRAN

GRAND CHORUS.

Auspicious powers that guard the just,
In whom our valiant leaders trust,
If pirate Danes invade our coast,
Ordain our youth, their country's boast,
To see the British flag, unfurl'd,
In triumph ride throughout the world.

[*The Curtain drops.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Wood. Through a long avenue of leafless trees the Cottage of Gospar appears at a distance. In front, other Cottages; on the side near the fore-ground a Stile; and in the back-ground the view of a monastic Building.*

Enter Father FRANCIS.

Father Francis.

Tardy is the rise of day,
Red the sun's reluctant ray.
O'er the meadows and the fields
Frost its iron sceptre wields.
Streams and brooks, nay, solid ground,
Are in icy fetters bound.
Birds no longer from each spray
Chant the merry roundelay,
But in coveys leave the wood,
To partake the peasant's food.
Bleating flocks, and lowing kine,
Seem in murmurs to repine,
While through Europe's wide domain,
Winter stern extends his reign.
Yet how soon will spring appear,
Blithest season of the year!
Summer then assumes her place,
Queen of nature's fertile space;
Autumn rich in golden grain,
Loads with harvest every plain:

While

While the waning of the year
Hints that barren times are near;
Times that, all the country o'er,
Warn the peasantry to store,
And display this moral sage,
Youth should save to comfort age.

I have taken the first opportunity which the indolence of our porter has afforded me, to escape from the convent for a short period; and, while I breathe a freer atmosphere than the closeness of a cell would allow, and am less liable to interruption than in the circumscribed limits of our garden, to contemplate more at large upon the events of yesterday. How the Jester of Lord Adelfrid could become so well acquainted with the circumstances of mine and my sister Editha's life, it is impossible for me even to conjecture; yet the *fool* was correct: though our history was known only to one person, and he has, I believe, long since fallen a prey to the cruelty of the Norman. I must have an interview with this Jester; I must inform Editha, and endeavour to develope this mystery. [*Looks over the stile.*] Ha! sure I have seen the youth that approaches, at the castle of the Baron. Now I observe him nearer, he appears to be Geoffrey, the page to Lord Adelfrid. How fortunate is this meeting! He will probably discover all I want to know respecting Target.

[*Retires to the back of the Stage.*]

GEOFFREY *enters over the Stile, and sings.*

SONG.

Bright are the trees with hoar o'erhung;
The snowdrop in its furrow'd bed,
Desponding, droops its pallid head;
While brilliant icicles have clung
Around the peasant's lowly shed,
And while the north-wind through the grove
Chills, chills the maid, unwarm'd by love,
And while, &c.

No

No season can my grief abate,
  No hope to sooth my anxious state,
I wander forth the snow among,
  With thoughts as black as raven;
And while my passion I dilate,
  I ponder on the dismal fate
  Of Rosaline of Craven.
                I ponder on, &c.

Father FRANCIS *advancing.*

[GEOFFREY *starts.*]

Father Francis. However reluctant, son Geoffrey, I may be to interrupt such harmony, I cannot help observing, that you might have chosen a more appropriate place to pour forth your melancholy strain.

Geoffrey. To me, alas! holy father, all places are nearly equal.

Father Francis. So young, and yet so stoical? The balmy breath of a May morning, when dormant nature seems thoroughly awakened to joy and animation, might offer attractions even to youth: but in chill December, when the only idea of comfort seems to arise from the smoke that ascends from the cottages around, the morning season appears most consonant to age.

Geoffrey. Alas! May is December to me.

Father Francis. This is rather extraordinary in one of your years and appearance; and must arise from some mental propension, of which it is your duty to inform me, as it will be mine to endeavour to correct. You mentioned in your song the name of Rosaline, a maid whom I guess you loved.

Geoffrey. I loved her dearly as I do myself!

Father Francis. I thought so; but you are far distant from her. The snow-drop to which you alluded, has a tincture of green at the core.—May I venture once more to guess that she abandoned you?

Geoffrey. She abandoned herself; she left her father's

ther's house in disguise, changed her name, and wandered far away from the wilds of Craven.

Father Francis. From what motive?

Geoffrey. Two, that have perhaps the strongest influence on the female mind—love and ambition. She became enamoured of a man so greatly her superior in birth and fortune, nay, I may add, in misfortune, that, without disclosing her passion even to him, she followed him.

Father Francis. This was the emanation of distraction!

Geoffrey. It was indeed little short of it.

Father Francis. I now, son Geoffrey, discover the reason of your sorrow—despair arising from jealousy, and jealousy arising from inexperience: which every day's acquaintance with the world, by showing you that there is no station of life exempt from disappointment, will teach you to repress, and finally to triumph over.

Geoffrey. Never!

Father Francis. As a man advances in life, his mind awakens to other cares. Even successful love is the parent of solicitude. The ardency and toil with which the feathered inhabitants of this grove seem to provide for their offspring, might, upon this subject, afford you a moral lesson; but it suits not my present purpose further to observe upon it. You, it seems, have, like Rosaline, been a wanderer, or I should not have seen you in the service of Lord Adelfrid. What induced you to travel to this part of the country?

Geoffrey. I came with Target.

Father Francis. The Jester?

Geoffrey. He.—An accident brought him to the cottage of my father, where its consequence, illness, confined him for some time.

Father Francis. Then you became perfectly acquainted with his history?

Geoffrey.

Geoffrey. Not entirely; for, though I know his name and situation, I shall not divulge them even to you, holy father.—What I chiefly learned was what he frequently repeated, that his whole life had been erratic.

Father Francis. And so far professional.—So, charmed with his humour, you resolved to follow his fortunes?

Geoffrey. I must confess, holy father, I followed him from motives of affection; and he introduced me to my present situation.

Father Francis. A circumstance which shows the effect of lightness of principle upon ju[illegible] minds.—He used to entertain you with stories and anecdotes?

Geoffrey. He has stories and anecdotes of all the families of England and Scotland.

Father Francis. And consequently of mine among the rest—My friend may have been imprudent. *(Aside.)* These people, son Geoffrey, glide into great houses; they listen in antechambers, lay their ears to keyholes, and collect—— but let me warn you, that they are most dangerous company for youth.

[*The Bell rings from the Abbey.*]

The matin bell summons me to prayer. I shall at some future time, it is probable, have further discourse with you, upon this, to yourself, important subject.

[*Exit Father* FRANCIS.

[*The Bell continues ringing.*]

[GEOFFREY retires.

Enter ACCA, *and* SAXA, *from the Cottage.*

SONG.

ACCA.

The tinkling of the matin bell,
And vesper's deep sonorous knell,
At dawn of morn, and close of even,
Attune the joyous heart to heaven;
Yet sometimes will our thoughts incline
To mingle mortal with divine.

SAXA.

In youth, if fond affection paints
Attachment to the choir of saints,
While taught, in pure religion's school,
Never to swerve from virtue's rule,
'T is sure no sin though thoughts incline
To mingle mortal with divine.

I am, my dear Acca, fearful that you are, upon some occasions, too apt to mingle mortal with divine sentiments: perhaps you may retort the charge, and enlarge on the subject; but I give place in this, as in every thing, to my elder sister.

Acca. The duty to which the matin bell now summons us, seems not to have made much impression upon your mind, or you would not talk with such levity. To what do you allude?

Saxa. Why, in a very few words, to an opinion, that you think more of Geoffrey, the beautiful page to Lord Adelfrid, than of the matin bell. Nay, frown not, Acca; for, to confess the truth (and I had rather make this confession to you, than to Father Francis), I do the same; though, as I have observed, with an inherent generosity, I am willing, in your favour, to resign my pretensions.

Acca. What a wild girl!

Saxa. Heigh ho! I wish he had a brother as handsome as himself; nay, if he was not quite so handsome, I would hate him a bit, because, in the event of a double union, we should be more exactly upon a par.

Acca. A flatterer too!

Saxa. That I deny: flatterers endeavour to pervade the recesses of the human mind—a task which I have no occasion to undertake, because your ideas appear upon your countenance every time you see Geoffrey.

You think I love him then?

[illegible] as well as I do; as well as every one [illegible] holds him.

Acca.

Acca. I do indeed, my dear Saxa.

Saxa. Ah! you have abundance of rivals in this district; I wish that they may all be as generous as your sister. Heavens! he 's here.

GEOFFREY *comes forward.*

I hope he has not heard our conversation.

Geoffrey. Unaccustomed to pervert or conceal the truth, I must confess that I have heard great part of it. Attracted by the melody of your voices, I listened until I had no power, even when your words became so interesting to me, that it would otherwise have been ungenerous to have suffered you to proceed, to break the thread of your discourse.

Acca. I shall sink with confusion!

Saxa. I shall die with shame!

Geoffrey. Shame or confusion, I am convinced, need never to accompany the thoughts or words of Acca or Saxa. As the loveliest of our Saxon virgins, I have long admired your persons; as the most polished of the maidens of the district, I have frequently listened with delight to your conversation: therefore that harmless hilarity, the concomitant of innocence, which marks the communications of sisters upon certain occasions, though in part overheard, ought not to give you a moment's pain, but to pass over your minds like the evanescent flashes of vivid exhalations through an atmosphere which instantly recovers its serenity.

Acca. You believe that our indiscretion aimed at nothing more than mere amusement?

Geoffrey. Nothing more.

Saxa. And will not have the worse opinion of us for making you the object of it.

Geoffrey. I should pay myself an ill compliment if I had not the better. But, my lovely Acca, and no less lovely Saxa, why this perturbation and trembling? Consider me as a brother; and, while I thus entwine

an arm around each, let me accompany you to your devotions: the laudable purpose in which we are about to engage, will calm our troubled spirits. You know, we must compose our minds, to enable us to partake of the hilarity of the evening; and nothing is so certain to produce composure, as a conviction that we have performed our duty.

[*Exeunt up the Stage toward the Monastery.*

SCENE *changes to another Part of the Wood.*

Enter DUNCAN.

Duncan. Target, respecting whom I am exceedingly interested, promised to meet me at a much earlier hour than this; yet I have searched in vain—he is no where to be found.

Enter TARGET.

Target. In this you are mistaken; for I might have been found any where. From the cliff to the morass I have sought you, noble Duncan; as I suspected that you might have again taken a flying leap from the one, or that you might, by your *gravity*, have been sunk in the other.

Duncan. The cliff reminds me, friend Target, again to return you my thanks for the noble, the courageous exertions you made in my favour yesterday, when you generously risked your life to save mine.

Target. If you were convinced at how low a rate I appreciate my life, you would not very highly compliment me upon my generosity.

Duncan. Ah! say not so. I mean not to offer to you the froth of compliments; but the solidity of reward:—you are an English Saxon.

Target. I am—though I am sorry you do not believe it.

Duncan. Not believe it? Why should you think me so incredulous?

Target. Because, if you had believed me to be of the

the Saxon race, you would have reflected, that it was affronting me and my whole dynasty, to suppose me capable of taking a reward for an act of common humanity.

Duncan. I am not by words to be diverted from my settled purpose. Descending from a race as generous as your own, and of a lineage perhaps superior, it is impossible that I can exist under the keen sense of obligations conferred, without endeavouring to make a return, which, however inadequate to your merit, is still a proof of my sense of it. I am, as you know, a Scotchman—I was——

Target. [*Eagerly.*] What?

Duncan. It is of little importance. The unsettled state of the country, the tyranny of Donald, have driven me from my native home; but his enormities cannot long continue; his bloody course must soon terminate fatally to himself: over his head at this moment impending ruin nods.

Target. [*Seizing the hand of* DUNCAN.] Let us arm, my Lord; and fly to accelerate its motion.

Duncan. Heavens! have I again aroused the hero? with whom am I conversing?

Target. A Jester! who had for an instant forgotten his character.

Duncan. [*Looking at him steadfastly.*] Which is sometimes the case when a character is assumed.

Target. Assumption of character is not uncommon in these perilous times, when men dare not trust each other, merely from the circumstance of their being born on the different sides of a river.

Duncan. Neither the shrewdness nor the truth of this observation shall lead me from my settled purpose. Whosoever you are, I revere, I esteem, and, from the singularity of your present appearance, pity you! Receive my hand as a pledge, that as soon as I

am restored to my native country, your wandering ceases. In the house of——

Target. [*Regarding him.*] Of whom?

Duncan. [*Hesitating.*] In my house you shall find a secure asylum; of my lands you shall have a portion; of my family you shall become a member.

Target. You have then, my Lord, a family?

Duncan. I have—perhaps I should say, I had! for Heaven knows if the fury of Donald has spared even my innocent babes.

Target. Give me a sword. I am at present unknown in Scotland. Let me fly to protect them.

Duncan. Amazement! Again the hero blazes in your bosom. Who are you?

Target. A man of many sorrows. I am not indeed a husband and a father: you have, my Lord, a wife?

Duncan. I have—the loveliest of the Saxon court.

Target. A Saxon?

Duncan. And therefore more obnoxious to the hatred of Donald, who, though once protected by Harold, appears to have vowed vengeance against his race.—Heaven only knows if she yet survives.

Target. Let me once more summon my adherents.

Duncan. [*Starts.*] Adherents! Sure you rave.

Target. Give me a sword!

Duncan. I mean to present you with this sword, which once belonged to——

Target. [*Looking at it.*] Malcolm, the monarch of Scotland.

Duncan. How could you know that?

Target. The hilt displays a lion.

Duncan. Take it, with this chain, as at once an instance of my present poverty, and an earnest of my future favours.

Target. This chain, my Lord?—do you know its value?

Duncan.

Duncan. Certainly.

Target. Do you know that it is the official insignia of the house of Stuart?

Duncan. Unquestionably. But how you should be so well acquainted with these circumstances, surprises me.

Target. Men in my situation become acquainted with many circumstances: however, my Lord, I restore to you your sword and chain, which as I never have deserved, so I never can accept. When one day you know me better, you will not wonder at my having declined your liberality.

Duncan. And one day, when you know me better, you will wonder, except you reflect upon my present situation, that my bounty was so contracted.

[*Shrieks and Alarm.—Bugle-horn sounds.*]

Target. What, at this solemn season, can occasion this singular alarm?

Duncan. Alarms are too frequent in every season. Some incursion. [*Bugle-horn sounds again.*]

Target. Let us fly to see if the signal is displayed on the battlements.

Enter two Sentinels.

1st Sentinel. No; you may save yourself the trouble of flying, without you mean, as I suppose you do, to fly from the enemy. The signal is not displayed on the battlements. [*Alarms continue.*]

Duncan. What then is the reason of these alarms?

2d Sentinel. The Borderers, who are always looking out for some of our *live-stock*, have carried off two of our Saxon virgins, and the youth which we call your attendant, Target; for he follows you as your shadow.

1st Sentinel. And we now about to forage in the convent.—Fine work among the nuns!

2d Sentinel. Yes, and more than enough; for the enemy seems to be returning.

Penda. Then it is time that I should get into action too. [*Runs off.*

2d Sentinel. It were well that we followed his example: but we are appointed to posts of more honour than profit; and therefore dare not *resign* our situations.—Come along, Peter, so.—Now our courage is roused, if we encounter them, they had better met the ghosts of our great ancestors, Hengist and Horsa.

[*Exeunt Sentinels.*

Trumpets—Shouts—the Cry of Victory repeated—Shouts continued.

Enter DUNCAN, TARGET *supported by* ACCA *and* SAXA, *Father* FRANCIS, COLGRIN, GOSPAR, JOHAN, AMBROSE, *and other male and female Peasants.—Soldiers appear at the back of the Stage.*

Duncan. My friends!—for, although I am a late resident in this district, I will claim the honour of calling you my friends—victory has crowned our exertions. The few remaining of those savages, that this morning, taking advantage of this season of relaxation, descended like a whirlwind upon the plains, and swept your flocks and herds, nay, even carried off your daughters, and violated the sanctity of the adjacent convent, have retired to their native mountains, disencumbered of their plunder, and so diminished in their numbers, that they will have no reason to rejoice in their temerity.

Gospar. No: I believe it will be some time before they plan another expedition of this nature; and then I think they will take care how they have any thing to do with our women, whether they are religious or secular.

Johan. We might have borne their plundering our village; but the cries of Acca and Saxa roused every man in it.

Duncan.

Duncan. Ay, my friend; and endued every peasant with the character of a hero: but vain would have been all our efforts, had not indignation mounted to inspiration, from the example of this man, whom, though apparently low in his present situation, and whatsoever may be his real character, I thus publicly embrace as a brother. [*Embraces* TARGET.]

Target. [*Starts.*] Brother!—Are you, Lord Duncan, aware of what you say?—Brother! Oh, spare me, my Lord—spare me: you bring to my recollection that I once had——

Duncan. A brother—who perhaps fell in battle, crowned with immortal glory.—Let me replace him.

Target. And ally yourself to a Jester.

Gospar. No, my worthy friend Target; you are, upon some occasions, *no Jester*, as the enemy has most fatally experienced. When you led us on to battle, when you dispersed the first party of the insurgents, rescued my daughters, and singly by your ardour outrun our utmost exertion, forced your way into the convent, where you saved the noble Prioress from slaughter, and many of the nuns from violation; when you struck the leader of the band to the earth, and drove his followers upon our swords, I believe your greatest enemies will allow that you were no Jester.

Father Francis. Whosoever you are, that are so well acquainted with the circumstances of mine and my sister's lives, I came at the hasty but ardent request of the noble Editha, to tender to Lord Duncan and yourself her thanks, and the thanks of the sisterhood, for their preservation.

Duncan. Which I receive with gratitude and esteem.

Target. And I with the deepest sense of their goodness, and my own humility.

Gospar. Have my daughters nothing to say to their deliverer?

SONG.

ACCA.

If, while my ardent bosom glows,
My falt'ring accents fail;
Yet still o'er dread of savage foes
Shall gratitude prevail.
For, ever while this bosom beat,
When I the hero's name repeat.

O gratitude, my tongue inspire,
Thus to express my heart's desire,
And, in unpolish'd Saxon lays,
To sing our brave deliverer's praise.

SAXA.

Relieved from the terrific train
Of fancy-painted fears,
Which from the wild disorder'd brain
Expand in sighs and tears;
Restor'd to bliss from deepest woe,
How doth my grateful bosom glow!

O gratitude, my tongue inspire,
Thus to express my heart's desire,
And, in unpolish'd Saxon lays,
To sing our brave deliverer's praise.

BOTH.

O gratitude, our tongues inspire,
Thus, to express our heart's desire,
And, in unpolish'd Saxon lays,
To sing our brave deliverer's praise.

Target. It is as impossible for me, my lovely Acca and Saxa, to answer your high-flown compliments, as it would be to emulate your elegant strains: however, I promise to be your protector till I have your permission to resign my office to two youths who may be more competent to it. [ACCA *bursts into tears.*] Heavens! what have I said?

Duncan. What can have occasioned this agitation?

Saxa. Nothing, my Lord: my sister weeps, and indeed

deed I am ready to follow her example, when I think that the only person that fell on our side in the late battle, was Geoffrey.

Target. Geoffrey!—Now I recollect I released him at the first onset.

Saxa. And he fell the minute after.

Target. Wounded?

Johan. No, I think not: Ambrose and myself bore him from the field to the neighbouring convent.

Father Francis. Where he now remains, under the care of my sister: I shall soon visit him.

Target. Then I am easy.

Saxa. [*Aside.*] And so am I, upon your account, Acca.

Acca. [*Aside.*] For Heaven's sake restrain your tongue; you have already said too much.

[*Trumpets sound at a distance.*]

Enter PENDA.

Saxa. Heavens! some new alarm.

Penda. Certainly; but of a much pleasanter nature than the last. The trumpets from the battlements announce the approach of a brilliant company; and my Lord has sent me in quest of Lord Duncan, Target, and the rest, whom Lady Elinor yesterday invited; but I presume, that, fearful I should forget my message, he has taken upon himself to be his own harbinger.

Enter ADELFRID, EDGAR ATHELING, OFFA, MODRED, *and others.*

Adelfrid. Deeply engaged in the conviviality of the hour, it was not until a very short time since, that I heard of the daring attack of the savage freebooters upon my property and vassals; but the news gave me pleasure, because it came accompanied with the account of their defeat, and exhibited instances of courage in you,

Lord

Lord Duncan, respecting which, while I envy the honour you have acquired, I am happy to acknowledge the benefit myself, and indeed the whole country, have derived from it; and also in another instance, where I least expected it.

Target. That must be me.

Adelfrid. It certainly is you, who, I understand, rushed into the thickest of the battle.

Target. If I did, my Lord, it was quite in character.

Adelfrid. In character?

Target. Quite:—for who but a fool would have rushed into a battle, if he could have kept out of it?

Edgar Atheling. This, Target, in an oblique compliment to our wisdom, seems a reflection upon our valour.

Offa. I consider it as such.

Target. Then you view the proposition in a wrong light; or, rather I should say, reverse it, as I had the misfortune to do, for wisdom should always precede valour: as an instance——

Offa. Ay! I love an instance.

Target. Wisdom is supposed to preside in the heads of many counsellors:—they form the plan, which the valour of the soldier executes.

Edgar Atheling. Good!

Target. Another instance—for instances are enclosed and included each within each, like a nest of boxes —When Gospatric and his Danes landed on the coast of Northumberland——

Adelfrid. We must, I fear, leave Gospatric and his Danes till after dinner, and, according to the Saxon custom, retire from the field to the festival.

Target. Ay, my Lord: you allude to those times when our ancestors danced with their swords by their [illegible] was coming to, if you had let me con-

[illegible] but you were so long coming to it, that

that one end of the skein of your story would have slipped from the memory of your auditors, while you were endeavouring to unravel the other. However, relaxation is in some seasons proper, lightness and frivolity allowable at the present; yet it would be unkind not to let the ladies partake of them; therefore follow me to the Castle.

The social banquet, and the female smile,
Reward at home the gallant hero's toil.
While friends, assembled in the festive hall,
Suspend their swords, attending pleasure's call,
Grim Vengeance flies, with her terrific train
Of routed armies, o'er th' ensanguin'd plain;
With happiness elate, the conquerors burn
"T' enjoy the hour that never may return."

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.—*The Interior of the Castle of Adelfrid.—The Saxon Hall brilliantly illuminated.—The Minstrels seated in the Gallery, as before.—Seats ranged along the sides and at the upper end.—Chairs of State upon a raised Platform, on which are seated* ELINOR, BERTHA, AGATHA, *and others.—A numerous company of Knights and Ladies occupy the lower forms.*

[*Music.*]

SONG, *by the Minstrels and Virgins.*

FIRST VIRGIN.

A swain once lov'd a sea-born maid—
Ah! she was fair indeed:
Brave Caledon, of noble race,
Enchanted by her native grace,
With rapture view'd her smiling face,
And sigh'd, "Ah lovely Tweed!"

SECOND VIRGIN.

Great Albion, from his rock-built tower,
Beheld the maid, as o'er the plain
She ran through mazes crown'd with flowers,

That skirt his wide domain:
She ran, attended by a train
Of nymphs and swains, all blithe and jolly,
Foes to care and melancholy.

CHORUS.

She ran, attended by a train
Of nymphs and swains, all blithe and jolly,
Foes to care and melancholy.

FIRST MINSTREL.

Above the rest her beauty shone,
And elegance seem'd hers alone.

SECOND MINSTREL.

Both heroes woo'd the lovely maid,
Both sought her father Neptune's aid;
Who, govern'd by impartial Fate,
Decreed, that neither must possess;
But still, in chaste Diana's dress,
She should resplendent shine,
Till union should the brothers bless,
And bands indissoluble join
To them her beauteous sister Tyne.

CHORUS.

May bands indissoluble join
The lovely sisters Tweed and Tyne!

Enter ADELFRID, EDGAR ATHELING, DUNCAN, OFFA, MODRED, TARGET, COLGRIN, GOSPAR, ACCA, *and* SAXA.

Adelfrid. I am happy, Lady Elinor, to see that the festivity of the season has already commenced, and equally so, that I can increase the company by so large and so agreeable an addition.

Elinor. For the want of which, my Lord, the hilarity of our meeting seems to have been suspended, indeed in some degree by anxiety, lest another occasion should have excited the valorous exertions of Lord Duncan and the rest of our brave protectors.

Adelfrid. Not a shadow of anxiety must cloud a single brow at this festive meeting.

Elinor.

Elinor. Let anxiety be banished from this meeting; but, as justice should precede hilarity, I must execute my commission, which is, in this favour, to convey the ladies' tribute of gratitude to Target.

[*Presents him a jewel, suspended to a ribband.*]

Target. Which I receive with equal humility and pride—humility, because, although I know myself undeserving, I am yet proud to be thus distinguished.

SONG.

The favours of monarchs raise envy and spleen;
The favours of friends we too often abuse;
From the favours of courtiers we little can glean,
But the favours of ladies I never refuse.

When Folly first enters on Fashion's gay scene,
In the shape of a youth of distinction and note,
If he brags of the favours of beauties, I ween
He ought for his pains to be dress'd in my coat.

The spark who, with simpering feminine air,
Lisps his soft tale of love which he 'd long learn'd by rote,
And cries, "Let the ladies deny if they dare!"
I 'm sure you 'd be pleas'd should I lend him my coat.

The captain, who blusters of field and of flood,
And his passion displays to the trumpet's loud note,
Who tinges the arrows of Cupid with blood,
Would not be disguis'd should he put on my coat.

The smiles of the fair sex are pleasing to all,
Their favours at once love and pleasure denote;
So, friends, take their hands, and lead up the gay ball,—
Whoever refuses, shall put on my coat.

[TARGET *arranges the Dancers,* EDGAR ATHELING *with* AGATHA, OFFA *with* BERTHA, *and the rest in pairs.*]

[*Music.*]

TARGET *comes forward.*

So, now I have arranged my light-armed and light-footed

footed forces, I shall, like a judicious General, retire from the field, and wait the event of the action.

[*Exit* TARGET.

The Ball commences.

When the Dance is finished, re enter TARGET, *in the utmost agitation, with a torch in his hand.*

Agatha. The Jester is returned—

Offa. With a lighted torch, signal of some new exhibition.

Bertha. How well he acts his part!

Agatha. Yes, he looks like the picture of distress, which the torch serves to display in his own countenance. [*The company laugh.*]

[*Thunder.*]

Edgar Atheling. This seems a solemn overture to the scene.

Target. Solemn indeed, illustrious Edgar! O my juvenile friends! spare your ill-timed mirth.

Edgar Atheling. Are you serious?

Target. Serious! Certainly. With light frivolous vanity and jesting, I have done for ever.—My noble, my generous Lord Adelfrid, if ever there was a scene of distress calculated to excite those emotions of humanity hereditary in your house, follow me, and judge if that to which I shall lead you is not of this description.

Adelfrid. Of what description?

Target. The most awful.—While mirth and hilarity reigned in this hall, a tempest has raged without, and still rages. Amidst a direful storm of wind and hail, I ventured to the cliff, and, through the most vivid and incessant flashes of lightning, discovered a vessel in the utmost distress.

Duncan. Is it yet too late to succour her?

Adelfrid. I hope not.—My hardy vassals know too well the nature of our coast, and are too ready to afford their assistance, to leave me bereft of hope.

Colgrin. Depend upon our utmost exertions.

Target.

Target. Then follow me, my friends.

Duncan. We will not be lookers-on: wheresoever Target leads, we will certainly follow.

[*Exeunt* TARGET, EDGAR, OFFA, DUNCAN, *and* MODRED, *followed by* COLGRIN, GOSPAR, *and the rest of the Peasants.*

[*The Curtain drops.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A View of the Exterior of the Castle of Adelfrid, situated upon an eminence, nearly surrounded by rocks and leafless trees; the windows illuminated; on the other side a Beacon blazing upon a high Cliff.—The side-wings represent Crags and Cliffs.—The back-ground terminates with a distant view of the Sea.—The Stage appears in a demi-tint.*

[*Thunder and Lightning.*]

Enter COLGRIN, GOSPAR, SHOCK, *and other Peasants.*

Colgrin. Long observation, neighbour Gospar, has enabled us pretty accurately to judge of the weather upon the coast; and therefore when, from the windows of the Castle, I viewed the sky and the sea, I hinted to you my apprehensions that a storm was rising.

Gospar. True, so you did; but neither you nor our ancient race of Druids, could they revive, could have foreboded, that at this season of the year, and in this northern latitude, such a tremendous elementary combustion would ensue. Did you ever before, on this coast, and at this period, hear thunder so awful, and behold flashes of lightning so incessant?

Colgrin. I must confess, never!

Gospar. Or you, old Shock, that have navigated the coast more than half a century?

Shock.

Shock. Why, friend Gospar, the storm which, when I was a boy, happened just as the King of Norway and Earl Toston were about to enter the Tyne, with five hundred ships—(you know how they afterwards ravaged Northumberland and all the North)—that storm, as I was saying, was pretty well for the time, but a mere capful of wind to this. Let me recollect—I remember it was on Chtistmas eve.

Gospar. Christmas eve!

Shock. Yes, we used to call it the *Black Christmas*; for it made the whole country mourn:—I stood by my father upon yonder cliff;—so says my father to me—the wind blew full in our teeth—so says my father——

Gospar. Never mind what your father said.

Shock. Ah, I minded him too little, that's the truth on't.

Gospar. [*To the Peasants.*] Did you, my friends, ever witness such a storm?

Peasants. Never!

Colgrin. Yet, at this awful moment, there is something more to be wondered at than even the tempest.

Gospar. What?

Colgrin. The spirit and intrepidity of our countrymen.

Gospar. Gentle or simple, they are all alike: at the cry of distress, and in the hour of danger, they are all equally alert.

SONG.—Colgrin.

Amid this elemental rage,
Behold our hardy youth engage,
  And brave the dreadful storm.
While thunder roars, and terror cries,
How quick the tender passions rise
  In bosoms coarse, yet warm!

Humanity, Britannia's boast,
With power supreme around her coast,

Exerts

Exerts its gentle sway;
Distress, which levels friend and foe,
Impels her sons to succour woe—
Its summons all obey.

Gospar. But I less wonder at the exertions of our mariners, because, as I may say, humanity and courage are born with them, than I do at those of Target, when he pointed out the vessel, whose distressed situation could only be discerned through the medium of the unintermitting flashes of lightning. The nobles seemed to shrink from the terrific spectacle. You observed with what celerity he slid down the cliff.

Colgrin. Ay! and leaped into the pinnace, Gospar.

Gospar. The noble Duncan followed him.

Shock. I shall love that fellow Target, as long as I live. He has the heart of an English sailor.

Gospar. That is the best heart in the world.

Shock. By the time that the sails were unbent, the boats were all manned, and off they set.

Colgrin. Offa and the nobles, in the Baron's vessel.

Shock. Yes; they had cleared the cliff, and were out of sight in an instant.

Gospar. Yes; I fear they were *out of sight* indeed.

Colgrin. I hope not: but you, neighbour Gospar, need not tell me of foreboding; need he, Shock?

Shock. In this instance his fears are not without reason; for, boy or man, since I have used the sea, no vessel ever appeared to me in such danger as that they went to succour.

Gospar. Well, Heaven relieve the people, and send our brave adventurers back in safety!

Enter ADELFRID *and* MODRED.

Adelfrid. A prayer, good Gospar, that I have within this last hour frequently repeated; but, alas! I fear we have little hope of either.

Gospar. Any new cause of alarm, my Lord?

Adelfrid.

Adelfrid. None but what arises from my own sensations. Offa is brave, but inexperienced.

Modred. For Heaven's sake, my Lord, be more yourself: the distress of the Baroness, Bertha, and Agatha, has too much affected you.

Adelfrid. Perhaps it has; yet the danger to which my people have voluntarily, and, I fear, ineffectually, exposed themselves——

Modred. Cannot now be averted.

[*A Noise at a distance—the Company start.*]

Adelfrid. My fears are confirmed! My son, and my friends, have fallen victims to their humanity.

Modred. Can men fall in a more glorious cause? But why should you augur only distress? may they not have arrived in safety?

Adelfrid. No! impossible!—[*Noise increases.*]—Those are not the sounds of joy: shouts would have greeted their arrival. My son! my son! the last of the Northumbrian line—[*Noise still increases.*]—gone! lost! perished in the waves!

Shock. These, as your Lordship says, are no common sounds; they are not the greetings that used to meet us when we returned from sea: but I'll go and learn the tidings for good or bad;—I'll perish in the waves too, before you shall be in this uncertainty.

[*Exit* SHOCK.

Adelfrid. Perhaps the certainty may be still worse.

[*Shouts.*]

Re-enter SHOCK.

Shock. Joy, joy, my Lord! your son is arrived.

Adelfrid. [*Kneeling.*] Thanks be to Heaven, that the arm of mercy has been again extended to preserve the race of Adelfrid.

Enter OFFA, EDGAR ATHELING, *and others.*

[OFFA *runs to his Father, who raises and embraces him.*]

Adelfrid. My son returned in safety!

Edgar.

Edgar. Yes, from the most perilous situation that can be imagined.

Offa. Not entirely so; for the pinnace, and some of the surrounding boats, seemed in still greater danger.

Adelfrid. What has become of the vessel that you went to succour?

Offa. I saw it sink.

Adelfrid. And the pinnace?

Edgar. I fear it was engulfed in the same whirlpool. Alas! my noble friend Duncan!

Shock. And the benevolent Target!—My two boys too followed him—my only hopes! If they have perished, I have no consolation except in the reflection, that they perished in endeavouring to rescue their fellow-creatures from distress. [*Exit* SHOCK.

Gospar. That Target was a noble fellow.

Edgar. His exertions upon this occasion were more than human. I saw the pinnace run alongside the wave-beaten vessel, and probably they sunk together.

[*Shouts.*]

Enter SHOCK.

Shock. Not quite so bad as that, neither. A boat has just come in, and the mariners inform me, that although the larger vessel sunk, (bad seamanship, my Lord!) the pinnace rode out the storm: my boys were on board her: by this time they must have arrived.

Adelfrid. Were any of the people belonging to the large vessel saved?

Shock. I'll go and endeavour to learn: I was so anxious about my boys, I forgot to ask. These exertions will, I think, make me young again. Exertions can never be used in a better cause. [*Exit* SHOCK.

Adelfrid. My friends, we seem to breathe. Let some one swift of foot run to the Castle, and inform the Baroness.—[*Exit one of the Peasants.*]—Let others go

to the coast, and see if any of the people or property of the large vessel can yet be saved.

Peasants. We will, my Lord. [*Exeunt Peasants.*

Adelfrid. The safety of the pinnace in a time of such imminent danger, seems a great and singular mercy.

Edgar. The preservation of my noble friend Duncan will be felt and acknowledged as a benefit in all succeeding ages.

[*Shouts, and the cry of "Heaven preserve the noble Duncan, Target, and the rest of our brave adventurers!"*]

Enter SHOCK.

Shock. Heaven preserve them indeed! You hear, my Lord, how the people exult in their deliverance: they are all safe arrived, my boys and all.

Adelfrid. All?

Shock. Ay, and more than all; for they have brought a lady and child.

Adelfrid. A lady and child?

Shock. Yes, all that could be saved out of the vessel as she went down. Duncan received the lady, and Target the child; but I believe the lady is dead.

Adelfrid. Dead!

Shock. Or lifeless, which is the same thing. But here they come.

[*Shouts.*]

Enter DUNCAN, *and Sailors bearing a Lady apparently lifeless;* TARGET, *with a Child in his arms; other Sailors following.*

Shock. My boys, here you are; they are true British sailors: when they have served their country, all their cares are devoted to the fair sex. Target makes an excellent nurse: my boys may in time find him employment. [*Exit* SHOCK.

Adelfrid. While I congratulate you, Lord Duncan, Target,

Target, and the rest of my brave and adventurous friends, upon the success of your exertions in the instance before me, let me also deplore that they were only successful in the preservation of this lady, and, as I suppose, her infant: — I hope she breathes.

Duncan. She does, my Lord.

Adelfrid. Summon my people, Modred; let her be carefully conveyed to the Castle.

Duncan. That care shall be mine, my Lord. I want no other assistance than that of my brave surrounding friends.

Edgar. We'll all assist.

Offa. Certainly.

Adelfrid. Fatigued with your exertions, let me persuade you, Target, to relinquish your burden.

Target. I would rather relinquish the burden of my life! This child shall never depart from my arms till I place it in safety at the Castle.

Adelfrid. Then, the sooner we proceed thither the better; for if these sufferers want immediate assistance, which they certainly do, I am sure, my friends, your exertions demand immediate repose.

[*Exeunt* ADELFRID, MODRED, EDGAR ATHELING, DUNCAN *and Sailors with the Lady, and* TARGET *with the Child.*

Manent COLGRIN *and* GOSPAR.

Gospar. Amidst the confusion of this night, what has become of Johan and Ambrose?

Colgrin. Whom the people of the village call your sons-in-law.

Gospar. Although I wish my girls no worse husbands, that they will be the men is by no means certain. I fear Geoffrey will prove a formidable rival to one of them.

Colgrin. Geoffrey! Why, either of the girls would make a *better man.* In the skirmish of this morning he

shrunk from the battle like a female, fainted in the arms of Ambrose, and was obliged to be carried to the convent; since which, I understand, your daughters, who want protection, have resolved to think no more of him.

Gospar. Then there 's Penda has some pretensions.

Colgrin. So he has; for he is all by nature that Target *pretends* to be, that is to say, the greatest fool in Northumberland. He has not sense enough for that situation in my Lord's family, or else, as the mind of Target can no longer be concealed by *his coat*, I would recommend him——

Gospar. Not to me for a son-in-law.

Colgrin. Heaven forbid! no, to my Lord for *a fool.*

Gospar. There I think he will recommend himself; but I must confess I am anxious respecting Johan and Ambrose.

Colgrin. And I think with little reason. Their first care, amidst the confusion of last night, was to see your daughters into a place of safety; thence they proceeded to the shore, and probably among the rest boarded the boats.

Enter JOHAN *and* AMBROSE.

Gospar. Whence I suppose they are just returned.

Johan. We are indeed: we took the cliff in the way to the village.

Colgrin. And the way to the village because it affords some attractions; otherwise it is, especially at this hour, rather a circuitous road to your own dwellings.

Ambrose. All men are guided by particular motives, and we will freely confess ours are to give Acca and Saxa an account of the events that have so recently occurred.

Colgrin. And, although no rational creature could doubt of it, to be assured of their perfect safety.

Johan.

Johan. Certainly.

Gospar. I applaud your motive, and will accompany you.

Colgrin. And I, whatsoever I may think of the wisdom of the motive, will not stay behind, for two reasons; first, because I think my own warm cottage better at this time of night than this bleak cliff; and secondly, because I was once young myself.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.—*The great Hall in the Castle of Adelfrid.*

Enter ELINOR *(the Baroness)*, BERTHA, *and* AGATHA.

Elinor. Though the storm without has abated, and the terror within has been repressed by the assurances which the communication of the peasant has just conveyed to us, of the safety of my son, and the rest of the brave adventurers, yet still my bosom undulates like the waves of the Tyne, after the wind has subsided.

Bertha. And with reason, noble Lady; for Heaven only knows how far the adventurous spirit of Offa might have carried him.

Agatha. My mind, lovely Bertha, though agitated by fears for my brother, partook of a yet more general concern, when I thought of the situation of the vessel, and of the many sons and brothers that might be on board.

Bertha. I equally sympathized in their danger.

Elinor. Of this I have, noble Bertha, no doubt; and though we all must deplore that the relief afforded to them has been in its success so limited, yet we also must allow that the exertions of our brave countrymen have been equally meritorious.

SONG.—BERTHA.

Around the sea-girt vessel whirl'd,
On trembling masts her sails unfurl'd,

And shatter'd by tremendous gales,
No longer nautic skill prevails;
Her rudder loose, her open'd seams
Admit the torrent's rapid streams:
All hopes of safety o'er,
The tender mother grasps her child,
And, from the ocean raging wild,
Expects to rise no more.

Such was the situation, from which I understand the lady who will soon be here was rescued.

Agatha. Soon! she ought to have been brought before. Relief may now be too late.

Enter PENDA.

Penda. I was ordered to be concise, therefore shall in few words inform you, my Lady Baroness, and the noble Bertha and Agatha, that Lord Adelfrid, Offa, Edgar Atheling, Duncan, and Target, with a lifeless lady, and a child, have arrived at the outer gate of the Castle, and will soon——

Agatha. Be here, you were going to say. You were ordered to be concise; but if you make use of many more words, they will be here before you announce them.

Penda. [*Aside.*] What a pity to be stopped at the outer gate of the Castle, when I could have so flourished upon the interior! [*Exit* PENDA.

Enter ADELFRID, EDGAR ATHELING, OFFA, DUNCAN, &c. *with the Lady.*—TARGET *follows with the Child.*

Elinor. Welcome, welcome, thrice welcome, my Lord, my son, and noble friends: let immediate assistance be given to the lady.

[*While* ELINOR *and* BERTHA *go to the Lady,* AGATHA *takes the Child from* TARGET.]

Agatha. Heavens! what a beautiful infant!

Elinor.

Elinor. Order my women to attend.

Bertha. By her dress, this lady seems a native of Scotland.

Duncan. Of Scotland?

[*They uncover her face.*]

Elinor. She appears a little to revive.

Duncan. [*Approaching her.*] Heavens, and all the celestial host!—my Matilda!

Target. [*Coming up to him.*] Matilda! My dear, my beloved sister!

Duncan. Your sister?

Adelfrid. His sister!

Duncan. My wife, my angelic wife, and precious infant. Nay, wonder not, lords: these, I say these, saved from the devouring ocean's rage, are my wife and child. O my forsaken son, born to inherit the misfortunes of thy father, only happy in not having at present a sense of thy situation!—O young lady, look upon, protect, and nurse my darling boy.

Agatha. By all the holy saints and martyrs I'll love him as a mother.

Adelfrid. Generous girl!

Duncan. He will want, and I hope deserve, your protection, should his mother be departed.

Elinor. She a little revives.

Duncan. Does she revive?—My Matilda, behold your husband, your unfortunate husband! How could I leave thee, and my dear, dear infant?

Bertha. She seems better, my Lord; repress these emotions.

Duncan. Better! These extremes of joy and sorrow will distract me. Better!—Will she look upon that recreant who basely fled, and left to the fury of that tyrant Donald, his wife and little one?

Matilda. Heavens! what has passed?

Elinor. The worst, I hope, dear lady.

Duncan. Matilda, do I once more see and hear you?

Target. My beloved sister!—[*Takes her hand.*]

Adelfrid. Sister!—Is this a time to jest?

Target. No, my Lord; I am most indubitably in earnest.

Duncan. Lovely Matilda, my beloved wife!

Matilda. The voice, I think, of Walter.

Adelfrid. Walter!

Duncan. I am indeed that Walter who fled and left his wife and infant son.

Matilda. O my child! my child! [*Shrieks.*]—torn from—where are you, my beautiful, my angelic boy?—sunk in the waves—would I were sunk there also!

[*Sings.*]—In old ocean's oozy bed,
Cold, cold, chill, chill, dark, dark.

Agatha [*Rushes forward with the Child.*] Here, my beloved lady, is your child.

Matilda. Ha! ha! I am not to be so cheated—this my child?—this my Walter?—hey ho, no! no! No, he is sunk, drowned in the briny deep.

[TARGET *takes the Child, and kneels to her.*]

Target. Stand from Matilda, give her air. This, my dear, my beloved sister, is your child; I received it from you in the hour of danger.

Matilda. 'Tis false.—Sister!—I know you not.

Target. Not know me?

Adelfrid. I command you to leave the hall.

Target. I am not, upon this occasion, to be commanded.—Not know me?—had you not once a brother?

Matilda. A brother—but he is dead.

Target. Dead!—Who told you so?

Matilda. Report.—Ha! sure, I now recollect that voice, that face!—Morcard!

Target. The same. My best beloved, my lovely Matilda, let me sooth you back to reason and remembrance.

Matilda. Ah! but I am imposed upon by fancied forms that flit before my sight. I thought I saw a child.

Target.

Target. You see it here, the heir of the illustrious house of Stuart.

Matilda. And Walter too!—But he is gone far, far away; my senses will not serve to follow him.

Duncan. Walter, my adored Matilda, is here.

Matilda. Indeed! my own Walter, whom the hateful Donald so keenly pursued?

Edgar. Yes, and another friend.

Matilda. Edgar Atheling! another friend indeed! —I thought that all my friends had ascended to heaven. —Walter—Morcard—how can these things be?

Elinor. Curiosity—no, let me call it by a worthier name—anxiety rather than discretion, has impelled me to acquiesce, when I ought to have commanded: let me, noble lady, lead you to your chamber.

Matilda. What! and leave my child?

Agatha. No! I'll bring the child: I am his nurse. I would die before I would relinquish that title.

Matilda. And will you love me?

Agatha. I will love you like a sister.

Bertha. The physicians are in waiting.

Matilda. Shall I not sometimes see Walter and my brother?

Elinor. I will command them both to attend you.

Matilda. You!

Elinor. Yes; I command this part of the Castle.

Matilda. Then I yield a most willing obedience. —Walter!

Duncan. My angelic Matilda!

Matilda. All may yet be well.

Duncan. I hope so.

Matilda. Morcard!

Target. My beloved sister, compose yourself.

Matilda. You saved my child! My little Stuart I call him!

Target. I did!

Matilda. Heaven bless you for it!—But what

has happened? Alas! you look not like the Earl of Chester.

Elinor. I command every one to leave the place; I will have neither conversation nor messages till further orders.—My Lord, [*To* ADELFRID:] do you set the example of obedience. Our spirits are all wound too high; and both the season and our situation demand repose.

[*Exeunt* ELINOR *and* BERTHA, *supporting* MATILDA: AGATHA *follows with the Child, Attendants, &c.*

Adelfrid. Though the commands of the governess of this Castle are peremptory, yet I must apologize to you, Lord High Steward of Scotland, if I have not treated you with that respect to which your dignity entitles you: but I scarce know what to say to you, Morcard.

Target. To me, my Lord, no apology is necessary. Obliged to resort to disguise, I chose the protection of your Lordship's Castle; and if I met with any disrespect, I courted it by my habit, and returned it with my tongue.

Duncan. To-morrow we will discourse these matters more at large: at present, as your lady observed, both the season and our spirits demand repose.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[*The Scene closes.*]

SCENE III.—*The Convent.—A Cloister on one side of the Garden.*

Enter GEOFFREY.

SONG.

When darkness veils the orb of day,
And lustrous gleams the taper's ray,
The flickering moth from covert springs,
And round the flame its little wings
Flutters, unconscious of its state.

The

The moth, an emblem of the soul,
Attracted by th' illumin'd goal,
While basking in the fervid rays,
Caught in the vortex of the blaze,
Tries to retreat too late.

O Psyche, who hath felt love's power!
Assist me in this painful hour:
Invoke with me thy Cupid's aid,
To save, protect a love-lorn maid,
Who, like a moth, has flutter'd wild,
Attracted to a brilliant sphere:
What hope can now her bosom cheer?
What force avert her cruel fate,
Should ardent love encounter hate,
Thus by herself beguil'd?

Enter Father FRANCIS.

Father Francis. Hail, lovely daughter! I rejoice to see that you have so far recovered your health and spirits, as to be able to amuse yourself.

Geoffrey. Daughter! am I then betrayed?

Father Francis. [*Looking steadfastly at her.*] You are!

Geoffrey. By whom?

Father Francis. By yourself!

Geoffrey. Myself?

Father Francis. Yes! Both your fears and your beauty betrayed you yesterday, to the nuns, who administered to you.

Geoffrey. Do you then believe that I fainted for want of courage in the field?

Father Francis. Certainly I do.

Geoffrey. You are mistaken. I have encountered too many difficulties in life, to shrink even from captivity. I fainted in consequence of the idea of the danger to which Morcard exposed himself.

Father Francis. Who is Morcard?

Geoffrey. The Earl of Chester.

Father Francis. The Earl of Chester?

Geoffrey. Ay, Target.—Morcard—what have I said?

Father Francis. Enough to amaze me. Is Target, Morcard?—my former friend!—[*Aside.*]

Geoffrey. Alas! you know too well, that he is.

Father Francis. And does he know your situation and sex?

Geoffrey. My situation he well knows, but not my sex: he takes me for my brother.

Father Francis. You are not of this part of the country?

Geoffrey. No, of the wilds of Craven.

Father Francis. And your name is——

Geoffrey. Rosaline.

Father Francis. [*Agitated.*] Heaven and earth!—Let me become acquainted with your history.

Geoffrey. Why, holy father, this agitation? You deeply feel my misfortunes.

Father Francis. I do! I do!

Geoffrey. Therefore, after what I have already discovered, it would be folly to conceal from you the rest of my story: it is short and sorrowful. What I have said has, I fear, sunk me in your opinion; and what I have further to state will not contribute to raise me.

Father Francis. Proceed.

Geoffrey. I consider this as a confession to you.

Father Francis. I shall receive it as such, till I have your permission to disclose it.

Geoffrey. That you will never have.

Father Francis. Proceed.

Geoffrey. I have already told you that I was born in the wilds of Craven. My father, Osgood, was of the higher order of peasants. He was a woodman and forest-keeper to the Norman Baron, Aumerle. The first glimmerings of recollection present to my mind the

the goodness of my father, and the beauty and benevolence of my mother.

Father Francis. Her name?

Geoffrey. Amy, the benignant Amy, was the appellation she obtained in the village. She was not of cottage birth, nor had my father always been a peasant.

Father Francis. Restrain your tears.

Geoffrey. They were, O holy father, angels!

Father Francis. I know they were.

Geoffrey. You know?

Father Francis. I mean,—I believe they were:—your tears disorder me:—they are probably dead.

Geoffrey. They are in the mansions of the blessed.

Father Francis. Well, proceed.

Geoffrey. Assisted by Father Louis, a Norman friar, they educated me above my situation, or future prospects. I had a brother, Geoffrey, a most amiable youth, who used at certain times to attend my father to market; the economy of the house, on the death of my mother, devolved upon me—O Heaven!

Father Francis. But why this agitation?

Geoffrey. This part of my tale produces it. Had she been living—but, no more! One evening, my father and brother returned, they were on each side of the horse, supporting the apparently lifeless body of a man. Noble even in that situation he seemed. He was received into our cottage; attended by me, and assisted by Friar Louis, who prescribed to him, he recovered.

Father Francis. That was a fortunate circumstance.

Geoffrey. To me, in its consequences, a most unhappy one; for on the morning that Aumerle, to whom my father meant to mention him, was expected, he left the place.

Father Francis. And you——

Geoffrey. In the deepest despondence: for know, I will.

will now confess it, I had for this stranger nourished an unhappy passion, which shortly after arrived to such a state of distraction, that I dressed myself in my brother's clothes, left my father's house, and, guided only by love, pursued the stranger, whom at last I overtook, and with much entreaty induced him to take me into his service, as his page.

Father Francis. Then he did not know your brother?

Geoffrey. No. From the time that he entered the cottage, Geoffrey, whose apartment he occupied, had been absent, attending upon Lord Aumerle.

Father Francis. I presume that you soon after discovered that you had entered into the service of the Earl of Chester?

Geoffrey. Engaged in such a variety of affairs, endeavouring to rouse the people against the Normans, and, alas! so often unsuccessful, it was impossible for Morcard to conceal his situation from me, though, after the fatal battle of Malveisin, he was obliged to conceal it from the rest of the world. He therefore assumed a variety of disguises, and at length, driven to this remote part, that which he now wears, in the Castle of Adelfrid.

Father Francis. Where you have both been protected.

Geoffrey. We have, holy father: but this is not all.

Father Francis. Not all?

Geoffrey. [*Showing a diamond cross.*] No. Behold this jewel: I received it from my mother, who on her death-bed adjured me never to show it to any one, except I deemed it necessary to confess my story to the priest. I have faithfully obeyed her.

Father Francis. [*In great agitation.*] You have faithfully obeyed her. This is the jewel formerly worn by Margaret, my brother's wife. O my niece! my beloved niece! [*Embracing her.*]

Geoffrey.

Geoffrey. Your niece! Was not Osgood my father?

Father Francis. No.

Geoffrey. Then who were my parents?

Father Francis. Athelwold, the Earl of Cumberland.

Geoffrey. Is he living?

Father Francis. No; he fell in boarding a Danish pirate.

Geoffrey. And my mother?

Father Francis. Margaret, the daughter of Leofric, Duke of Mercia.

Geoffrey. Does she still exist?

Father Francis. Alas! she scarcely survived your father a month.

Geoffrey. Heavens! am I then descended from the princes of the land?

Father Francis. You are, my Rosaline; and heir of Cumberland. Circumstances the most untoward, which produced a quarrel betwixt my father and Leofric, obliged my brother and Margaret, who had been some time united, to keep their marriage a still secret. Amy was the attendant of the latter, and Osgood the adherent of the former. They then resided near Cumberland Castle; so that your noble parents trusted you, when quite an infant, to the care of those faithful domestics. The turbulence of the times drove them into the protection of the Norman Baron Aumerle, of whose people, though I have caused the most diligent inquiry to be made, I could not learn any traces of your existence.—But why this emotion?

Geoffrey. O my uncle—my second father! support me.—This sudden change of situation has affected me.

Father Francis. My dear Rosaline, I will support you with my life, should support be necessary; but upon this occasion the sensations of sorrow will, I hope, recede before the emotions of joy; for I mean to

introduce

introduce you to my sister Editha, who is now prioress of this convent.

Geoffrey. The lady who so tenderly sympathized with me?

Father Francis. The same.

Geoffrey. Let me hasten to pay to her my thanks and duty.

Father Francis. She will with joy receive the daughter of her brother Athelwold. Her tenderness will sooth your anxious heart; and in her arms you will, I hope, forget your misfortunes.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Wood and long Avenue of leafless Trees.*

Enter MORCARD, *dressed as Earl of Chester.*

Once more has Morcard assumed the appearance of the Earl of Chester. Would to heaven I could as easily assume the ideas attached to that dignity! But still the image of Rosaline, the peasant girl Rosaline, is twined around my heart, and will not be shook off; for, that sensation which at first I encouraged as the effusions of gratitude, is settled into the ardency of love. Father Francis was not at the monastery, therefore my attempt to learn the state of the health of Geoffrey was fruitless. Walter, before this hour, promised to meet me here. At the Castle it is impossible that I can much appear, or long abide.

Enter WALTER.

What, noble Morcard, should hinder you? behold this paper.

Morcard. What is this?

Walter. A dispatch from court, just received by Edgar.

Morcard. This announces, that William, whose attention had been attracted to this part of the island, by

by intimations that Adelfrid had received, and openly countenanced, the Saxons, his enemies, was preparing an expedition against him, when the arrow of a domestic arrested his intention. The hunter of men fell by an accident, while he was hunting the beasts of the forest.

Walter. Such was the will of Providence! But now peruse this. [*Giving him another paper.*]

Morcard. Can I believe my eyes? Under the signature of Henry, I see a pardon for Edgar Atheling, Adelfrid, Morcard Earl of Chester, and all those Saxons who had taken arms against his late brother.

Walter. A measure of Henry, equally politic and necessary: in his circumstances, it was wise to attach those to him as friends, whom he would have found it difficult to conquer as enemies.

Morcard. This insures your safety in this country.

Walter. It does more; it also insures the downfal of the tyrant Donald, who, our advices say, fled upon the first report of the death of William, and the accession of his greatest enemy——

Morcard. And your greatest friend, Henry, to the English crown. Let us congratulate each other upon these important events. Matilda shall once more adorn the court of England.

[*A Shriek.*]

Heavens! what new cause of alarm?

Father FRANCIS, *without.*

Forbear, rash young man.

PENDA, *without.*

Do you think I do not know Geoffrey, though in the disguise of a woman?

Morcard. Geoffrey, my faithful attendant!

[*Rushes out.*

Walter. What can my brother mean?

Re-enter MORCARD, *dragging* PENDA; *Father* FRANCIS, *and* ROSALINE *in woman's attire, following.*

Morca

Morcard. Villain, how dare you insult the stranger?

Penda. Stranger! why, it is Geoffrey, disguised.

Morcard. Geoffrey!—Rosaline—sure my eyes deceive me; — Rosaline! — have you followed me as Geoffrey?

Rosaline. I have.

Penda. Geoffrey—Rosaline—Rosaline — Geoffrey! My fellow-servant has changed his sex, and acquired a new name of course. I should like to see the end of this.

Morcard. Leave the place.

Penda. Lord Adelfrid ordered me to seek the noble Morcard, and the Lord High Steward; but every person and thing is in such a state of transformation, that I know not where to find either.

Morcard. Vanish!

Penda. Some of your transforming spirits must assist me then.—I wish I could find his coat; perhaps it would operate like a magic robe, and transform me.

[*Aside—and exit.*

Walter. What, my brother, is the occasion of your present agitation?

Morcard. This lovely girl, who has for a length of time followed me as a page, and in that disguise encountered difficulties that would have appalled the stoutest of our sex—to her I have more than once owed my life, and it shall be the business of my life to repay the debt of gratitude——

Rosaline. And love.

Morcard. And love, my Rosaline! As you have had your full share of my adverse, you shall participate my more brilliant fortunes.

Walter. Who is she?

Morcard. The daughter of the peasant Osgood.

Walter. And will Morcard, the valiant Morcard, the descendant of a race of kings, himself at present holding the palatine dignity of the Earldom of Chester, and

and allied both to the crowns of Scotland and of England, marry the daughter of a peasant?

Morcard. Yes! because that peasant was once of higher rank. Osgood was the man who saved the life of Edred, the younger brother of Adelfrid. The fortune of war made him the vassal of the proud Aumerle, and he was obliged to cultivate those lands that once belonged to his ancestors.

Walter. But still she is in rank so much your inferior. Shall a cottage-born maid contaminate the blood of royalty?

Morcard. Yes.

Father Francis. I say, no! You are not, Lord Steward, either unacquainted with me or with my family. Nor am I used to vaunt. The pride annexed to ancestry has in my bosom long since been repressed; yet, excited by your observations, the last spark of it will, on the account of Rosaline, again burst forth. Here she stands, arrayed in the dignity of virtue—need she have any other? However, take her, Morcard; and in compliance with, perhaps, national prejudice, I affirm, she is of a family illustrious as that of Stuart.

Walter. What family?

Father Francis. That of Oswald. She is my niece!

Walter. Your niece?

Father Francis. My niece! the daughter of my late brother Athelwold, Earl of Cumberland, and Margaret of Mercia:—I affirm it!

Morcard. I wanted neither this discovery nor affirmation, to endear her to me.

Rosaline. And I only rejoice in them, as they render me more eligible to the exalted situation which Providence has allotted me.

Walter. My objections, which have vanished as you breathed upon them, noble Oswald, you have perhaps justly denominated national prejudices; but they are such

such as you well know generally operate in this country; and although reflection almost daily convinces us how futile they are, yet they stick to our last sand.

Father Francis. I am convinced of this; and it is, both in a moral and a political point of view, proper that dignity should be preserved inviolate, except it be conferred as the reward of merit, or of virtue. Thus I conceive that the man who by his talents raises himself to eminence, and the woman who is by her character an example, not only to her own, but to all future ages, are born noble; and, under the dispensation of Providence, inherit dignity as a natural right.

While worth with honours Britain's sons adorn,
The legal mantle, and the sacred lawn,
With joy innate we view compatriots rise,
And genius glows when merit gains the prize.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE LAST.

The Hall in the Castle of Adelfrid, brilliantly illuminated—a raised Throne, &c.

Enter ADELFRID, EDGAR ATHELING, WALTER, MORCARD, *Father* FRANCIS, OFFA, MODRED, *and others.—At the upper end of the Hall, Minstrels and Virgins, Knights and Squires.*

Adelfrid. The news of our present safety, arising from the fortunate turn which public affairs have taken, has attuned every heart to joy. Within this Castle we have indeed reasons for exultation, which do not very widely operate without. The first is, the prospect of the restoration of the royal Saxon line, in Edgar Atheling, its true representative; the second, the providential recovery of our beloved Matilda and her infant, and the consequent happiness of Walter; and the third, the pardon of Morcard, to whom I must again apologize for having suffered him to be treated with disrespect.

Morcard.

Morcard. Which, I must repeat, he both attracted and deserved. The character which I assumed, my Lord, rendered me liable to any obloquy I might meet with; I stood among your numerous retainers, as a *butt*, at which they were at liberty to level the shafts of their wit. Whether any of them rebounded, they best know themselves.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

Enter ELINOR, *leading* MATILDA, *dressed in white satin, over which is displayed a robe of plaid; on her head a Scottish bonnet, on the side of which is a jewel surmounted by a plume of black feathers. She is attended by* BERTHA: AGATHA *follows with the Child, Attendants, &c.* ADELFRID *receives her, and leads her to the throne.*

Adelfrid. Nay, no reluctance, lady; this is your seat in this hall. To you, Elinor gladly resigns her place: you now command in the Castle of Adelfrid.

Matilda. Then, my Lord, I command where I ought ever to obey. The sense of obligations——

Walter. Conferred upon us both——

Matilda. So oppresses me with gratitude, as to render almost even acknowledgments painful.

Adelfrid. Talk not, Lady Stewardess, of gratitude and acknowledgments. Is there a Northumbrian bosom, that does not beat with rapture at the certainty of your present safety, and exult in the fair prospect of your future happiness?

Nobles, Knights, and Squires. Not one.

Modred. For ever cold be that heart, that is not warmed by the feelings which this meeting is calculated to inspire!

Matilda. This, my Walter, is a happy minute.

Walter. May our happiness, my Matilda, be permanent!

Matilda. My brother!

Morcard.

Morcard. I must, my dear Matilda, introduce to you an orator, who will congratulate you better than myself. —[*Goes to the side, and returns with* ROSALINE.] Receive, O Matilda! this lovely virgin, the preserver of the life of Morcard, as your sister.

Matilda. I will, and clasp her to my bosom thus. [*Embraces her.*] Thus may our hearts twine together!

Rosaline. Heaven inspire me at once with fortitude and humility, to support with propriety this overflow of happiness!

[MORCARD *and Father* FRANCIS *present her to* ADELFRID, ELINOR, *and the Ladies.*]

Enter COLGRIN, GOSPAR, SHOCK, JOHAN, AMBROSE, *with other Peasants and Mariners*;—ACCA, SAXA, *and other Virgins.*

Adelfrid to Matilda. Let me present to your Ladyship these my worthy vassals and tenants, all of whom took a lively interest in your late distress, while many of them exerted themselves for your deliverance.

Matilda. Exertions and feelings, that render me poor even in thanks. May it soon be in my power to give you more substantial marks of my gratitude!

Gospar. Which, I speak for my neighbours and myself, our Saxon spirit will not permit us to accept. Perfectly happy under the protection of Lord Adelfrid, we desire no reward for the exercise of that humanity of which his whole race are continually giving us examples.—My daughters, lady, wish to pay their duty. [*Presenting* ACCA *and* SAXA.]

Matilda, I take these lovely virgins under my protection.

SONG.

ACCA.

Ah! how can words express our joy,
When great have been our fears?
Thus, every blessing meets alloy,
And pleasure melts in tears.

SAXA.

SAXA.

The Saxon virgins all rejoice,
For great have been their fears;
But feelings keen represses voice,
And pleasure melts in tears.

Matilda. My charming girls, you have lovers, the two youths who stand by you:—nay, no words. I have Lord Adelfrid's permission to say, that I will take care of your future fortunes.

Adelfrid. You know, Lady Stewardess, you command here.

Matilda. Oppressed by your favours, Lord Adelfrid, and with those of my surrounding friends, it is now necessary that I should inform them, as I already have your Lordship, how I came into a situation which rendered me and this infant, objects of your and their attention and humanity; and though all unequal to the task, the sincerity of this address must apologize for the tremulous accents in which it is conveyed to their ears.

Adelfrid. Illustrious Matilda, your benignity can only be equalled by your beauty.

Matilda. My noble, my magnanimous, my generous countrymen! let me to you and to your ladies, a race no less conspicuous for their sensibility, than for their personal attractions, on the part of Walter my husband, this infant, [*Holding up the Child.*] and myself, return our acknowledgments for the general interest which you have taken in our misfortunes, and for your individual exertions, exertions to which, under the guidance of Providence, I and this infant owe our preservation from a danger the most imminent—from a destruction almost certain.

Adelfrid. You have, Lady Matilda, aroused their curiosity.

Matilda. Curiosity, when stimulated by a desire to relieve objects in distress, is a laudable and virtuous propension

propension of the mind: it arises from sensibility the parent of benevolence. But your minds, my countrymen, are still more exalted; for in them most heroic generosity operated, and stimulated you to those active exertions by which I was rescued from a situation, where the loss perhaps of a moment would have produced inevitable destruction, without your knowing whether those exertions were directed in favour of friend or foe. Magnanimity and generosity are the virtues of my beloved country; they are indigenous to the soil on which we now tread; they are impregnated with the atmosphere which we now inhale. Donald, who you well know is a usurper, after the flight of Walter my husband, let loose the ravages of fire and sword upon his castle, his estate, and his domestics. I, with this infant, was confined to a watch-tower that stands on a point of land which stretches into the ocean that lashes the sea-beaten coast of Fife: thence I escaped through the favour of Osric, the governor, who, with his four brave companions, perished in the storm, from which, by your intrepidity, myself and this infant, the heir of the house of Stuart, were so providentially rescued.

[*Shouts and Applause.*]

All the Company. May prosperity and happiness attend the noble Walter, the lovely Matilda, and their beautiful infant!

Adelfrid. Prosperity and happiness, the concomitants of piety and virtue, will, I hope, ever attend the noble Walter, the lovely Matilda, and their beautiful infant. My illustrious friends, I now particularly address you. The situation of the times is altered in your favour. Henry invites you to court. May your piety and virtue become there still more conspicuous, and then in your examples the world will see, that, although long a prey to adverse fortune—

Still lowly bending to th' Almighty Power,
Resign'd 'midst all the suff'rings of the hour,

A:

At length the prospect clears; a lucid ray
Seems the bright herald of approaching day:
So oft appears the sky, to mortal sight,
When morning's calm succeeds a stormy night;
With hope elate how active springs the mind,
"And leaves the load of yesterday behind."

SYMPHONY.

The Minstrels and Virgins advance.

SONG AND CHORUS.

FIRST MINSTREL.

Hail! all hail! most noble Thane,
May your race triumphant reign,
Prophetic cried the weird crone.
The regal line from Fleance springs,
And Banquo's children shall be kings,
And guard the British throne.

SECOND MINSTREL.

The minstrel thus, in mental glass,
Sees royal shades arise and pass;
While through the cloud of potent charms,
As each progressive race succeeds,
He contemplates their martial deeds,
And views them great in arms.

FIRST VIRGIN.

While the glorious round we trace
Of the royal Saxon race,
Idols of their people's love,
Triumphant let our accents rise,
And waft their virtues to the skies—
This theme will Heaven approve.

SECOND VIRGIN.

May Caledon and England burn
With mutual love and hate!
May civil discord ne'er return!
Oh, shield us from such adverse fate!
We thus invoke the Power divine:
United be the royal line,
And Britons South and North combine!

GRAND CHORUS.

May Caledon and England burn
With mutual love and hate!
May civil discord ne'er return!
Oh, shield us from such adverse fate!
We thus invoke the Power divine:
United be the royal line,
And Britons South and North combine!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

COUGHING IN CHURCHES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER AND DAILY ADVERTISER.

[March 15.]

SIR,

AS *coughing* was one of the means employed during the late O. P. controversy, I have had some occasion to regret the hasty and unexpected termination of that affair, without the illustration which it might have derived from legal eloquence and argument. I was, in particular, anxious to have brought some person guilty of a *severe cough* into court, that I might have taken the opinion of an English Jury, on the right which persons afflicted with a cold (real or artificial) assume to disturb public assemblies. I should have liked to know, whether an action would not lie at common law; but in this matter I am grievously disappointed, by that most wonderful act of grace and amnesty, which, with great local propriety, was concluded at a tavern!

As I can no longer look to our *Courts* of *Law* for directions how to act in the case of disturbances created by *coughing*, I must rely on bringing the matter into what may be not unjustly termed a *Court* of *Conscience*. The offence of which I have to complain, is committed principally in *church*, and therefore seems most amenable to the jurisdiction which we are taught

taught to believe presides there. As to Theatres, Operas, and Concerts, I must honestly say, that I never remember to have been incommoded, even in the depth of winter's bitterest cold, with those outrageous and clamorous coughs which disturb our churches. What may be the cause of this curious distinction, I shall not pretend to conjecture: for, although some reasons have been suggested to me, I am unwilling to believe, that there are no colds in places of public amusement, and that some people are inclined, in the way of listening, to give an undue preference to the *Player* over the *Parson*.

The truth is, however, that I, and a small circle around me at church, are every Sunday most grievously incommoded, and almost deafened, by a gentleman, somewhat advanced in years, whose cough seldom has an intermission of two minutes together; the consequence of which is, *to us*, the loss of more than half of what is said, either from the pulpit or desk—perhaps I may say the whole. For what can be made of a discourse, of which we hear only half a sentence, and that now and then?

I have endeavoured to make every allowance for infirmity; but as this disorder, called a cough, not only spoils the attention of his neighbours, but also his own, I really cannot perceive that it is right and proper, in this or any person, to persist in his attendance, while the disorder remains. In a choice of evils, we are always to take the least; and it is surely a less evil that *one* man should give up his attendance, than that the attendance of *ten* men should be rendered not only useless, but painful and vexatious.

As this is neither a new nor a singular case, I have sent you this remonstrance, hoping that it may meet with its due effect in some instance or other, if not in the particular hardship to which I am exposed. In what I have said, I hope I have said nothing which a

reasonable man ought to be offended at—but I certainly might have added some aggravations of this evil, which would more amply demonstrate the necessity of putting a stop to it. I shall, therefore, for the present, leave the matter to the consideration of your readers, and am, Sir, yours,

ANTI-PERTUSSIS.

A PRAYER

ATTRIBUTED TO THE NEW S-CR-T—Y OF THE ADM—LTY, J—N W-LS-N C—K—R, ESQ.

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 16.]

Fugito, nam garrulus idem est. Hor.

THOU goddess Impudence! my frontless fair,
Till now propitious to thy vot'ry's pray'r,
Say, what new object, what more gifted toy,
Averts my goddess from her fav'rite boy?
Has she sought Erin's shore, in vain, to find
Another C—k-r suited to her mind,
And idly search to swell her *brazen* store,
With one such pranksome, titt'ring booby more?
Or seeks she in Duneddin's keener air,
What knight of iron features waits her there?
Return, my daring guide! Let nought detain
My constant charmer from her sinking swain—
Whether you teach smooth Castlereagh the art
To play the rough-hewn, stubborn patriot's part,
Or sing soft lullabies in Canning's ear,
Of England's murmurs for her *lost* Premier;
Or pause, with Epidourion eye, to trace
The bridegroom blush on Duigenan's dubious face,
And tell, like Milton, through superior light,
"Of things *invisible to mortal sight*:"
Or archly hint to flound'ring Dennis Browne,
The House applaud him, while they cough him down:
Or whisper Coleridge, how sublime he goes,
Stalking on stilts of *two* poetic prose,
Yoking his *Alexandrines* at command,
To speed a *sightless Courier* through the land:

Or,

Or, grating jargon harsh, bid northern Boyle
Grind English in the *Lismahago* style:
Or bid vain Owenson, in nature's spite,
Some tinsel tale of tawdry bombast write,
And murd'ring grammar, sense, and truth, lay claim
To all the splendour of an Edgeworth's fame:
By whom, or what engag'd, I claim your ear,—
Oh, hear my solemn pray'r, and answer what you hear.
Say, then, O goddess! what more favour'd name
Than mine, has wider spread thy spurious fame?
Of all thy chosen followers, is there one
Has done for Impudence what I have done?
Ev'n I, who palm'd upon my natal town
Wild Southey's soaring fancies for my own!
Tore from its airy steep, *his* mountain rose,
To waste its sweetness in my rhyming prose!
Broke his sweet wild brier over Nelson's grave,
And stole his "sea-bird" from her native wave *!
Ev'n I, who in a flood of Vandal rage
Let loose my tuneless lampoons 'against the stage,
In *Irish* rhymes, *as how*, "*Miss Walstein plays ill*"
The arduous character of *Lady Teazle*."
Ev'n I——but let me pause, and prostrate bend,
And own the bounties of my earliest friend.
Heav'ns! to look back upon that humble day
When I and father walk'd the Dublin Quay;
Myself his scribe, and all my scribeship *then*
To note how many casks were gaug'd, and when;
What kegs held twenty gallons, what held ten.
Then, doom'd to crawl unknown o'er life's low stage, or,
Like father, be an honest growling gauger;
Now! kegs, casks, hogsheads, puncheons, pipes forgot,
What am I? Impudence, what am I not?
Then let the fools who envy *genius*, scoff,
And, since they can't reply, affect to cough—
A trick resorted to by all my foes,
To drown the eloquence they can't oppose.

* See some elegies of Mr. C—r on the Death of Nelson, as lifeless as their hero. In them "the gipsy's art" is so well managed, that Southey himself would scarcely know his "stolen children."

They laugh too, when I mean no joke. But why,
If wit can raise their laughter, may not I?
Besides, my goddess swears, the noise I hear,
Arises from the rapture of their cheer!
My *bon mots*, not my blunders, raise the noise,
And fill the House with vehement applause!
—And yet, methought, when late upon the floor
I stood, *a minister*, and gabbled o'er
Th' unmeaning nameless nothings meant for points,
Shame clos'd my periods—tremor shook my joints;—
Wandering, I flounder'd on the Noble Lord,
And spoke of *modesty*, (ah! luckless word!)
Then burst the instant laugh—while I essay'd
To gain a hearing, begg'd, explain'd, and pray'd—
"I trust the House so candidly inclin'd,
Will kindly hear me out, and—only mind
Not what I say, but what I should have said,
And overlook the lapses I have made."
Sudden an *alien* hue suffus'd my face,
To thine, O Impudence! and my disgrace.
Where was my goddess then? In that sad hour
Where was her changeless shield's protecting pow'r?
Gods! o'er my face indignant torrents rush,
To think—that I've been guilty of—a blush.
Come, then, my only genius! come restore
Coy Cr-k-r to *himself*—he needs no more.
And, oh! remember, wheresoe'er you fly,
The swain you found so low, and rais'd so high;
Still let me dream, that, though to others flown,
My harlot goddess still is all my own;
Though with a fearless glance she loves to bare
Her zoneless bosom to the stranger's stare,
Though others slumber on that seat of joy,
It throbs alone for her *wild Irish boy;*
Though that fair bosom wooes variety,
It holds an heart that only pants—for me.
Then hail the friend, who saves from ev'ry foe,
Who found me impudent, and keeps me so;
And crowns her bounties with the finish'd grace
Of changeless intrepidity of face!

WESTBOURNE PLACE VILLA.

[From the Times, March 21.]

THIS recent retreat of Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke, "the lovely Thaïs," whose *various* qualifications and endowments have attracted so much notice, from the top to the bottom of society—who has added charms to the bowers of pleasure, and has occupied the time and attention of "listening Senates," has for some days past been thrown open to the world, and its curious and splendid contents offered for public sale. We never had the honour of an introduction with the lawyers, and speculators, and place-brokers, and generals, and divines, who found their way to the more superb establishment of Gloucester Place: but certainly into this pleasant box, this *Petit Trianon*, as much of magnificence has been crammed, as it could well contain. We have read of the splendid luxuries of Roman courtezans, and the perhaps equally fascinating embellishments of the Parisian fair; but we had no idea that in Old England we could match them all. There is such an improvement in our taste, and such a refinement in the delicacy of our sentiments, that the fashionable crowd who have flocked to *this exhibition* has been exceeded no where. Ladies of the first rank, mothers (oh shame!) with their train of lovely daughters, have borne the chief part in the gay throng who have resorted to this deserted mansion of the Loves—to say not a word of the Graces. Gentlemen of every cloth seemed almost to think the ex-hostess present, and to indulge with the poet in the pleasing thought that

"Fancy restores what absence takes away."

The number of private carriages has resembled the attendance on a drawing-room day. Here, in a few moderately sized apartments, are found all the tastes and styles of the known world, contributing to the elegance

elegance of this English *bagatelle*. The Grecian, the Roman, the Egyptian, the Gothic, the Turkish, the Chinese, and the Peruvian, in the varied forms of couches, draperies, chairs, tables, lamps---in the eating-drawing-rooms, *boudoir*, and apartments of *repose*, display their antique heads, scrolls, sarcophagi and vases; their Bacchus's, and Venus's *de Medici*; their eagles, lions, griffins, and cupids; their mummies, sphinxes, lotus's and hieroglyphics; their emblematic whims and mazy traceries; their Ottomans of the seraglio; their dragons and serpents, and their lamp-bearing Virgins of the Sun. The retired goddess has left behind her, *her* bust; while the piano-forte and pedal-harp testify the meretricious harmony that reigned within the temple. Chaste and pure white velvet painted by her fair "fingers," under the direction of the exquisite artist, Mr. Town, of examination memory, relieves the glare of the much-talked of "scarlet and bronze," that cover and adorn the floors. Bacchanalian revels, from Poussin's pencil, divide, with costly mirrors, the honours of the walls; plate, in profusion, decorate the side-board, whereon gold, silver, and *or molu*, plain, chased, or fillagreed, glare in the eye.

Wine, that Anacreontic companion of love, is well recommended, by having all come there in donations. To crusty Port, and exhilarating Madeira, are added Hock and Constantia in abundance, with ample store of the "incomparable Champaign, Chateau Margot, Priniac, and Lunelle of the Gallic vineyards."

Literature, too, has been cultivated in the abode of this Sappho, as well as Thaïs. Subscription copies of *Bowyer's Hume*, and *Boydell's Shakspeare* (donations also?), are in the long list, in which Zimmerman on Solitude (on *Solitude!!!*) is not omitted. But some works there are which have so plain a relation to certain events in the recent life of the enchantress, that, doubtless, they have been attentively perused. Can any

any body think of "Lavater's Physiognomy," but as a system for acquiring the knowledge of *man*kind? Of "The Wonders of Nature and Art," and not contemplate the lady and her mansion? Of "the Speeches of the Right Hon. William Pitt, in 3 vols." without recollecting a certain application to get *votes* for that great Minister? Of "Swinburne's Travels in Spain," without a thought of Mr. Dowler the Commissary in that country? Of "The History and Antiquities of *Lambeth Palace*," and forget the Reverend Dr. O'Meara, who wished, good man! to be made a *bishop*? Of the "Female Revolutionary Plutarch," and not remember the wonders she has performed herself? Of *Little Odes* to *Great Folks*, and forget the epistles produced in St. Stephen's Chapel? Of "Peter Pindar compleat," and of "Portraits of the *whole* of the *Royal Family*, in a folio volume," *without* ——? Of the *Investigation* of the Charges against the Duke of York, *without* ——? Of "The *Works of* Frederick *the* Great," in 13 volumes—*once more without* ——? Such are the exhibitions of the present day. Dull folks, some years back, would have called him a false prophet who had prophesied them; but we manage these things better now; and another age may produce things more passing strange still.

CHURCH COUGHS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER AND DAILY ADVERTISER.

[March 21.]

SIR,

YOUR correspondent Anti-Pertussis (p. 146) does not complain without good reason. I have experienced similar inconveniences, and am so great an enemy to disturbing a company, or a congregation, by *noisy* disorders, that, if I had the power, I would no more

admit a man labouring with a cough, than I would a woman labouring with child.—Thus far as to a *natural* cold; but with respect to an *artificial* disorder, I humbly presume that if it has not *law*, it has *connivance* in its favour; and before I join your correspondent in condemning the old gentleman to keep at home, I must know what sort of *parson* officiates in the said church, and whether, in case his doctrine or eloquence be not of the right sort, it may not turn out, that the said gentleman coughs *eo animo*. That artificial coughing is allowed, appears not only from the recent case of the O. P.'s, but from the *lex et consuetudo* of a certain great assembly, where coughing is employed in the case of sundry long-winded orators, and sometimes as a means of bringing the *question* forward. It is said to have been originally derived from the practice of schools; and when used in lieu of argument, I must confess it doth partake not a little of the *schoolboy*.

But while I make these allowances to your correspondent, I must endeavour to set him right as to the true nature of the disorder called a cough, and the *places* where *caught*. The *place* of catching makes so great a difference, that I never knew a cold caught in *church*, which permitted the patient to visit that place in less than five or six months: whereas, on the other hand, there is no precedent of a cold caught in the theatre, opera, &c. being so severe as to detain the patient as many days from repeating his visit. No person, indeed, can doubt of this, who hears the usual language of complaint respecting either coughs or churches. If it should be urged that this cannot be the case now that our churches are warmed so effectually by stoves, glass-doors, and close screens, I reply, that these remedies make no difference whatever. Our churches are, no doubt, well warmed, and at a great *expense* too, as I well knew when I was churchwarden,

churchwarden, although every bit of the work, brick-work, plumber's work, and glazier's work, was done by my own *relations*—an event which is commemorated by my name in letters of gold on the front of the organ-gallery.

There must consequently be *something* in the atmosphere of a church, that has the effect of producing *very bad* odds, in a higher degree of perfection than is ever heard of in places of public amusement, for what that *something* is, this correspondent saith not.

I am, Sir, yours,

[illegible]

NEW PIG MARKET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[illegible]

SIR,

WE were a [illegible] Tuesday [illegible] some mistake [illegible] the people [illegible] bulls and bears.

This was taken [illegible] been at the Great [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and we [illegible] the business [illegible] gin by petition [illegible] quents [illegible] committee [illegible] Since the [illegible] was [illegible] Business [illegible]

bastards in the poor-house, begotten on the bodies of Esther Pawn and Tamar Goose, by the said Slate. The chairman then said, that Slate would be a good committee-man; and then he said—*nem. con.!* Then the chairman told us that we must have a lawyer; this none of us liked; but we were told that we could not *get through the forms* without one; we did not rightly understand this, unless he meant fences. We then agreed; and old Ringwood's son is the man.

Then was some talk about a banker, but the chairman said he would manage that himself. The members of our committee are:—

PROD, the Chairman,
SLATE, the Thatcher,
MAW, the Tripeman,
BUTCHER, the Baker,
SNIPE, a Commoner,
SOOT, a ditto, and
PACE, a ditto.

It is understood among us, that the committee are to do what they like for our advantage. Our subscription paper was filled yesterday morning before we went to work, and shares cannot now be had any where in the village. There is a report brought by Fly, the errand-man, that there were buyers in Smithfield; but we all know that, as it was market-day.

We had a meeting of all the proprietors last night; a great many pipes were smoked, and a great many quarterns drunk, towards the success of the society.

Prod said, that the thing now to be considered was, what it should be called. Many said that Parliament should name it, as it never could be built without it; but Prod said, that there must be in every bill a-a-a *speechification*, I think. We suppose that to mean, what sort of work is to be done. This we agreed to, and it is now fixed that it shall be called "The Grand Market for Pigs and other Poultry," &c. &c. under the authority of Parliament. Having settled all this, there was a fellow in the corner who made a great noise

noise when Prod was speaking. He said, he knew Prod well. We then all agreed to turn him out, for fear he should knock Prod down, as he said he owed him money—moreover, he had a clean shirt on, and it was plain to us all, that the fellow had not been at any dirty job, and therefore he was not fit company for us. We then debated about the size of the market, and where we should put it. The great difficulty was, that none of us had any ground to offer; but Ringwood easily satisfied us on that point, and laid a plan on the floor, which every body liked very much. It is to be built upon the waste, close upon Forge the farrier. Dwelling of said Forge to be taken in; which Ringwood says we can do by the Act; and this is secretly the reason why we touch Forge at all.—Being freehold, must have an Act. Forge, never having paid any rent, held the premises after the demise of the elder Soot, who, disappearing suddenly, left no conveyance of property—therefore no deeds—calendar has been searched—nothing found, except the bill of indictment.

The scheme is considered so excellent, that we were all in high spirits about it, until Sly, the tailor, put us in the dumps, by saying, when we had got our building, we had nothing to put in it to sell. This puzzled every body but the chairman and Ringwood, who both spoke together, and said that it was not their own stock they were to sell, but their neighbours—but it would never do without the privilege—that the sales would be made between sun-rise and sun-set, and that all bargains made within the house would be legal, provided they were regularly entered in a book by the clerk.—Certificate of delivery, to be proof of payment.

We all agreed that this must do, and that Prod is the cleverest man in the whole village;—indeed, some say he had a good produce of corn, when his neighbours had nothing but chaff; and that many of the farmers even pinched their families to help him to finish his outbuildings,

outbuildings, and now they cannot get back enough to help them in seed-time.

There will be pig-sties and hen-roosts for the convenience of dealers, and proper officers under the act will be appointed to clean them. There will be likewise within the premises, a duck-pond for chance-customers, who may be disposed to take away their solid, and leave their floating property behind. More particulars in a few days.

Yours,

A SUBSCRIBER,

BUT NOT A COMMITTEE-MAN.

Village—

ADVICE TO MODERN PATRIOTS.

[From the Morning Post, March 22.]

O WARDLE! Wardle! where 's thy name,
Thy former shade of patriot fame,
That gain'd so great eclat?
Still learn to fear, and timely dread,
(For vengeance hovers o'er thy head,)
The judgment of *the law*.

O Waithman! Waithman! don't exceed!
(For thus you 'd cheat yourself indeed),
The *measure* of your wrath;
Oh! cease to show your brazen face,
Do n't irretrievably disgrace
The honour of your *cloth*.

O Burdett! shudder with dismay,
But thou hast seen a better day—
O thou of nobler kind;
Till serpent Tooke, in mischief sage,
Inflam'd thee with his pois'nous rage,
And stain'd thy guiltless mind.

G. P.

PUBLIC

PUBLIC ECONOMY.

[From the Public Ledger, March 22.]

THE serious attention which our readers seem inclined to bestow on the subject of *economy*, is a favourable sign; yet it has hitherto been too often considered as involving a great deal of mystery, and requiring prolonged discussion. But unfortunately it is one of the few subjects that are perfectly intelligible to the public, and therefore more frequently than any other is the topic of popular clamour. Every man knows what economy means in private life, and knows that the application of the same principle to the public expenditure would produce the same salutary effect.

Schemes of economy are frequently proposed, and zealously urged by the Opposition *for the time being*. This is indeed one of the weapons which they can handle with peculiar dexterity at elections, and public meetings; and it has often contributed, in skilful hands, to the overthrow of an Administration. But, after all, gentlemen who *deal* in *opposition*, ought not to be "outrageously virtuous" in this matter; for it is generally found that after they have gained a point more dear to their hearts, *economy* becomes with them, precisely what it was before, "a niggardly saving of cheese-parings and candle-ends," and therefore unworthy of an opulent and high-minded nation. In the mean time, the account runs on; and when hard pushed, another set take up the same cry, and economy again becomes a seasonable and fashionable measure, giving strength to *argument* and point to *wit*.

Those who, for reasons best known to themselves or their friends, are against all schemes of economy, which threaten the existence of *sinecures*, *reversions*, and *overgrown pensions*, assert, that if it were not for such

such resources, *merit* would go unrewarded. If this be a delusion, it is at least a pleasant one; for when we look at the *sum total* bestowed under the above heads, we must congratulate ourselves on being the most *meritorious* people in Europe. If we measure the *service* by the *sum*, what an infinite quantity of *good* has been done to the country by the present numerous lists of public benefactors! The only wonder is, that with services so great, with merit so frequent and so abundant, with genius, abilities, and talents, *valued* at so high a rate, there should be any cause of complaint, and much more any difficulty in filling the respective offices of Administration with men of the first capacities, and able to silence the clamours of Opposition! Yet that such imperfection still adheres to all human things, we have woful experience, and are therefore, with very little difficulty, persuaded to think that a greater degree of economy might *yet* be practised, and a much fairer proportion established between *work* and *wages*; that, when gentlemen are permitted to value their own services, they generally proceed upon principles which no one else understands; and that a much more equitable *ratio* might be established by the arbitration of the public voice, expressed by its representatives.

APOLLO AND JOHN BULL.

[From the Morning Herald, March 22.]

TUNEFUL Apollo, full of ire,
Desir'd (for Gods can have desire)
To mend the desolating taste,
That laid the fair domain of music waste,
(And made the Muses smile
At Britain's far-fam'd isle,)
And regulate the organs of the town!
Clad as a minstrel, Phœbus took the field,
Somewhat like Bishop, or like Shield,

And

And threw his heav'nly melodies around,
Fraught with the necromancy of sound:
Tigers were ravish'd with his skill!
Flippant Inconstancy was still!
The Furies wept!
The Passions slept!
The rams were jubilant in Lincoln fen!
Joanna Southcot swore her hour was come!
The nymphs of Billingsgate were dumb!
The maids of honour ceas'd to think of men!
The cow'ring vulture fled his trembling prey,
And sunk, enraptur'd, tow'rds th' Orphean lute!
The fishes danc'd a waltz! old maids were gay!
And Obloquy was mute!
E'en ruthless Boreas stopt to catch th' enslaving note,
And left the tempest-shatter'd bark, by song repriev'd, afloat!
Thus was the earth—the sea—the skies,
With ev'ry tenant,
(More than were known to Buffon or to Pennant,)
All rapt and sublimated by surprize!
When John Bull roar'd,
His ears were bor'd,
And bawl'd for "Butter'd Peas" and Derry Down!"

A POETICAL PETITION TO A NOBLE LORD,

AND HUMBLY RECOMMENDED TO THE PERUSAL OF THOSE GENTLEMEN WHO HONOUR US SO PROFUSELY WITH THANKS, AND WHO ARE GRACIOUSLY PLEASED, ON ALL OCCASIONS, TO HAIL US WITH THE GRATEFUL APPELLATION OF "THE DEFENDERS OF THE COUNTRY."

[From the Morning Chronicle, March 22.]

ACCEPT, mighty ruler of Britain's marine,
A few lines from a bard of the element green,
Now condemn'd to the *toils* of the shore;
Abandon'd, alas! on this perilous coast,
No borough-bought patron, or friend can I boast,
And I languish to hear the sea roar.

At

At the Bedford, my Lord, every day I regale,
For soon was I forc'd to *take in* all *my sail*,
When my pendant I sadly haul'd down!
Six shillings and sixpence a day, on the whole,
But barely unites the poor body and soul,
And the sharp gales of penury frown.

Of my *iron-bound* garment no longer I 'm vain,
Adieu to Madeira, and sparkling Champagne,
Which was once wont in bumpers to flow:
To the Bedford, with appetite keen, I proceed,
At five, on a coarse joint of mutton, I feed,
And comfort my soul with a *go*.

Had His Majesty thought when he saw me at court,
That Fortune so cruelly made me her sport,
'T would have wrung his imperial breast;
He 'd have told those who shamefully manag'd the he
That patriots, who bled in defence of the realm,
Should find on its confines some rest.

Had I (but the mind of a sailor disdains
To utter his woes, though his bosom complains)
Been *splic'd* to the girl of my heart;
And a few smiling prattlers our union had crown'd,
In a sea of despair should we quickly be drown'd,
Adversity's bitterest smart.

When my eyes, every day, in the papers retrace
The bickerings and quarrels for pension and place,
The factions and feuds of those elves,
I frequently take an additional *go*,
For the country I sigh, with a heart full of woe,
Whose rulers but think of *themselves*.

Ye turtle-fed paunches! ye claret-fac'd souls!
Whose life in successions of luxury rolls,
And in indolence lingers away;
I pray ye, descend from these dear *guttling* scenes,
To where Britain's heroes exist on *their means*,
Six shillings and sixpence a day.

O, ye gods! how my noble ideas descend!
Cast adrift in a world where I scarce find a friend,

In vain I look round for relief!
But yet can I find all my senses alive,
With the hour they exalt, when the clock, striking five,
Summons John with the mutton or beef.

Then, O gracious Lord! thy assistance afford,
That some viands more costly may smoke on the board,
And our souls be rejoic'd with good wine!
With loud acclamations the news shall we greet,
The name of your Lordship shall ring through the fleet,
And in pages of history shine.

With little content are the sons of the sea,
We sigh not for callipash or callipee,
And disdain pamper'd Luxury's door:
By curtailing a dozen of pensions or two,
Your Lordship may render the heroes of *blue*
Independent and happy on shore.

Bedford Head, Covent Garden, Feb. 7, 1810.

ON SEEING TOWNSHEND, THE POLICE OFFICER, ON WEDNESDAY LAST, ON DUTY AT THE EXCHEQUER OFFICE.

[From the same.]

WHAT dread alarm must fill our mind!
On England what a curse!
Townshend is now compell'd, we find,
To *watch* the *public purse!*

March 21, 1810. H. G.

EPIGRAM,

ON BONAPARTE'S DEMANDING THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA'S DAUGHTER IN MARRIAGE.

[From the Morning Post, March 23.]

THAT Francis to make a bad peace was beguil'd,
Has been certainly long understood;
And now after all, taking from him his child,
The Corsican will have *his blood.*

EPIGRAMS.

[From the same, March 24.]

ON NAPOLEON'S LATE DECLARATION OF THE IRRESPONSIBILITY OF SOVEREIGNS, AS CONTAINED IN HIS DECREE FOR THE ANNEXATION OF HOLLAND TO FRANCE.

IF monarchs owe account to God alone,
Think, tyrant, on the doom thou mak'st thine own:—
Man may forgive, and human vengeance fail;
But Heaven's eternal justice must prevail.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE CORSICAN USURPER WITH THE ARCHDUCHESS OF AUSTRIA.

MARIA, Bourbon's widow, bled;—
Louisa mounts the murderer's bed;—
Which is the martyr—she that died,
Or she that lives, Napoleon's bride?

TO THE
EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[March 24.]

SIR,

IT has been currently reported, that a Right Honourable Gentleman has been hawked about from county to county, without success. I beg leave to represent the absolute necessity of the truly respectable Electors of the ancient Borough of Garratt, immediately assembling to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of our late much-lamented Representative, *Sir Harry Dimsdale*.—No time is to be lost; the conclusion of the examination into the Scheldt Expedition is fast drawing to a close; and I beg leave to recommend the Right Honourable Gentleman as a *fit* and *proper* person to represent so renowned and respectable a Borough.

The *place* will suit the *man*, and the *man* the *place*; the

the Right Honourable Gentleman holding the rank, title, and emolument, without the smallest sacrifice of *interest* or *honour*.

And have the honour to remain, &c. &c.

Bow Street, March 22. J. O. B.—AN ELECTOR.

N. B. The Borough must be speedy in the Election, or the Gallery may be again opened to the *vile Reporters*, and Englishmen informed how their nearest and dearest interests are managed by their *masters*.

ON RECRUITING SERVICE.

[From the same, March 26.]

WANTED a number of able men, both in body and mind, who are willing to serve their country in Parliament at the next General Election—they will be chosen freely, and without expense from their Constituents, and receive the high rewards which result from the honest discharge of their duty and the approbation of their country. They will be expected to do every thing in their power to correct abuses, abolish sinecures, and promote economy; and to guard, with unceasing vigilance, all attempts of Placemen and Pensioners, to restrain the Liberty of the Press, and discourage Popular Meetings, and preventing the sentiments of his Majesty's liege Subjects from reaching the Royal Ear whenever they presume to denounce wicked and profligate Ministers. The grand test they are expected to give of Loyalty and Attachment to the Constitution is, by their zeal in promoting a Reform in the Commons House of Parliament, and by supporting his Majesty in every measure consistent with the great principles which seated the House of Hanover upon the Throne of these realms.

N. B. None need apply who are in the habit of abusing honest men for proposing inquiries, and who propose to enlighten the people by shutting their doors against

against public information on solemn occasions; or who wish to send their fellow-subjects to prison for pretended offences, which they dare not charge them with before a Jury of their Country.

Constitution Lodge, March 23, 1810.

THE BENCHERS OF LINCOLN'S INN.

[From the Public Ledger, March 29.]

ALTHOUGH our brethren have carried themselves with becoming decorum towards the gentlemen who wished to fix a perpetual stigma on Newspaper-writers (notwithstanding the triumph of their cause in the House of Commons), yet we cannot agree with those Journalists who have denounced the bye-law of Lincoln's Inn as utterly *indefensible*; and who have even gone so far as to add, that no person in the House of Commons *attempted* to defend it. We have very little doubt that we shall be able to prove, although in flat contradiction to our brethren, with whom we always wish to live in amity, and many of whom we personally respect, that this bye-law was not only *defensible*, but that it was *actually defended* by more than one speaker in the late debate.

To prove this is, indeed, a mighty easy task; since it was asserted, on the authority of gentlemen who well knew the fact, that this law of the Society, unmanly, unjust, and absurd as it must be deemed, was passed *after dinner!* And this defence, we maintain, was not only the best which the nature of the case would admit, but ought to be considered as perfectly valid and satisfactory. And although the repeal of this law may be somewhat grating to the feelings of the enactors, yet when they reflect upon it, they will derive no small consolation to themselves, and excite no small sympathy in the public, when it is stated, that the

the obnoxious edict was proposed and carried *after dinner!*

Such is the well-known nature of most transactions which pass after dinner, that although we do not mean to anticipate the defence actually to be set up, we have so much friendship for the parties concerned, as to wish that the authors of a certain expedition may be able to prove, that it was suggested and agreed upon *after dinner!*

And upon a review of many past transactions, and not a few noisy, turbulent, and useless debates and waste of time in debating societies, especially of the political kind, we are disposed, instead of endeavouring to account for what is evil upon good principles, and what is absurd upon rational grounds, at once to content ourselves, and resolve the doubts of posterity by informing them that such matters usually took place *after dinner!*

It has perplexed the most profound thinkers to discover what there is in writing for a Newspaper, or reporting the debates of the Senate, which should exclude men, otherwise of acknowledged talents, from the profession of the law. But these profound thinkers, among whom we have endeavoured on this occasion to rank ourselves, might have overcome all the difficulties of this curious proposition, had they for a moment considered that it was laid down by its authors *after dinner!*

A consciousness that after dinner is not the most proper season for the powers of the understanding to exert themselves with effect, has no doubt given rise to the custom of very late dinners, when every thing deserving the name of business is supposed to be laid aside, and when every hint of the kind is scouted as "smelling of the shop." Yet in some of our Inns of Court, as well as in those sister societies, the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, the ancient early hours are yet preserved; and perhaps it was owing to this,

that

that the late famous, manly, and rational decree happened to be carried *after dinner!*

Nothing like it has ever been proposed in any of the learned societies we have just mentioned; yet if such a system of legislation should become fashionable, we may in time expect that some of these literary parliaments will enact, that no man can take his degree of Master of Arts, who is not five feet eight inches in height; and that no student of divinity shall be admitted into holy orders who has ever travelled on the outside of a stage-coach! Such laws, for the more effectual *purification* of a society, ought always to be enacted *after dinner!*

Why this season, which was adopted for the late law against Newspaper-writers, and may be for all such regulations, is the most proper, would lead us into a wide field of remark, discussion, and illustration, complicated with inquiries into the contents of *cellars*, and the strength of *heads*. To these we may possibly return on a future day. In the mean time, we congratulate the authors of the bye-law in question, on having been able to set up such an unanswerable defence; and we hope that on all similar occasions, if similar occasions should occur, their advocates may be able to defy censure, by pleading that the transaction took place *after dinner!*

BONAPARTE'S MARRIAGE.

[From the Morning Post, March 31.]

MR. EDITOR,

FORTY thousand Epithalamia having been, as we are told, circulated in Paris on Bonaparte's approaching nuptials, I beg leave to offer *for Proclamation* what I call an

ANTI-EPITHALAMIUM TO BONAPARTE.

By bridal bed ne'er shalt thou know,
Spite of thy deep designing mind,
T' *entail* on humble Europe woe,
Or forge new fetters for mankind:

No!

No! Tyrant! learn, and learn with awe,
That bounds are set thy pow'r's abuse;
Immutable is nature's law,
That monsters never re-produce. W. L.

THE PEN AND THE SWORD.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN.

BY MISS MITFORD, OF READING.

[From the same.]

AND dar'st thou then with me compare,
Frail fleeting passenger of air?
Say, am not I my country's rock,
The lion in the battle's shock?
I pour impetuous from afar
The mighty torrent of the war;
Like Kissoun's waters, Phison's flood,
Spreads far the whelming tide of blood!
Forsaken parents well can tell
How fierce the raging currents swell;
Deserted lands the tide-mark form,
And nations perish in the storm.
Bright is the forked lightning's stream;
As bright, as fatal too, my beam!
From me the bravest warrior flies,
Or pausing bleeds, and sinks, and dies.
And as the dews of heav'n that fall
On vines that clothe the cottage-wall,
Send life through ev'ry drooping cell,
The tendrils curl, the clusters swell;
So baths of blood my pow'rs restore,
My nourishment the hero's gore!
From me the lion's princely whelp
Expects and finds its only help;
Her prey from me the vulture seeks,
And pays me with her dismal shrieks;
And, with the wild wolf's deepen'd howl,
Makes music for my restless soul.
Fear not! while I exist, ye ne'er
Shall pangs of thirst and hunger share;

Still be the warrior's flesh your food,
Still be your drink the hero's blood!
And dar'st thou, frail and brittle reed,
Match thy weak word with my proud deed?
Canst thou resist the eddying storm?
Will not the flames consume thy form?
And I, whom thou hast dar'd to brave,
My very touch would be thy grave.
Yes, such thou art, the Pen replied—
Yes, such is war's ensanguin'd tide!
Thine be the fame to latest times,
To shine supreme in blood and crimes.
Oh! innocents untimely slain!
Oh! matrons kill'd in child-birth pain!
Babes from their mothers' bosom borne;
Sons from their dying fathers torn!
Nations of orphans and of slaves!
Unpeopled earth and peopled graves!
'Tis yours to tell what endless fame
This all-consuming Sword may claim.
And canst thou, fell destroyer, dare
My pure, unblemish'd rights to share?
Learn thy contracted sphere to scan;
If strength were power, then what were man?
The elephant had rul'd the world,
And monarchs from their thrones had hurl'd.
'Tis mind, 'tis reason's sovereign sway,
That nations own, and states obey.
And what art thou? and what am I?
The globe shall hear the próud reply.
Me, science, wisdom, virtue claim,
And gain a never-ending fame.
Through me the eloquence that dies
Fast as the fleeting shadow flies,
To ages yet unborn shall show
The Priest's pure zeal, the Patriot's glow;
Through me, the high behest ye share,
That bids frail man his fellow spare;
And still the heav'nly thunders roll,
"Commit no murder" on the soul!
Thou dwell'st among the mountain rocks,
Haunt of the chamois, and the fox;

Tho

Thou sleep'st upon the rugged bed,
Where foaming torrents erst have spread;
Thou roam'st along the blasted heath,
Or shades of plunder and of death,
Where murd'rers ply their dreadful trade,
And bathe in blood thy reeking blade.
Such is thy fate! and dar'st thou then
Compare therewith the blameless Pen?
Scourge of the weak, but wisdom's slave,
Dar'st thou to threat an early grave?
My waving banners once unfurl'd,
Have launch'd thee o'er a conquer'd world;
My breath can bid the havoc cease,
And sheath thy gory blade in peace.

FRENCH JEU D'ESPRIT.

TRACT FROM THE MONITEUR, DATED 1ST OF APRIL.

N honour of the nuptials of our august Emperor, this day, which used to be passed in fooleries, at ndon has been celebrated with singular marks of eem and joy.

The populace assembled before the French Plenipo- ıtiary's hotel, who appeared at the window to receive ir welcome salutations.

Illuminations, and discharges of musquetry, were ıtinued for three nights; and had it not been for : rain, great fireworks would have been exhibited the public expense.

The whole army was assembled in the environs of ndon, to view the festivity of the people. Reviews troops were the spectacle of the morning; and even : few thousand sick soldiers who have survived the alcheren disease, were cheered with the comforts of rk Hospital, by particular directions from the new edical Board.

The House of Commons deputed a Special Messen- : to wait on the Plenipo, and present him with

their *civilities*, and to conduct him with great pomp to see the Lions washed in the Tower.

Some of the Ex-Ministers were at great pains and expense to show their zeal, and kept open house during the time; but one of the most remarkable occurrences was, that Mr. ———, sitting on horseback at Charing-cross, as the military passed, dropped his belt and sword.

This circumstance is considered at the Stock Exchange as a sure token of a *Speedy peace.*

EXTEMPORE,

ON HEARING OF MR. YORKE'S INTENDED ELEVATION TO THE PEERAGE, WITH THE TITLE OF LORD DOVER.

[From the Morning Chronicle, April 2.]

"A Gleam of Comfort to John Bull."

SINCE Yorke 's made a Peer, with the title of "Dover,"
All fear of invasion may surely be over;
While he guards our coasts, it may well be concluded,
We shall always be sure to have—*Strangers excluded!*

POOR CHARLES!

Tune—Dibdin's "Last Shilling."

[From the General Evening Post, April 3.]

ENTRANC'D in the bliss fond reflection bestow'd,
Which Dibdin's Muse seem'd to awaken,
Methought breathing sorrow in sad accents flow'd,
A voice crying, "Charles is forsaken!"
'T was the *Genius of Song*, who then tenderly said,
In a tone that her sighs render'd thrilling,
"My Charles, now he 's helpless, poor Charles wants for bread
In the land where he gave his last shilling."

And can it be true that poor Dibdin 's distress'd,
Whose songs are the boast of his nation,
Inspiring with ardour the veteran's breast,
And cheering each tar at his station?

Then

Then to Englishmen's shame let it never be said,
That a hand or a heart were unwilling
To save from misfortune a bard wanting bread
In the land where he gave his last shilling.

And art thou abandon'd, dear Dibdin? Oh, no!
There still are sound hearts who beat for thee,
Whose generous feelings shall snatch thee from woe,
And each threat'ning fear that alarms thee;
On life's clouded evening affection shall shed
A bright ray, every prospect fulfilling;
And Charles, though he's helpless, shall ne'er want for bread,
In the land where he gave his last shilling.

S. B. Frome.

THE TALENTS' CONSISTENCY.

[From the Morning Post, April 3.]

"THE Talents" are beat;
Ere their final defeat,
It was curious to hear Opposition,
While agreeing to scout
Sending any force out,
Complain there was *no expedition*.

The Talents complain,
As our efforts were vain,
Men were sent out *for sport*. This assertion
Was thought partly true;
As every one knew
Our army was sent *for diversion*.

IMPROMPTU

UPON THE MINISTERIAL MAJORITY IN SUPPORT OF GENERAL CRAUFURD'S RESOLUTION.

[From the British Press, April 3.]

BY foul wind, and foul weather, success was defeated,
And from certain destruction our army retreated;
But Ministers, tougher, still stick fast together,
Nor will they retreat, spite of foul wind and weather:—

The reason is plain; for the *Treasury Benches*
Afford better *shelter* than *Walcheren Trenches*.

ON THE COMMITTAL OF JOHN GALE JONES TO GATE, BY THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, April 3.]

WHEN Xerxes sail'd for Greece, his army's gra
He lash'd the winds, and fetter'd ocean's wav
So our wise Statesmen, when their armies fail,
Accuse the weather, and commit a *Gale!*

E. F

ANSWER TO AN EPIGRAM
IN A LATE OPPOSITION PAPER.

[From the Morning Post, April 5.]

THE Persian sought to chain the wind;—
And we, one restless *Gale* to bind;
Lest, in the tempest of reform,
This restless *Gale* should swell the *storm*.

BRITANN

EPIGRAM.

[From the Morning Post, April 7.]

THIS troublesome *Gale*, though so closely confin'd,
Has *compass'd* a method of *raising the wind;*
And though *puff'd* by Sir Francis, 't is very well known
That the *Gale* and its *Puffers* will quickly be *blown*.

BRITANN

WHITBREAD'S ENTIRE.

[From the British Press, April 10.]

"YOUR porter," Yorke to Whitbread said,
"Is like your speeches, quite unsound,
Your father better knew his trade,
Or else you would not here be found, Sir."

Whit

Whitbread replied—" My captious friend,
Pray, buy a cask, and analyze it;
To Freeholders of Cambridge send,
I 'll bet a hundred they all prize it.

" The scum they 'll find resembles you;
The grounds (as foul as common sewer)
Are like to P—ce—l and crew;
The middle, stingo, like the brewer!"

March 31, 1810. SQUIB.

BUONAPARTE AND HUNCAMUNCA.

[From the General Evening Post, April 7.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IT has long been usual, on important public occasions wherein the lives and actions of great men are concerned, to consult the works of our immortal Shakspeare, for apt allusions to the said occasions and parties. The case of Buonaparte's nuptials seems to present a fair opportunity for a research of this kind; but as I can find nothing in our great Bard which may either easily, or by force, be produced to grace this illustrious ceremony, I have ventured to dip into the works of an inferior, but yet very celebrated, dramatic writer, Henry Fielding; and in his famous tragedy of *Tom Thumb the Great*, I flatter myself that I have found some passages in which is a tolerable spice of the spirit of *prophecy*. Indeed of all authors who have treated of Buonaparte's nuptials, either *prophetically* or *historically*, I know none that comes so near the matter of fact, in all its bearings, as the above-mentioned Henry Fielding; but as it would, perhaps, engage too much of your paper to point out all the coincidences, I shall select a few of the most prominent, and refer your readers, for more complete satisfaction, to the first volume of Fielding's works.

In the *Dramatis Personæ* we find the hero of the wedding-day thus characterized—

"Tom Thumb the Great, a little hero, with a great soul, something *violent* in his *temper*, which is *a little abated* by his love for Huncamunca."

I need not tell you, Sir, that some of our Statesmen have conceived that the *temper* of the hero may probably be *abated* by his love for his *German* Huncamunca!

The opening of this Tragedy appears to me to suit the Emperor's wedding-day, and no other day in the history of time. I shall give but a few lines:

"*Doodle.*—Sure such a day as this was never seen!
The Sun himself, on this auspicious day,
Shines like a beau in a new birth-day suit;
This down the seams embroider'd, that the beams.
All *nature* wears one universal grin.
Noodle.—This day, O Mr. Doodle, is a day
Indeed!—a day we never saw before:
The mighty Thomas Thumb victorious comes;
Millions of giants crowd his chariot-wheels,
Giants! to whom the giants of Guildhall
Are infant dwarfs. They frown, and foam, and roar,
While Thumb, regardless of their noise, rides on.
So some cock-sparrow in a farmer's yard
Hops at the head of a huge flock of turkeys, &c."

A trifling alteration in the last line of Doodle's speech, substituting "All *Paris*" for "All *nature*," would perhaps bring the allusion closer: but I do not wish to mould my author's language to any meaning which it may not seem to bear without constraint. The metaphor of the *cock-sparrow* will not escape your readers, as being highly appropriate to the joyous occasion.

The following li[illegible] from the mouth of an *enraged* Qu[illegible] hope [illegible] not that prophetic probability wl[illegible] s of [illegible]rts of this Tragedy. Having dis[illegible] inclination to a *match* which b[illegible] she exclaims—

"Who

"[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
But I will [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

But, Sir, the [illegible] *existing circumstances* [illegible] Huncamunca [illegible] band for her [illegible]

"*King*.—[illegible]
Unusual [illegible]
That like [illegible]
The lovely [illegible]
Have now [illegible]

The lady having [illegible] ed, the King goes [illegible]

"It that [illegible]
A husband [illegible]
Streams with [illegible]
Whose name [illegible]
Whose valour, [illegible]
Great as the [illegible]
Hunc.—Whom [illegible]
King.—Tom Thumb.
Hunc.—*Is it possible?*"

After a short [illegible] daughter are *coram* [illegible] mer thus happily [illegible]

"This happy [illegible]
Ourself will bear [illegible]
Yet, think not, [illegible]
Bliss still detain [illegible]

---

* One cannot help [illegible] this question; for it has [illegible] in Europe.

LINES

ON THE CIRCUMSTANCE OF A VOLUNTEER CORPS NOT BEING CALLED OUT UPON DUTY TILL AFTER THE TUMULT, OCCASIONED BY SENDING SIR FRANCIS BURDETT TO THE TOWER, HAD CEASED.

[From the Morning Herald, April 19.]

FOUR nights sat - - - in council deep,
With officers—a cluster,
To judge how best the *peace to keep*,
And if to call a *muster*.

At length it was resolv'd, we hear,
(As soon as they divided,)
To summon all;—the reason 's clear—
The *danger had subsided!*

H. G

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS FROM HIS MAJESTY'S TREASURY,

FOR THE DEMEANOUR AND GOVERNMENT OF TH MOST HONOURABLE THE MEMBERS UNDER THEI IMMEDIATE DIRECTION.

[From the Morning Chronicle, April 19.]

THE whole of the debate on the side of His Majesty government, will be carried on as usual by M P—v—l, in so far as it depends upon *speaking*; wi which department, therefore, it is particularly desir no one may *attempt* to interfere, except as hereinaft excepted. Honourable members, however, must l sensible that, comparatively, very little depends on th branch of duty; and they are hereby required to re der their assistance in their several lines towards t general success of the cause—as almost every thi will depend on their exertions.

Mr. P—v—l will be supported on his right a left by Mr. Secretary R—d—r, and Mr. Secreta S—d—rs, each of whom is required to have and hold during the whole of the debate one piece of whi paper, like that used by persons for committing th

thoug

thoughts to writing, and one good and sufficient pen, in the other hand. Those gentlemen are to sit in the position taken by persons who listen and think; for perfecting themselves in which attitudes they are directed to imitate the Master of the Rolls. They are further desired regularly every three minutes to rise up, dip the pen in the ink on the table, and apply it, as if in the act of writing, to the aforesaid paper; but on no account to speak, and never to take off their hats, for obvious reasons.

When Mr. P—v—l speaks, all Honourable Members are directed to fix their eyes on Mr. W—t—d (as long as they can conveniently bear it); and as often as he gives the preconcerted signal, to cheer, by bellowing out "Hear, hear, hear!" three times, in an audible voice, or oftener if need be; and they are required on no account to attend to what Mr. P—v—l says, or to look at him while speaking, lest their attention be drawn off from the above service.

When any member of Opposition rises, gentlemen will naturally be seized with impatience and coughing, and will, as a general principle, call out "*Question!*" but they must see the necessity of being careful not to do so unless certain that the speaker alluded to is against His Majesty's government; for which reason they will look towards the gallery and underneath the same, where Mr. Charles J——n is ordered to take up a safe position, and to bellow with adequate fury.

At the moment any Opposition member rises, Mr. Under Secretary G—b—ne will begin to walk up and down the House, proceeding from the chair to the door and back again, holding his head and turning his eyes in a direction different from his steps, so as to distract the minds of the beholders, and induce the belief in the Opposition that he is going to run against them. —He will further sit down frequently on the Treasury Bench, and other places, and address the Ministers, as if talking, and then get up and continue his walks.

In case it is found necessary to make several speeches, for the purpose of gaining time (on which Mr. A—th—t will occasionally report), Mr. Sol—r Gen—l is ordered for this service.

When Mr. C—n—g is speaking well, Honourable Members are directed to act as in the above instructions for receiving an Opposition speech.—But should the signal be made that he is speaking ill, the greatest silence must be preserved.—Gentlemen are ordered on no account to judge for themselves in this any more than in other matters, but to look towards Mr. W—t—n and Mr. A—th—t.

In case, which God forbid! His Majesty's Ministers should be left in a minority, Honourable Members are particularly desired to state that the question was of a general nature, and not affecting the Ministry.—Should His Majesty's Ministers have a majority, it is to be represented as a decisive victory—whichever event happens.

Mr. W—l—ce and the Scotch Lord A—v—te are desired to maintain their respective grins without variation, to the end of the business.

N. B. It can scarcely be necessary to remind Mr. W—l—ce, that he should on no *future* occasion exceed the limits of the above instruction, by speaking or otherwise.

BRITANNIA'S TEARS:

AN ELEGIAC TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE ILLUSTRIOUS

VICE-ADMIRAL CUTHBERT LORD COLLINGWOOD,

OB. 7th MARCH, 1810.

"Non *sibi*,—sed PATRIA vixit."

[From the Morning Chronicle, April 21.]

PEACE to the mem'ry of the *valiant dead*—
A grateful land embalms their sleeping fame,
Entwines new chaplets round each honour'd head,
And consecrates with tears each much-lov'd name.

On

On dark *Trafalgar*'s waves (to Britain dear)
  Nelson resign'd life's latest falt'ring breath;
While *Vict'ry* graced her hero's blood-stain'd bier,
  And wreath'd fresh laurels round the couch of *Death*.

When his freed spirit sought its native skies,
  And soar'd on Glory's seraph wings to heav'n,
His reckless zeal for conquest's starry prize,
  By fate's decree to Collingwood was giv'n.

Elisha thus, who wak'd a *Prophet's lyre*,
  Faith's mantle caught from virtue's bright abode,
When blest Elijah, borne on clouds of fire,
  Rose 'midst the *sacred flame* to meet his God!

Long Britain wept o'er dauntless Nelson's tomb,
  Her *mighty champion* on the stormy sea;
Again in tears her verdant laurels bloom,
  And Albion mourns, brave Collingwood, for thee.

Like him 't was thine a deathless fame to give
  Where'er Britannia's red-cross banners fly;
Like him, 't was thine to teach us how to *live*,
  And, ah! *too early*, teach us how to *die!*

Lamented Warrior! though no crimson'd wreath
  Of *Vict'ry* circles round thy clay-cold brow,
Belov'd in life! by England wept in death,
  Unfading happiness awaits *thee* now!

O'er thy wan relics shall the cypress weep,
  While *Glory*'s sun-beams gild the hallow'd tomb;
Where the pale Chieftain's sacred ashes sleep,
  And deathless laurels there immortal bloom.

Trafalgar's rocks—St. Vincent's trophied shore,
  Shall shield thy mem'ry from oblivion's rage;
Transmit thy fame, till time shall be no more,
  On faithful history's recording page.

Thy pious trust in Heav'n's supreme decrees
  Now meets reward in realms beyond the grave;
Thy glorious triumphs on the billowy seas
  Shall fix thy fame amongst the British Brave.

Snatch'd

Snatch'd hence by Him who built this spacious earth,
Whose arm, all-powerful, fram'd the vaulted sky—
On those dear, sea-girt shores that gave *thee* birth,
The name of Collingwood shall never die!

April 18, 1810. TRAFALGARIUS.

THE NEW SIR JOHN!

[From the same, April 23.]

'TIS Sir John Barleycorn no more,
Whose ancient empire now is o'er!
The good old Knight
Resigns his right;
And in his stead, if well I ween, doth reign
One, of another race, one Sir John Sugar-cane.

Of Sir John Barleycorn did sing
Our elder Poets; as the King,
By right of birth,
Of this our earth:
Our liege, true, native, social monarch he;
His faithful, willing, loving subjects we!

Ah! could ye now descend, and see
That he who fill'd ye so with glee,
Whose genial sway
Ye did obey,
That Sir John Barleycorn wore not his crown,—
How would ye, elder Poets! sadly frown!

Pray we no mischief may betide:—
Set Sir John Barleycorn aside!
During whose reign
Our native grain
Supplied not only native mouths with food,
But warm'd each heart, and fir'd the general blood.

Time changes all; and change of Kings
Happens, just now, like other things.
Thus Sir John Barleycorn,
Though British born,
Depos'd; by Act of Parliament doth reign,
O'er British spirits, Sir John Sugar-cane!

Still

Still let us hope that times less strange
Will matters for the better change;
That we may sing
Wheat's true-born King,
When laughing Ceres, with her plenteous horn,
Restores the good old reign of Sir John Barleycorn!

March 21, 1810. NESTOR.

YOUTH.

[From the Morning Herald, April 23.]

YOUTH is the vision of a morn,
That flies the coming day—
It is the blossom on the thorn,
Which rude winds sweep away.

'T is like the charming hue that glows
Upon a virgin's face,
Till care hath nipt her fading rose,
And wither'd ev'ry grace.

It is the image of the sky
In glassy waters seen,
When not a cloud is found to fly
Across the blue serene.

But when the waves begin to roar,
And lift the foaming head,
The mimic stars appear no more,
And all the heav'n is fled.

'T is like the dying tone that flows
From an Æolian lyre,
When gentle Zephyr, as he blows,
Breathes on the trembling wire:

Or like a cloud of fleecy form
Seen on an April day,
That veers before the coming storm,
Then weeps itself away.

'T is fleeting as the passing rays
Of bright electric fire,
That gild the pole with sudden blaze,
And in the blaze expire:

And

And tender as the filmy threads,
  Which, in the dewy dawn,
From flow'r to flow'r Arachne spreads,
  Wide o'er the verdant lawn.

It is the morning's gentle gale,
  That, as it softly blows,
Scarce seems to sigh across the vale,
  Or bend the blushing rose.

But soon the gath'ring tempests pour,
  And all the sky deform,
The gale becomes the whirlwind's roar,
  The sigh a raging storm.

Youth's joys are bright as new-born day
  Shining through vernal show'rs,
And gentle as the breeze of May
  Panting on op'ning flow'rs.

But ah! what mighty tides of woe
  Shall burst upon the soul,
And, like a moving globe of snow,
  Still gather as they roll!

For care and sorrow's morbid gloom,
  And heart-corroding strife,
And sickness pointing to the tomb,
  Await the noon of life.

Armagh.

IRREGULAR ODE ON SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTH-DAY.

[From the British Press.]

SHAKSPEARE'S birth-day was celebrated last week by a select party of literary friends at West Felton, in Shropshire, who intend annually holding it convivial. A mulberry-tree, and a walnut, were planted by the party, in the grounds of John Dovaston, Esq. near the great cedar that stands westward of the house. The walnut was two years old, and was taken up, without disturbing the smallest root, in a large ball of earth, and carried by the party on a barrow.

row. Under it in the hole was placed a wine-bottle, with an appropriate inscription deeply cut on it with a diamond. The day was particularly fine, and after dinner the party adjourned to the shade of a large spreading tree, where toasts were drunk to the health of the living, and memory of the dead Poets, and the conversation interspersed with select passages from our immortal Bard.—The following Ode was written and recited on the occasion:—

NATURE, now thy beauties bring,
Bid Genius now its tribute pay,
Haste the many-blossom'd Spring,
'T is thy darling's natal day:
Borne on Zephyr's breezy wings,
Her varied vesture Fancy flings;
Methinks I see her rainbow-colour'd car
Gliding on curl'd clouds through blue fields of air;
To Avon's meadows, cowslip-clad,
She wheels her mazy way,
Well pleas'd to see all Nature glad,
And Spring her flaunting flowrets add,
To hail the greatly-gifted lad
Upon his natal day.
In showery April's sunshine bright,
(Who call'd that day
Her sister May,
To hasten with her hawthorns white,)
In Avon's mead
The lad was laid;
When first he saw the light,
Primroses, peeping from their buds of gold,
Seem'd eagerly their eyelids to unfold,
As though they smil'd
To see the child,
Who in his turn their charms enraptur'd should behold.
The ling'ring flow'rs push'd forth their heads,
And burst their downy-cradled beds;
The lady-smock, with silver tipp'd,
The op'ning daisy, crimson-lipp'd,

And

And all with April's dew impearl'd,
Their finely-tinted folds unfurl'd,
As though they wish'd by him to have their pa
Hush'd is the breeze, 't is silence drear,
The sun enclouds his wat'ry beams;
The skies a thick'ning aspect wear,
And Nature's self in sadness seems;
A chilly fearful murmur stirs
The hollow-hissing grove of firs,
And far the dark horizon o'er
The dim-distinguish'd thunders roar.
'T is Fancy hangs o'er Nature's brow
This gloom so sad and wild,
Lest scenes to be unfolded now
Should fright her fav'rite child;
For now athwart the troubled sky,
The hellish Passions hurry by;
And each with hasty low'ring flight,
Glaring by fits before his sight,
Like phantoms of a horrid night,
Their grisly features roll;
But Nature fir'd her infant's eye,
That, glancing as they glided by,
Prov'd all their various pow'rs to lie
Beneath his vast control.
He bow'd his head,
The phantoms fled,
The gloom forsook the plain,
The fearless child
Look'd round and smil'd,
And Nature, brightening, seem'd to smile a
Fresh'd is the flow'ry scene,
The blackbird swells his mellow throat;
And, through the blue serene,
Light fleecy clouds beyond the mountains f
On Avon's softly-flowing stream
Now brightly-burnish'd sunbeams gleam
Among tide-kissing trees:
Their lustres on the wet leaves glance
As they lie[illegible] trembling dance
To [illegible]y breeze.

The heavenly Passions now descend,
To hail this gentle child their friend;
Virgin-vested maidens fair,
Whose slender waists some ribband rare
Engirdled, by whose varied hue
The little bard each passion knew:
Their cover'd bosom's lovely glow
Ting'd their gauzy robes of snow,
As if carnations blush'd below.
  Fairies left their lurking-cells,
" Where the bee sucks" in blossom bells,
Whom the blue-fly and humble-bee
Carol'd with their minstrelsy.
The heart enraptur'd Poet saw
The Passions all with fearless awe,
    And look'd with steady view;
Until the flighty foot of Fame
On tiptoe step among them came,
    And to the Poet flew;
The little urchin ran around,
And flung his flowrets o'er the ground,
    While Fame still follow'd hard:
Each scatter'd flow'r she cull'd with care
To wreathe a chaplet for his hair,
    But could not catch the Bard;
Being cheated, as away she flew
She cried—" In fifty years and two,
    Upon this very morn
He shall be mine, for ever sure,
While time, and taste, and I endure,
    My temple to adorn:
Let Nature now the Prince of Passions call,
To crown him ruler of them all."
The waggish archer then attended,
  The maids and fairies form'd a ring,
While each the infant Bard befriended,
  And of the Passions crown'd him King.
Now the taper-ankled maids
  Lightly dance the Bard around;
Modest cowslips bow'd their heads,
  And seem'd to kiss the hallow'd ground,

And

And as they danc'd
He on them glanc'd,
And at them scatter'd flowrets fair;
Each Passion took
The flow'rs he shook,
And stuck them in her braided hair;
Conscious how much beauty hung
On ev'ry careless flow'r he flung.
Ev'n yet, on Stratford's elmy lawn,
In cowslip-days, at early dawn,
Where he was crown'd, I ween,
Unnibbled, and of deeper dye,
By soul-delighted Poet's eye
The ring may still be seen.

Nursery, West Felton,
April 23, 1810.

AVONICULEX.

LINES,

ON A GENTLEMAN, WHO, THOUGH FOND OF BEING WITTY ON OTHERS, CANNOT BEAR A JOKE WITH TEMPER HIMSELF.

[From the Morning Post, April 24.]

WHEN Lycurgus of old for the Spartans fram'd rules,
To bind o'er to silence impertinent fools,
Those who hated in others satirical wit,
Were forbidden with satire their neighbours to twit.
Thus, he who at pointed remarks felt much stung,
Was oblig'd to be civil, or else hold his tongue.
Were such laws now in force, I 'm inclined to think Will,
As he cannot be civil, would sometimes be still;
For, though scurrilous jokes he must ever let fly,
His *feelings* are *hurt* if his friends can reply.

T.

GAMING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER AND DAILY ADVERTISER.

[April 25.]

SIR,

THE interest I take in every thing that concerns *property*, induces me to address you during this week of relaxation from political debate, on the subject

of *Gaming*, concerning which your paper, a few days ago, contained some remarks.

But, Sir, I must beg that you will not express yourself with too much severity on a subject in which *I* am so nearly concerned, and which for so many years has regulated *my motions*. I should never have *come down* in the graceful manner I generally do, nor have yielded my assent and consent, final and irrevocable, to so many *transfers* of landed property, and valuable goods, had I not been under obligations to that very practice which Moralists and Divines rail at by the name of *gaming*.

Gaming, Sir, has ever been *my* friend, and the friend of those who *wield my authority*; and I should be ungrateful to deny that, deprived of such an assistant, my life would never have passed in such a pleasant variety of important *ups* and *downs*. I should never have been so frequently suspended over the splendid mansion, placed in the centre of a fine estate, arable and pasture, well wooded, variegated by beautiful rivers, plentiful trout-streams, and most desirably situated in a fine sporting country. I should never have had so many opportunities to change *at one stroke*, the fate of ancient families and hereditary splendour, and to place in the hands of men of yesterday, the possessions that had remained for centuries under one name and family, renowned for rank and bravery, or distinguished for ancient hospitality and benevolence. Nor, without my very potent and ready coadjutor, should I have such frequent occasion to prove, what all the writers upon earth cannot prove so convincingly, that riches are but an uncertain possession, that they make themselves wings and fly away; and that *meum* and *tuum* are convertible terms, depending, according to the pleasure of those who take me in hand, whether they shall change places by a *loud stroke*,

or

Speculation, that, as far as I am concerned, I take great pains to add to his experience, by showing him of how little *intrinsic value* the things are on which he had set his heart.

But, after all, I must return to my more steady and constant friend of St. James's Street, by whose means, within the last thirty years, I have been enabled to establish a course of Sermons on the instability of all human things, and to take for my text some of the largest and most productive estates in this kingdom. At other times, to oblige some of my female friends, I have illustrated my doctrines by a most brilliant set of *diamonds*, or a complete *service* of *plate*; which topics of eloquence have made their eyes *sparkle*, and their hearts *melt*. I must beg, therefore, that you will be tender in handling a subject of so much importance as *gaming*; and which, for so many years, has given force and energy to every motion of, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Bartholomew Lane. THE HAMMER.

IMPROMPTU,

ON VIEWING THE PICTURE OF THE "PINCH OF SNUFF" AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAINTED BY MR. W. SHARP.

[From the Morning Post, April 26.]

SAYS Paddy to Dermot, from Ballynahinch,
"This picture is pretty and pleasing:
Young master there takes such a natural pinch,
The rascal has set me a-sneezing."

Says Dermot, "I 'm not such a blockhead as that,
The group I am rather more pleas'd at;
For, as to the picture, by J——s, friend Pat,
I 'm sure that it 's not to be *sneez'd at*."

SIR FRANCIS—

"We may leave out the Burdett, for there is but one Sir Francis."—*Cobbett's Political Register, April* 21, 1810.

[From the same.]

LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE.

COBBETT, for politics renown'd, who can
See through a mill-stone far as any man,
Cries, while he holds sedition's flag unfurl'd,
"There is but one Sir Francis—in the world!"
Of men in story fam'd how hard the lot!
Is then Sir Francis Wronghead quite forgot?
Long as the Thames shall through the bridges run,
Burdett and Wronghead shall be counted *one*.

DESCRIPTION OF THERSITES.

[From the same.]

THERSITES only clamour'd in the throng,
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:
Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controll'd,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold:
With witty malice studious to defame,
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim.
But chief he gloried with licentious style
To lash the great, and monarchs to revile.
Spleen to mankind his envious heart possest,
And much he hated all, *but most the best*.
Ulysses or Achilles still his theme;
But royal scandal his delight supreme.
Long had he liv'd the scorn of every Greek;
Vex'd when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak.
Sharp was his voice; which, in the shrillest tone,
Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne.

THE

THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE, AND HER LITTLE DOG, &c.

THE MOST INTERESTING PARTICULARS OF THE MARRIAGE OF BONAPARTE AND THE ARCHDUCHESS LOUISA*.

A BALLAD.

[From the British Press, April 26.]

THE Archduchess had "a little dog,"
And "a bird that sweetly sung, O!"
All which, at Vienna, you might see,
In "a room with tapestry hung, O!"

Now Bonaparte wanted a wife,
And he to Vienna sent, O!
Saying "Lady, leave your little dog,
And with me, sad dog, be content, O!"

The Lady had almost broken her heart,
She fill'd her room with crying;
Her tapestry, bird, and dear dog to leave,
Was a matter wondrous trying!

But her grief being o'er, off to Paris she set,
By Compeigne, and some of these odd ways,
And at Paris she found, though in April,
That it was the height of the *dog*-days.

For Berthier, a *Neuf-chatel-ian* Prince,
To show how her favour he courted,
Had the tapestry, the bird, and the little dog,
All to Paris, by night, transported.

---

* A ridiculous story has been published in some of the Newspapers, stating, that the Empress had a favourite bird, dog, and tapestry, in Vienna, at parting from which she shed tears, and was greatly affected; and that Berthier, apprised of this circumstance, had them privately conveyed to Paris, where she found them on her arrival. Now, surely, if the Empress had been so much attached to these articles, it was in her power to have brought them with her, without the extraordinary assistance of the gallant Berthier.

So when she came there, in hysterics she fell,
Wept like Mermaid, then laugh'd like Hyæna;
For, instead of being so far from home,
She imagined herself at Vienna!!!

Should you doubt the truth of this marvellous song,
So simple, pathetic, and pretty,
You may read it yourself, in the *true Moniteur*,
That is written in Paris City.

Then, long life to the Empress Queen, and her bird,
And bless her sweet little dog's heart, O!
And if they attempt to starve him in France,
Let her throw him a Bony-Part, O!!!

TEUTHA.

FASHIONABLE ECONOMY.

[From the Morning Chronicle, April 26.]

MR. EDITOR,

WHEN our Ministers find seventy millions of money inadequate to the necessities of the State, it is but ordinary prudence to introduce the utmost frugality into our domestic arrangements; and under this impression I have been induced to encourage my children in every pursuit which can alleviate the pressure of the times.

Fond parents frequently gratify their affection by obtaining, at extravagant prices, artificial resemblances of their little families; and feeling this propensity in common with my neighbours, I indulged the laudable inclination of my daughters to *study Modelling in Wax*, by which I was given to understand my drawing-room would shortly rival the Gallery of Mrs. Salmon, in Fleet Street, *only at the expense of a few lessons*. Their first effort produced a bust of Lord Nelson, who immediately occupied an elegant glass case in the centre of my chimney-piece; but after waiting

waiting several months for a few companions; whom I expected to be selected from my own family, the hero was destined to remain in solitude, in consequence of a second application from my children, to be permitted to *study the art of Sculpture*. To live in *durable marble* appeared to me certainly preferable to *melting wax*; I therefore readily acquiesced, and a month produced a bust of his Majesty, which I placed upon a pedestal opposite his Lordship, trusting my ambition to join such good company would soon be realized.

Winter approaching, however, I concluded the atmosphere was too heavy and dismal to admit of close attention to this *nice branch of female instruction*, and I therefore gave my consent to the more seasonable *study of Ornamental Lamps*; which were to decorate my drawing-room, and illuminate all other parts of the house in the most fascinating style, at a tenth of the expense which tradesmen would charge, besides the pleasure of having my children's works commented upon by admiring friends. A pair of beautiful vases, of Etruscan shape, were consequently finished and mounted on gilt brackets of the most elaborate workmanship, as an excitement to perseverance; by this time, however, the winter was terminated, and walking being expected to become the fashionable summer amusement, I was persuaded to furnish the girls with tools and implements for the *study of Shoemaking*. I was now quite delighted whenever I paid a visit to the school-room, at observing each of my children industriously employed upon this expensive and indispensable article of dress, rejoicing, at the same time, *at the improvement in the System of Education* by the introduction of such *sterling accomplishments*. As Christmas approached, I congratulated myself upon the diminution which I should experience in the shoemaker's account. The account arrived; yet no diminution could my penetration discover; and, upon in-

quiry, I learned that the *study of Shoemaking* spoiled the symmetry of my daughters' fingers; made them round-shouldered; and that the attitude was both inelegant and injurious. To proceed: the produce of each of their labours was one pair of shoes, which had been laid up in silver paper, as mementos of their skill. And now, Sir, for the information of your readers, I will conclude by enumerating the expense of one student in *Modern Arts and Sciences*, viz.

		£.	s.	d.
12	Lessons in Modelling	9	9	0
	Glass Case for his Lordship	2	2	0
12	Lessons in Sculpture	18	18	0
	Pedestal for his Majesty	5	5	0
12	Lessons in Illuminating	6	6	0
	Brackets for Lamps	3	3	0
12	Lessons in Shoemaking	4	4	0
	Tools and Implements for ditto	4	4	0
	Total	53	11	0

N. B. Each of my daughters destroys, upon an average, eight pair of shoes annually, which cost them about six shillings per pair, or 2*l.* 8*s.* per annum.

For which I have to boast of one waxen bust of Lord Nelson (which the maid overthrew with the broom), one marble bust of his Majesty (the nose of which has been amputated by a battledore), one pair of lamps (which give no light), and two pair of shoes (exposed in state in silver paper).

Yours, good Mr. Editor,

April 10, 1810. A MODERN ECONOMIST.

THE CONSTITUTION.

[From the Morning Post, April 27.]

THOUGH physic frequently dispels
Man's heritage of ills;
Yet oft, as sad experience tells,
Excess of med'cine kills.

Thus

Thus bodies politic might end
  In speedy dissolution,
Should ev'ry moody fool pretend
  To heal the Constitution.

So Burdett rais'd commotion's storm,
  False hopes, and factious rumours:
His watch-word was, "The State reform,
  And cure its *peccant humours*."

But shall empiric politicians
  Be Britain's Legislators?
No, never! for such State Physicians
  Are *dang'rous innovators*.

The happy people of this land
  May be awhile misled;
But, Sense and Freedom hand in hand,
  Soon Faction hides her head.

April 16. F. W.

DIALOGUES IN ELYSIUM.
No. I.

[From the same, April 28.]

POETS of Greece and Rome have thought and sung,
  That sometimes, on occasions grand and vast,
E'en living souls o'er the dark Stygian flood
Reluctant Charon hath been forc'd to waft
To fair Elysium's ever blissful shades,
Alcides, Theseus, and bright Venus' son,
Pious Æneas, and the tuneful Bard
Who sought his wife amidst the depths profound
Of Pluto's gloomy realm.
  It may seem strange perhaps, in times like these,
Fir'd by the thought of what long since had past,
A youthful Patriot should desire to prove,
If true or false what ancient Bards had told.
Rome was his native land—and Rome he lov'd,
And all who e'er for Rome had fought or bled;
But most of all, the Patriot he ador'd,
Whose noble mind a bulwark vast had prov'd
Against her foes.

His features still, such as on earth they seem'd,
Bearing the cast of deep and anxious thought,
Still planning for his dear-lov'd country's good
Huge schemes of lasting grandeur!
His capacious soul shone out, and
All his airy figure bright illum'd!
Spirit decays not; but, when death sets free,
Still shines resplendent in the other world.
A laurel wreath his holy brows entwin'd;
Not that because, in spilling human blood,
In war's dread science, he conspicuous shone;
But, that a nation's precious blood he sav'd,
A nation's glory, and a nation's pow'r!
For this, a laurel wreath his brows entwin'd,
And homage still from virtuous souls he gain'd.
Soon as the youth beheld him, seiz'd with joy,
That even sacred awe could scarce restrain,
Through myriads of encircling ghosts he flew,
To clasp the much-lov'd phantom in his arms.
Vain the essay—but yet a gentle smile
Pass'd o'er the face of the illustrious shade,
And thus in tones sublime the youth he spoke:
"A thousand thanks, heroic boy, are thine,
For having quitted all the joys of life,
And tempted dangers mortal ne'er conceiv'd,
To visit one in death's eternal shades endless involv'd.
How, or which way thou cam'st, I may not ask,
Too happy to behold thy mortal form,
Sight rarely seen in these divine abodes.
But tell me how is Rome, my country dear?
Apostrophizing whom, I breath'd my last.
Ah! tell me, is she fall'n?—or doth she stand,
Still proudly tow'ring o'er her countless foes?"
The phantom ceas'd—with richer verdure bloom'd
The laurel on his brow, and brighter shone
His thin aërial form, casting upon the shades
That hover'd near, a tinge of light.
The youth in trembl[illegible] e thus replied:
"Rome still surviv[illegible] re, yet breasts the storm
Unconquer'd. Bu[illegible] paus'd, reluctant to alarm
The Patriot's sou[illegible] with ill news
[illegible] mighty Rome

R. M

PATRIOT

PATRIOTIC SUBSCRIPTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER AND DAILY ADVERTISER.

[April 30.]

SIR,

AT a time when the pressure of taxes is very heavily felt by all descriptions of persons, and especially by the middling and lower classes, it were to be wished that some mode of supplying the *wants* of distressed patriots could be invented, that would bear less hard on their supporters than those *subscriptions* which have lately been going forward, and of which, at present, we really see no end. They began with the amiable and interesting Miss Taylor, proceeded to the no less amiable and interesting Mr. Wardle, and are now diffusing their blessings on the head of Mr. Gale Jones.

To all this, Sir, I have no objection, considered merely as a temporary measure; but my regard for the present race of patriots is such, that I would humbly recommend to them to consider that such temporary measures are ill adapted to the large demand that is likely to be made upon the public liberality; and that as there is every probability of a considerable increase in the number of *objects* to be provided for, some more permanent plan ought to be pursued, and a more regular fund established, by which those who neglect every calling for that of politics may be recompensed for their loss of time and trade. That they lose their time, I think, no one can doubt; and as to their trade, it is generally supposed that if they had had much, it would have occupied all their attention; and executing the orders of their customers would have appeared as profitable, as interfering with the orders of the House of Commons.

I have studied the history of patriots and patriotism since the days of the North Briton, when that species of patriotism, which has lately been revived amongst us, was first invented; and I have uniformly disco

one error; or, to use a softer phrase, one peculiarity in our patriots, which I think a little blameable.—I mean, Sir, the opinion they have, that the trade of patriotism may be set up without any *capital*, except either a tolerable knack at the pen, a good bold front, or a pair of stout lungs. But this, I must contend, is the cause of so many failures in this business, which, I beg leave to repeat, cannot be carried on without a very considerable capital; and hence it is that they who fall into the error I allude to, are obliged to have recourse to subscriptions, and other temporary resources of which the public, they may be assured, will soon become tired. It is true, that an Appeal may be made to the subscriptions enumerated above, to which, by the way, I ought to have added the O. P. subscription, which was collected for *as* valuable a purpose as any: and it may be asked, whether any doubts can be entertained of the zeal of the public in the case of those brave patriots who defy warrants, jails, and poverty in their behalf? To this I answer, that I have long weighed and measured that kind of public zeal on which they rely; and I have found it, after a certain process of ebullition, cool in a most wonderful manner, notwithstanding the pains taken by our orators to fan the sacred flame. And I would therefore recur to the main purpose of my letter, and recommend some other more permanent institution for the support of distressed patriots. Their objects are great, manifold, and important; nothing less than to create a House of Commons, invested with perfect purity in thought, word, and deed; and to abolish the whole system of taxation under which we now labour; and such is my opinion of those vast undertakings, that I cannot for a moment bear the thought of their being promoted, like a paltry hospital; nor that it should ever be written over the doors of any of our patriots,

"*England saved by Voluntary Contributions.*"

I must therefore request your admittance of these few

few remarks, that they may meet the eyes of some of the able Orators of Hackney, Westminster, or the Common Hall; and I make them but *few*, because I would not encroach on the privilege of the eloquent Major, who claims the right of "bestowing all his tediousness" on his hearers, and who cannot open his mouth without speaking a two-shilling pamphlet.

I am, Sir, yours,

CIVICULUS.

ROYAL ACADEMY DINNER.

A PICTORIAL VISION.

Eamus quo ducit gula.

[From the Morning Herald, April 30.]

MR. EDITOR,

I AM an artist of no ordinary qualifications, and should have been invested with the Royal Diploma, had not base envy obstructed my views; and there are but few people who will be disposed to doubt the truth of an assertion, which a gentleman may be induced to make in his own behalf!

I passed the gate of Somerset Place, last Saturday, in high dudgeon: there my olfactory nerves were irritated with the hot fumes from the Academic kitchen, where turkies, geese, and capons were sweating and blistering in *groups*, before an immense fire, like so many sinners in *Tartarus!* I was smacking my lips in rapture, *à la distance*, at the sight of a large tureen full of mock turtle soup; when a centinel pushed me aside, somewhat roughly, with the but-end of his musket, to make way for the Marquis of Perriwinkle and Sir John Bang-up, who were going, by invitation, to dine with the happy R. A.'s.

Miserable man that I am, quoth I, to be thus at odds with Fortune! But as I knew that repining would not procure me a seat at the festive board, I assumed a

lyrist) was now knocked down for a song; when he favoured the company with the ensuing melting ditty, *à la Catalani.*

Hope told me a flattering tale, Sir,
Saying, "You shall their *Keeper* be, Sir,"
When I sold off my *duds* and my *sticks*,
And sent my scar'd landlord the key, Sir.

I gave British Merit my loaf,
As he fainted at Villany's gate, Sir;
I sent poor Britannia my bed,
Because she 's not slept much of late, Sir.

I gave up my lease for a song,
And was blithe as the lark in the sky, Sir;
I caper'd from morning till eve,
And who was so *Smirk* as I, Sir?

I swore, then, to sweep this house clean,
And make humble Genius look bigger;
That my boy should build *Punch* a new house,
And that Rossi should *cut a figure!*

But that cursed Mounseer, *vis-à-vis*,
Intrigu'd with some gypsies of power;
Hope has play'd me a *ruse de guerre*,
And I am thrust out in the shower!

Look, here 's an R. A. in distress,
Come Pity his jerkin to darn, oh!
Zounds! throw me a copper apiece;
Date obolum Smirkiano!

The insinuation so broadly, and we may say unjustly, conveyed in this lamentable song, brought the learned Professor of Painting upon his legs, who thus addressed the royal body:—"Shentlemons, I vas come here to teach bainting; as for boedry, curse boedry, vat is dat compared mid my sublime subjects from the Biple? Vat I no do for de students? Have I not show them the *new anatomy*, cot dam! Parbleu, Sacramente!" exclaimed the erudite and angry foreigner, snapping his fingers at Mr. Smirke, who sat

sat coiled and growling on the end of a stool, like Caius Marius in banishment. The Professor was in the act of dancing out of the room, triumphantly chanting,

Malbrouk, il va son guerra!
Ton, ton, &c.
And I was come here for good fare, ah!
Ton, ton, ton, &c.

when the spirit of the late Mr. James Barry, his predecessor, suddenly arose, in perturbation, from the shades! his full piercing eyes rolling in their orbits, like schooners in the Bay of Biscay, and flashing indignation upon the jubilant victim, whom he regarded, for a few seconds, as contemptuously as the eagle regards the jack-daw; when he seized a large extinguisher from an attending domestic, and put the small object of his fury *out* for ever!

At this instant the bands of sleep were burst asunder, by the abrupt entrance of a bricklayer's labourer, who had fallen through the tattered roof of the house, into my apartment, *sans ceremonie*, and

"The baseless fabric of a vision
Left not a rack behind!"

ON THE DEATH OF LORD COLLINGWOOD.

[From the Morning Post, May 1.]

WITH all a mother's grief and heart-felt pain,
Britannia mourns her heroes of the main,—
And, prompt her well-earn'd honours to dispense,
Displays a nation's proud munificence.
Lo! her first temples ope their hallow'd womb,
To grace th' heroic tenant of the tomb;
The emblematic urn and storied bust
Record his name in triumph o'er the dust:

The

Though not all Phryne's charms, all Phryne's boldness
The dame possess'd, and if her beauty
Struck not Judges blind, her wondrous insolence
Near struck them dumb. She boasted
That the Prince had lov'd her once, and
Therefore she had power to betray!
But those who lov'd the Prince, disdain'd
The calumny, and would not think he had been so abas'd
To trust his honour in a wanton's care.
Enrag'd at this, on mischief doubly bent,
Ten thousand lies she utter'd,
And, though all noble, just, and virtuous men
Believ'd him pure, and in their hearts acquitted,
Few are the just—and *numberless* the vile.
Those who despis'd what Piso had perform'd,
Who scorn'd the man, and at his baseness shudder'd,
Yet when the deed was done, all rallied round
And serv'd their ends, by what their souls disdain'd.
Are they not vile who their advantage make
Of vileness?—Piso gain'd numbers, though he gain'd not
Friends; and brave Germanicus a victim fell,
Not to his errors, but to mean cabal—
To envy, malice, hate—
And all the baser passions of the mind.
Now sunk in general scorn, despis'd and shunn'd,
The wretched Piso lives—e'en those his baseness serv'd
Blush when they see him—from his touch
Recoil as from a pestilence.
The good detest him, for his real vice,
The bad, that he reminds them of their own.

R. M.

FESTIVE MEETING OF THE FAIR SEX.

[From the same, May 3.]

WE have been favoured with an account of a late meeting of the friends of liberty and reform, which we hasten to lay before our readers. There is a striking coincidence between the sentiments expressed, and those of the livery lately assembled at the London

London Tavern, which must be gratifying to every well-wisher to the cause of freedom; as it evinces the universality with which their opinions prevail amongst every class of mankind.

A numerous and respectable Meeting of the Female Inhabitants of St. Giles's, Friends of Constitutional Reform, and Enemies of Corruption and Abuse, dined together on the 1st instant, at the Old Buck's Head Tavern, Mrs. Peachum in the Chair:—

Amongst the ladies who were invited on this occasion, we observed Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Susan Tawdry, Miss Taylor, Miss Mary Peachum, Miss Skeggs, Miss Sheelah O'Flaherty, Miss Dor. Blackberry, and many others.

After the usual toasts were given, the chairwoman observed, that it was now necessary to advert to the circumstance that occasioned the meeting. Since they last assembled, not only had the House of Commons imprisoned Mr. Gale Jones and Sir Francis Burdett, but a lady, whose whole life had been dedicated to the service of the public. *Mrs. Blackberry* had been actually *carried to the round-house* for an attack upon *Mr. Drowsy* the watchman, so that it was difficult to foresee where *persecution might stop.* She had no hesitation in stating *roundly, broadly, and at length,* that it was the privilege of every woman to discuss the conduct and abilities of public men, whether *in the watch-house or out of it*; and that *Mrs. Blackberry,* in asserting that *Mr. Drowsy* was *an ill-looking, misbegotten blackguard, and in d——g his eyes for a bandy-legged bastard,* had only exercised that privilege, without which, the *Constitution was at an end.* The watchmen, who were instituted for the *protection* of the peace, and of *those subjects who visited the streets of the metropolis* at a late and unguarded hour, were bound to exercise their privileges *in behalf of the people;*

people; *but never against them.* They were, in this case, *judges, jurors, and executioners* in *their own* cause; an anomaly, which nothing could justify, in her opinion, and in which the watchmen were superior to *Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights.* She was sure *Lord Sommers and Mr. Justice Blackstone* had never thought of such a thing. *Sir Francis Burdett and Mrs. B.* had resisted *illegal violence* to the last. She concluded by proposing, "*Mrs. Blackberry*, the defender of *Magna Charta*; and may her efforts finally succeed against oppression, and in favour of a *reform of abuses.*"—(Loud and repeated cheers!)—Song, "Here we go up, up, up," &c.

Miss DOROTHEA BLACKBERRY found it difficult to express her *feelings*—could assure them her sister felt quite happy in the consciousness of her duty—never was in better health or spirits—felt pledged to support the liberties of the sex, and thanked them in the name of her sister and herself, for the *attention and gin-punch* with which they had honoured the toast.

Mrs. PEACHUM then gave, after few observations, "*D—nation to the magistrates and watchmen.*"—(Loud and repeated bursts of applause.)—Song, "Disdainful of danger we rushed."—Mrs. P. then said, she should propose a lady's health, which she was sure would be drunk with pleasure by the meeting. They had been misrepresented in St. Giles's, as not liking persons who *did the genteel thing*; but nobody should now say, "*black was the white of her eye,*" for she should propose "*Mrs. Clarke.*"—(Loud and reiterated applauses.)—Song, "Rich and rare were the gems she wore."

Mrs. CLARKE began by saying, that, accustomed as she had been to address a public assembly, it was not without difficulty she now expressed her feelings. Her *political life* was before them; like *Mr. Whitbread*, she had struggled and resisted the arbitrary power assumed

sumed by others over the people, *from whom she sprung, and to whom she with pleasure returned.* Like him too, she was not sure *she had always been right.* When a lady was one day under the protection of *one man*, and the next *without* protection, or under one of a *very different cast*; it was *difficult* to be always *right.* She steered her little bark in these tempestuous seas, with impartiality, to the best of her power. Mrs. Blackberry had deserved their applause; she had acted *as appeared to her to be right.* Perhaps the *neater* thing would have been, to procure Mr. Drowsy's *private correspondence*; but the *scratching his face* established, more *directly*, the principle of *resistance.* Mrs. Clarke was always for the *diffusion of knowledge*, and approved of *debating societies.* If Mrs. Blackberry *defamed the watchman*, he should have brought *his action* for such *defamation.* Mrs. Clarke was convinced, however, that the watch were sometimes *bound to act.* When she was under a high protection, she owed her safety *once or twice* to their interference. (Murmurs.) Still she felt she was *sprung from the same line* with the other *ladies present.* She *felt with them:* but the *watch* might be of *use to them* when they were in the same situation. (Murmurs.) She stood in the *exact situation of Mr. Whitbread*, and such murmurs, she must say, were *really too bad.*

Mrs. Peachum next proposed Miss Taylor, after a short complimentary preface; and may the purses of the people never be closed against the victims of ministerial persecution.—(Loud applauses.) Song, "Spare a halfpenny," &c.

Miss Taylor returned her thanks in an impressive speech. *Like Mr. Wardle*, she had stood forward in the cause of *morality*, and, like him, she had received from the public, those *solid testimonies* of approbation which such conduct was *henceforth* likely to

to produce. She had not indeed the merit of *saving ten millions* to the country; but her wish, like his, was ever for *independence*, which, thanks to the *spirit of subscription*, they had now respectively *secured*. She at the same time agreed with him, that *the people ought not to be robbed as they were*. She ranked amid the proud list of her supporters, men and women of every station in life. She had seen with rapture, their subscriptions, from the substantial 50*l*. of the citizen of London, down to the modest five shillings of an *advocate for national benevolence*. She could only say she had *no pride*, was overwhelmed with gratitude; and that by her, as well as *her magnanimous champion*, they might be sure the *smallest donations would continue to be gratefully received*. Miss Taylor hesitated a moment, amidst a loud burst of sympathy and approbation; but, no money or notes being laid upon the table, modestly declined giving any further trouble, and sat down, apparently exhausted by the violence of her feelings.—On being encouraged to go on, Miss Taylor stated, we understand, to the chairwoman, that *she would be d—d if she did*.

Mrs. PEACHUM next, adverting to the state of the representation, commented on the injustice and absurdity of *excluding women* from the *Commons House of Parliament*, and from the *rights of election*. She thought the *Commons of England* inadequately represented, and the freedom of election *no freedom at all* as it now was vested. She esteemed the electors of Westminster and Middlesex, for the noble sentiments they expressed; and hoped they would become *universal*. She concluded an impressive address, by proposing the health of Miss Skeggs, the female orator of the British Forum, and the future *electresses* of Westminster.—Song, "A plague of these lasses, they keep such a pother," &c.

Miss SKEGGS made an appropriate answer; felt

 that

that she should always be open to the claims and love of her constituents, *loved liberty* both *in* church and state, and *out* of church and state—(Loud applauses) —was warmly attached to the Forum and Mr. Gale Jones; and should continue to be so, as long as she liked no other person better.

Mrs. CLARKE now begged to propose the health of the worthy chairwoman. She hoped to live to see the day when that lady would be returned to what was indeed *a very bad house*, but in which she was sure to be *distinguished*—(Loud laughter.)—She had been in it *herself*, and since that in a *court of justice*—(Murmurs.)—Mrs. Clarke was proceeding to comment on the *law of evidence* in the case of *Mr. Wardle*,—but strong disapprobation appearing, concluded by expressing a wish to avoid interrupting *the harmony of the meeting*,—and gave "Mrs. Peachum," with three times three.

Mrs. PEACHUM declared her satisfaction at the honour done her, beyond the most sanguine hopes of her early life. Had originally kept a *small linen-draper's shop*; was raised by her connexions with the *late Mr. Peachum*, and the friends who supported him, to the enviable eminence on which she now stood. She gave, on sitting down, the health of Miss Sheelah O'Flaherty, and the civil and religious liberty of Ireland.—Song, "I can't for my life guess the cause of this fuss."

Miss O'FLAHERTY thanked the meeting for their courtesy to a stranger—*(No! no! for your conduct!)* She came from Ireland to *deal in sprats, not in speeches*; thought herself right in calling the watchmen "a set of lousy, blear-eyed, beggarly bastards," and now only repeated what she had told them *to their faces*; had known Mrs. Blackberry many years —first met her over her *Geneva*; and, drunk or sober, a better-hearted, sweet-tempered *crater* did not exist. She

She had been called a Jacobin, and a *Tom-Painer*; so had Mrs. Peachum and Sir Francis,—Father Macshane and Buonaparte, and her virtuous countrymen, Mr. Grattan *(long life to him)* and Mr. Curran, to whom she wished also *long life* and the vigour of the *season*. On the 14th May, religious liberty would be established in Ireland, and she would send over for absolution, and an indulgence or two for her friends. Whenever she received a cargo, they would be at the *service of the meeting*. She hoped to see the day, when *liberty* would be established here, as well as it had been in *the county of Tipperary*.—(Continued bursts of applause.)

We have not room for all that passed on this occasion. Besides the healths we have enumerated, many others were drank: the absent friends of liberty, Mr. Sheriff Wood, Mr. Clifford, Mr. Goodbehere, General Matthew, Mr. Cobbett, and Mr. Wardle, were in the flowing cups freshly remembered. The utmost good-humour prevailed; and the ladies were carried home at half past two o'clock, fully satisfied with the festivity and unanimity of the day, and the polite and impartial conduct of the worthy chairwoman.

DIALOGUES IN ELYSIUM.
No. III.

[From the Morning Post, May 5.]

YOUTH—*(in continuation.)*

SIR F——— B———.

NOR he alone, against his country's happiness and peace
Hath basely striven. Rome in her maternal bosom bears
A viperous nest of secret enemies.
The race of Catiline is not extinct!
One yet survives, and hath his chosen band,
His Marcius, Cethegus, and rash Lentullus—

Yet start not, noble shade—we have a Cicero,
A Cato still—and Rome is safe.
  This man is less ambitious, than he 's mad;
Nature intended him for different ends,
The tranquil medium of domestic life,
Of soft humanity, and harmless joys.
So was he form'd—but woe the hour for him,
His star in th' heav'ns, in its destin'd course
Encounter'd one, whose influence malign
Redden'd its lustre with the hue of blood,
And ting'd with horror all his future days.
  Soon was the fatal contact in the skies
Reveal'd, by evolutions on the earth,
Strange changes in men's minds——
He who of late was gentle as a lamb,
Outrageous grew, and as a tiger fierce!
He who was unambitious but of peace,
Thirsted for pow'r—nor at the thought recoil'd
Of blood—for blood he knew must mark
His footsteps wild, and human bodies pave
The fearful way up the dread height where sat
The phantom pow'r, and mock'd him with vain hope
Of future greatness!
  Virtue 's omnipotent—and virtuous energy
Can triumph o'er the malice of our stars.
But he of whom I speak was not a hero
Of a mighty soul. He knew not to oppose
A noble firmness; from foul delusion
To pluck off the mask, and gaze
Upon its hideousness unmov'd!
Easily seduc'd, he rush'd along the steep
Of mad ambition, and like a fierce volcanic
Torrent, spread destruction in his course!
Yet vain—for still he is not risen——
And now, too late, he in his soul repents
That e'er he stepp'd into the dang'rous path.
  Fain he 'd retreat, but that he knows not how
To burst those fetters which himself hath forg'd,
Or 'scape the web he 's wove, in which he now
Is deep involv'd, as in a labyrinth.
He hath rais'd the cry, and made himself a mark:
The assembled frenzied demagogues of Rome

Watch

Watch all his movements with a jealous eye;
Having leagued and bound himself to such a band,
And promis'd to redress their fancied wrongs,
He dare not stir, or look, but as they list.
He sees the gulf of ruin at his feet,
And knows he hovers on its dreadful verge!
To this estate hath his own rashness brought him;
And such must ever be the fate of those
Who from their proper dignity descend,
And equals make of the vile rabble rout.
Who follow'd, now surround him. Should he attempt
Impossible retreat, disgrace and ignominy
Must be his—the scorn of wretches
He both fears and hates, yet for whose favour,
In evil hour, he hath exchang'd true glory.
Despairing now, and hopeless of escape,
He 's frantic grown—One day he calls on Rome,
Bids her sons fight for victory! the next,
In alter'd tone, declares her lost, nor *worth*
The pains of contest. The third he says,
Our *laws* must be preserv'd, nor shall be broken
With impunity—the fourth, affirms the *laws*
Are void of pow'r, and backs his words by braving them to scorn.
He swears the wealth of Rome is idly spent,
Swears that the blood of Rome is idly spilt;
Yet would let rapine loose, to seize the one,
And deluge, with the other, all the land!

R. M.

FRANKNESS AND FREEDOM.

AN IMPROMPTU.

[From the same, May 8.]

THAT frankness is freedom, some folks will aver;
And they may be right, perhaps, in some degree;
But this I 'll maintain, and I think I don't err,
If frankness be freedom—yet, FRANK *is not free.*

DIVERSIONS OF THE TOWER.

SEQUEL OF THE DIVERSIONS OF PURLEY.

[From the same, May 9.]

SIR F. BURDETT AND MR. ROGER O'CONNOR.

SIR F.—What 's the voice of the people?

Rog. O'C.—The shout of a mob,
A Westminster Meeting, a Tavern hob-nob.
—You 're grave, my dear soul.

Sir F.—I confess it is true.
Horne Tooke cannot come—he has left me to you;
I 've little to say, and I 've nothing to do.

Rog. O'C.—Oh Chr—t! had you ever a *friend* in your life
So desirous to *please* you?—not even your wife;
And now that you 're come to the height of your glory,
And your own City-cronies are telling your story,
How your house-door was broke, and your own little lad
Translates Magna Charta as well as his dad:
Knows *Magna* is *great*, and that *Charta*'s a *paper*,
Which they none of them know, from the Mayor to the Draper.

Sir F. (thoughtfully.)—When Hampden and Sidney——

Rog. O'C.—Pho! pho! we 're *alone*;
You forget, my good friend, Mr. Waithman is gone.
Though Hampden and Sidney were both men of honour,
You knew more of Despard, and Arthur O'Connor:
This nonsense was cramm'd in your head by Horne Tooke
When first you began to repeat without book.
What 's Sidney to us? - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
But if you have no inclination to swing,
Go on with your system—we 'll bellow and bawl,
Till we bring Palace-yard into Westminster-hall.

Sir F. B.—You 've brought *me* to the Tower, and your friends were so hot,
They are all of them frighten'd, and some of them shot.
Though the mob are content to be led by a crew
Like Clifford, and Cobbett, and Wardle, and you;

Men

Men ne'er to be heard of, unless in a storm,
Who live by their wits, and then bawl for Reform:
I, who've nothing to get, and have something to fear,
May well be uneasy to find myself here.

Rog. O'C.—Do you flinch from the cause, then?—See Whitbread's disgrace,
When his own sulky Whigs shut the door in his face;
He sneaks to the City, and shuffles about,
Till he finds, though too late, that his credit is out.
Like him you may shortly deplore, to your cost,
Your dear popularity ruin'd and lost.

Sir F.—From Yorkshire to Hampshire, from Cornwall to Kent,
Scarce a single Address or Petition is sent;
No Cartwright cajoles the dull towns of the North,
No western Gale Jones brings his myrmidons forth;
Can Westminster meetings and Hackney harangues,
Or Livery dinners, assuage all the pangs
That yearn in a bosom ambitious to rule?
While we raise a mob, and are playing the fool,
The people of England—

Rog. O'C.—No, d——n 'em, it's true,
They never yet *have* been the people for you;
Half the trouble in Ireland we here take in vain,
Would have seated poor Arthur, and canoniz'd Paine:
But this cursed John Bull from your purposes swerves,
He *eats* every day—though you tell him he *starves*;
Sticks fast to his country, and thrashes the *Frinch*—
It's a pity we are not at Ballynahinch.
However, be *aisy*; when Parliament's over,
And you and your *frinds* are all living in clover,
You shall ride through the town in a *Car of True Blue*,
We'll break Anstruther's windows in honour of you;
For officers' heads we will set up a shop,
Little Paddy again at the Ensigns shall pop.
Those cursed Life Guards shall be lull'd (if they're willing),
My hackney-coach waits—can't you lend me a shilling?
[*Receives the shilling, and exit.*]

sticks, to take our lives, will now have an instrument suited to their wishes, and feel no scruple in turning us over to the cruelty of hard labour or solitary confinement. The hope of impunity, which was our best support, will be nearly lost to us; which we humbly conceive to be a very heavy aggression and injustice.

That the great and growing numbers of our body, and the extent of our dealings, are universally known and admitted; upon both of which grounds we claim the favourable regard of your Honourable House.

Heretofore, we have considered ourselves as the true and rightful owners, in a part at least, of the property of almost every opulent shop in the City, and every well-furnished house at the West end of the Town; though no mention were made of us in the declared firm and partnership of the one, nor our names inscribed on brass plates upon the doors of the other. Whereas the present Bill goes about to disseize us of our said right and property, and to set the law against us.

That although at present we are here detained and restrained from the practice of our functions, and have still to *pass* at the Old Bailey, yet we confidently look to the time when we shall be restored again to the world, and our business in it; and therefore on our own account, and in the name of our far more numerous brethren, now at large, and successfully employed in their accustomed enterprises for our common benefit (but who, for certain reasons, decline stepping forward on this occasion), we do most strongly entreat you to continue to us that humanity and indulgence which we have so long enjoyed, under the Acts of 10 and 11 William III. 12 Anne, 24 George II. which we hold to be our charter and birthright.

That the Honourable and Learned Mover of the present measure, whose face we have not been used to see at the Old Bailey, be requested *to let us alone*, and

drop his designs against us; otherwise we may be obliged to disturb him in his own quarters, and file our bill, for something more than a constructive obstruction to our undoubted rights and usages.

THE BRIDAL PROCESSION OF NAP AND LOUISA.

A POETIC TALE.

[From the Morning Herald, May 11.]

ON that day when King Nap hail'd Louisa his bride,
With the Loves and the Graces array'd by her side,
As they pass'd on tow'rds Paris, from far-fam'd St. Cloud,
The sky, turning sulky, haul'd in her true blue,
A signal your weather-wiseacres well know,
For a good hearty sousing on mortals below.
"Sire," cried old Fouche the spy-monger — "those fellows,
Call'd g[illegible] of your Majesty's *rib* become jealous,
Have s[illegible] [illegible]ents leagued in their train,
Rebel-like, to [illegible] with small shot of rain,
And will mar our [illegible]e, unless, Sire, you show 'em,
How soon in your m[illegible]ghtiness you can o'erthrow 'em."
"*Le Diable!*" cried Nap,—"let them rain if they dare;"
And indignant'y threw his hat high in the air:
The clouds, taking fright, roll'd in darkness away,
And with flag of truce Sol ushers back the bright day;
He saluted the Bride, smiling warmly upon her,
And like on each newly dub'd maiden of *honour;*
For, not being nice, this gallant *Colonel* Sol
Tips the ogle alike upon *Daphne* or *Doll.*
But the gentle Louisa was struck with surprise,
That her Lord should command both the earth and the skies:
She had read that God Jupiter often came down
As a Bull,—as a Goose—as a Cloud—or a Clown;
That once as a shower of gold through strong bars;
And again as a Hero renown'd from the wars.
As she ponder'd all these in her innocent mind,
To suppose Nap a God she was vastly inclin'd;

Till

Till, of Mercury thinking, she secretly grieves,
Lest her Lord should turn out but—the God *of all Thieves*.
Crowns, sceptres, and kingdoms, she very well knew,
Were purloin'd, and bestow'd on his ravenous crew;
Nay, her own father's diadem, seiz'd in a minute,
Was robb'd of each bright, princely gem that was in it.
She tried hard with smiles to bedeck her fair face,
But her heart could not yield them the sunshine of peace;
She mourn'd for the fate of her aunts and her cousins,
Whom the mob that huzza'd her, had butcher'd by dozens!
As she mus'd on those deeds, which no love could control,
A sigh spoke the anguish that weigh'd on her soul,
And her looks seem'd to ask of her murd'rous beholders,
How long she might keep her own head on her shoulders!

M. B. D.

DIALOGUES IN ELYSIUM.

No. IV.

[From the Morning Post, May 11.]

GHOST OF THE PATRIOT.

BUT ere thou tellest me of others, say
Whose was that fatal star, that, like a comet,
Scatt'ring destruction from its blazing hair,
Athwart the dark horizon fiercely rush'd?
Whose was that star, that in its rapid flight
By strong concussion chang'd the course of others?

YOUTH.

'T was his, who for a time on earth appear'd,
Himself a meteor—an *ignis fatuus*,
A delusive flame, that dazzled and betray'd:
Like to the misleading glow-worm's light,
Which fades, and is no more at dawn of day;
So his false lustre vanish'd and was lost
When the broad sun of truth upon it shone.
All those who follow'd 't was his joy to lead
Through dark and thorny paths, then leave them on the brink
Of some abyss, unconscious of their danger.
First in grave sacerdotal garb array'd,
He call'd himself the Holy Priest of God,

But soon the cloven foot beneath reveal'd,
Betray'd him for a minister of hell.
Awhile he flatter'd royalty, and hop'd
His steaming incense reaching to the throne
Would bring down honours thick upon his head!
Yet when he found that kingly dignity
Unmov'd by empty homage still remain'd—
That neither wealth into his pocket flow'd,
Nor place nor pow'r waited on his nod,
Enrag'd he chang'd his tone, resolv'd to try
If foul abuse might more successful prove.
Long years of falsehood having gain'd him nought,
From Parasite to Traitor fierce he turn'd;
Stirr'd up sedition—at rebellion aim'd,
And vainly hop'd amid the general crash
To profit by the mischief he had caus'd.
Life without fortune was not worth the care;
Nothing possessing, he had nought to lose,
And boldly death or ignominy brav'd.
Ill-fated wretch!—his doom was to be poor—
Nor craft, nor baseness, could avail him aught.
Poor as he is, he, like the circling moon,
Shines with a borrow'd light. His subtle arts
Have round him gather'd dupes
Whose ready purse-strings open at his call.
He spares them not, avails himself of all,
Yet laughs in secret to behold how fools
Their solid gold for empty sounds exchange.
This cunning priest our second Catiline
Early seduc'd, and made him what he is.
Rash was the youth, nor once hung back with fear,
But boldly follow'd as his pilot led.
He took him for his Mentor, and believ'd
A second Goddess spoke beneath his shape.
Well plea's'd, the wily sage sustain'd the cheat,
And promis'd, if his counsels were observ'd,
That he would point him out the path to pow'r.
He talk'd of Liberty, and loudly swore,
That Romans all were slaves!
"If you," said he, "would *sov'reign* sway obtain,
You first must be the *idol of the mob*,
To gain their heart.—(for they 're a stubborn race;)

Imbi

Imbue their senseless minds with discontent,
Declare them basely injur'd, wrong'd, oppress'd,
And groaning 'neath the yoke of tyranny;
Swear, that they 're cheated, starv'd, deceiv'd, and robb'd;
Swear, that they labour for the idle great,
And are defrauded of their lawful dues;
That dropping sweat moistens their stinted food,
And stones are given them instead of bread!
At first they 'll call you Traitor, or suppose
That madness prompts your words—
Be not dismay'd, repeat them o'er and o'er:
Converts you 'll surely find; the mob believe
Not what they *feel*, or *know*, but what they *hear*;
Like owls i' the sun, against the light of reason
Shut their eyes, and soon with one accord
You 'll hear them shout—'What you so often tell them
'Must be true.'—This is enough.—When once persuaded
That they but possess the *name* of freedom,
And are really slaves, they 'll choose you
For their leader, and declare—(delightful sound!)—
That *you shall be their King!*
Raise but a clamour—and the work is done.
Clamour creates confusion in the State;
Of this your 'vantage make—and *seize the helm*.
"Be you but bold, pursue as I direct,
While I *invisible* will still remain
Lending my secret aid: should you the glorious height
At length attain, I shall expect in the *success*
To share;—but should you fall—fall singly;
My country's good requires that I should live,
And she can better spare the branch, than root:
I am the stubborn tree, by storms unmov'd,
Which the bold sons of freedom rally round.
Many a Roman might *your* place supply,
But where could Romans meet *my* like again?
Then yours shall be the glory and the toil,
I ask no share in aught—*except the spoil*." R. M.

CHALK

the reasoning of the case is comprised in "D——n Perceval,"—"D——n Windham,"—"D—nation to the Whigs," and such-like, I cannot help thinking, that the wall of a *lunatic* hospital is chosen for their publication with the utmost propriety; and that *within*, as well as without Bedlam, they may meet with persons of congenial feelings.

I have, however, a better opinion of the people of this metropolis, than to suppose that they agree in their approbation of this species of literary talent. I should also be obliged to draw inferences, not much in favour of their consistency and good sense. I should be obliged to conclude, that the objects which engaged their attention were of a very heterogeneous kind; but I am inclined to think that the addresses on our walls are intended for a class who have fewer means of reading *within* doors than *without*, and who pick up their *learning*, as well as their *livelihood*, in the streets. The sentiments of this class may be at all times collected, by perusing the inscriptions which fill up the vacancies of our walls.—Sometimes they are deeply interested in decyphering *Quox*, and sometimes in making sense of BCY. Sometimes the grievances which weigh them down are to be found in a *Manager's prices*, and sometimes in a *Speaker's warrant*. Sometimes they seem in despair because Sir Francis Burdett is in the Tower, and Gale Jones in Newgate; and anon you find them telling you in what gardens you may get strawberries and cream, or the best liquid blacking for your boots! Nor are their sentiments of liberty, and their veneration for the constitution, always to be found in the best company. The Bill of Rights has been elbowed by the bill of a Quack, and the articles of Magna Charta confounded with encomiums on pills and salves.

But these are inconveniencies perhaps inseparable from the trade of enlightening the public by a *chalk-*

score

score. The walls, especially if of any extent, are held to be common property, and are seldom inclosed but by a certain number of narrow-minded souls who will not receive instruction on their shutters and out-houses, but, in defiance of the liberty of the *chalk-pit*, write up, "Persons committing nuisances here will be prosecuted!"

As this method of writing is likely to be pursued, wherever a wall can be found, it becomes the managers of street-politics to place their authors under some kind of discipline, and dole out their sentiments in such proportions that we may not have reason for the complaint of "too much of a good thing." I should not utter so unpopular a sentiment as to wish that swearing and cursing were prohibited; but there can be no harm in so regulating them that they may not interfere with other important matters.—Thus, I would not have "Damnation to the Papists," on the same wall with "No Popery," because, although it might be very desirable to have no Popery, yet Protestants should be distinguished by something better than the language of Billingsgate.

I am, Sir, yours,

A STREET WALKER.

IMPROMPTU,

UPON READING THAT SIR FRANCIS BURDETT CRIED WHEN HE SURVEYED THE CITIZENS WHO ATTENDED MR. SHERIFF WOOD WITH A LATE ADDRESS.

[From the Morning Post, May 15.]

CAN this be true? Why, times are strangely alter'd;
"The dauntless Hero wept, his tongue too falter'd."
Were these the tears of sympathy? Oh no!
From a far different source his sorrows flow;
Not London's pride, but men of meanest race,
Should come to greet—he wept at this disgrace. P. Q.

DIALOGUES IN ELYSIUM.

No. V.

[From the same, May 16.]

YOUTH—*(in continuation.)*

MR. W——.

BUT, oh! illustrious shade! canst thou believe
That in the Senate's walls, Rome should have foes
To Rome?—Canst thou believe that any could be found
Within those hallow'd precincts to espouse
The cause of those who pant for her destruction?
And not espouse alone—but echo back
The frantic yell of the vile rabble rout,
Howling for Reform, and they know not what!
Who talks of independence—yet succumbs
To such a pow'r? Who with a cynic smile
Dare lift his head, and boldly swear
He on no Faction hangs?—'T is false! he hangs
Upon the multitude—the swinish herd,
Than which, a baser Faction cannot be,
More mischievous, more senseless, more deprav'd!
Oh! railing Thersites! knit not thy brows
So harshly,—scowl not around thee
With such fierce disdain—assume less pride,
Or greater dignity; for he should humble be,
Who bows to the supremacy of mob,
Or courts the dubious sunshine of their favour.
Make not thy speeches full of wiles and craft
To *please* the mob, though not to *them* address'd,
Yet call thyself an *independent* man!
Declare thy mind at once—if not too late,
Become *sub*-leader of the *mighty chief*,
Who, like a coy mistress, shuns thy lures.
Perhaps, e'en yet he may thy vows receive——
Only resolve, which side is best to take,
And have not truth for ever on thy *lips*,
With falsehood lurking ever in thine *heart*. R. M.

ALARMING

ALARMING FIRE.

[From the Public Ledger, May 16.]

WE are concerned to inform our readers, that a few weeks ago, a most alarming fire broke out in the *upper story* of certain *empty premises* belonging to Mr. John Bull, which threatened destruction to the neighbouring buildings, and did much damage to the houses of several Members of Parliament. For some time there was, as usual on such occasions, a want of water; and a general panic seems to have seized the persons whose business it is to prevent the spread of such accidents, and who did not appear to know how to ply the engines with skill or dexterity. At length, some expert fellows, of the names of Grenville and Grey, belonging to the *Hand-in-Hand*, assisted by Smith, Ponsonby, and others, of the *Hope*, interfered, and played with such effect, that the flames began to disappear, although the smoke still continues to issue from one or two *Halls* in the neighbourhood. Much of the confusion was owing to the pressure of the mob, who were pursuing a coach, in which they pretended that a Messenger was running away with "all their hearts." There are various causes assigned for this affair. Some attribute it to one or two *sparks* being *confined*; but others conjecture that it was wilful; and it is certain that various persons have been seen lately making up combustibles, and throwing them about in a very careless manner. On this account, the Office where the property was insured, demurs as to settling the matter; and the owners, thinking they can make out a clear case, mean to go to *law*. How this will end we cannot pretend to conjecture.

VIRGIL.

ECLOGUE IST.—TITYRUS AND MELIBŒUS.

[From the Morning Chronicle, May 16.]

MEL.

(a) WHILE safe beneath the Tr——y's ample shade,
My loyal Y—— resumes his gainful trade,
I, wretched man, still pine in long disgrace,
Too *proud* for titles, and too *black* for place.
On thee, thank Heaven, my Honourable Friend,
A milder star and better fates attend—
An Empire's curses thundering round thy head,
To wealth and power that Empire sees thee led!

TIT.

(b) Dream not, good M——e, that my fortune springs
From the pure bounty of the "best of Kings."
No—the blest powers who rule *behind* the ———,
(Shall independent Y—— his friends disown?)
Our *secret* pride—base calumny to damn,
In kind bravado made me what I am.
They mark'd me bow'd beneath the arm of Fate,
An injur'd nation's jest, contempt, and hate—
No cold forebodings of disgust and shame—
No coward qualms divert their pious aim—
No vain attempts—oh! thou couldst tell *how* vain,
By manly lies, to purge my Æthiop stain—
E'en while my sins in fresh luxuriance blow,
This Trident do the heaven-born race bestow!
For this be sure, at Wh——n's nod, shall rise
My *Lethbridge locks* portentous to the skies—
For this old R—e, worn down with dirty work,
Shall hail a partner in unblushing ———.

(a) Tityre tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi,
&c. &c.

(b) O Melibœe, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit;
———illius aram
Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.

ME

MEL.

(c) "I envy not your fortune, but admire"—
Ye Gods—just smarting from plebeian ire,
While loathing millions seem'd to bar his way,
The loyal man has climb'd to *double pay!*
Unlike my fate—Alas! I scarce retain
The small cheese-parings of my former reign;
Mock'd by the Junto, by the Whigs abhorr'd,
Scarce keep my S—n—rs at his *useful* B——d;
(d) And still the screech-owl conscience bids me cry—
"Steele, Villiers, Hunt, are *blown*—and so am I!"—
But truce to sorrows—speed thy pleasing tale—
May ——— and peculation yet prevail!

TIT.

Fool that I was—the Junto yet untried,
I rang'd me, heedless, on the Talents' side;
Nor smile, my friend, if, men but little known,
I deem'd all conscience venal as my own;
Th' untutor'd booby ever prone we find
To measure by himself all human kind—
(e) Thus, pride of tongue-tied clodpoles, L—thb—e me
With vestry tropes the thunders of Burdett.

MEL.

But say, what jobs to port my *Teller* steer'd?

TIT.

The Duke half-whitewash'd, and the g——y clear'd.
Nor did my dream of affluent sloth begin
"Till the black hairs were chang'd upon my chin"—
At length releas'd from Honour's shadowy charms,
(f) I fled all-eager to the Junto's arms;

(c) Non equidem invideo, miror magis—undique totis
Usque adeo turbatur agris—en ipse capellas
Protenus æger ago; hanc etiam vix Tityre duco.
(d) Sæpe sinistra cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix.
(e) Sic canibus catulos similes, sic matribus hædos,
Noràm—sic parvis componere magna solebam.
(f) Respexit tamen—et longo post tempore venit.
Postquam nos Amaryllis habet, Galatea reliquit.
Namque fatebor enim dum nos Galatea tenebat
Nec spes libertatis erat, nec cura peculi.

For,

For, while the Talents' slave—be truth confest—
No hope of pillage flush'd this longing breast.

MEL.

(g) Thrice happy man!—though to the H—se restor'd,
The venal lacquey of some venal L—d,
Yet, spite of growing debt, or waning trade,
Or famish'd poor, thy Sinecure is paid:
For thee shall Rapine, borne on harpy wing,
The last sad mite from bankrupt labour wring.

TIT.

Sooner shall L—thb—e witty be, and brave—
Sooner Burdett a coward and a slave,
Than I, where'er the Junto point the road,
Shall quit the bidden path for Man or God.

MEL.

From Jobs and Cabinets for ever torn,
Why near the court should hopeless M—— mourn?
Why pore on future honours, future gain,
And sigh for bliss he never can attain?
Better (like Jeffery, on Sombrero cast,
And left to fatten on the Western blast,)
To some bleak Orkney island be confin'd,
Where never mortal, save on air, has din'd.
But, O my country! by the woes opprest,
A keener anguish gnaws my filial breast—
And can it be?—Shall seats no more be sold?—
No more shall honour be exchang'd for gold?—
(h) Shall impious hands profane the holy shrine—
The dear RED BOOK—compil'd by hands divine?
Ye *Saints*—ye *Jobbers* all—ye *Courtiers*, see—
For *this* your feuds—for *this* ye disagree!
Be wise—to Spencer fly—avert the storm—
Or all your hopes are buried in REFORM.

(g) Fortunate senex—ergo tua rura manebunt,
Et tibi magna satis quamvis lapis omnia nudus,
&c. &c.

(h) Barbaras hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit?
Barbarus has segetes? En quò discordia cives
Perduxit miseros! En queis consevimus agros.

While

While I—no cheering scheme of profit left—
Of every *balance*—every *trust* bereft—
To Scotia's mountains wind my gloomy way,
Where petty Lairds shall hail their Chieftain's sway—
Their awkward *boos* may serve my pride to swell—
Unfeeling, thankless England—fare thee well!

TIT.

This night at least cease further to repine—
A chest of smuggled Burgundy is mine;
Then quaff at large, till genial slumber spread
Sweet dreams of greatness o'er thy peaceful head.
'T is time to dine—for see, from Rose and Co.
To vote at either H—se, our well train'd legions go.

DOUGLAS AND BURDETT,

[A CONTRAST.]

FROM THE FIFTH CANTO OF THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

[From the Morning Post, May 19.]

Douglas being arrested at Stirling, by order of King James, the Mob interfered, and threatened serious tumult.

WITH grief the noble Douglas saw
The rabble rise against the law,
And to the leading soldier said,
Sir John, of Hynford, 't was my blade
That Knighthood on thy shoulder laid;
For that good deed, permit me then,
A word with these misguided men.—
" Hear, gentle friends! ere yet, for me,
Ye break the bands of fealty.
My life, my honour, and my cause,
I tender free to Scotland's laws:
Are these so weak as must require
The aid of your misguided ire?
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,
My sense of public weal so low,
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
Those chords of love I should unbind
Which knit my country and my kind?—

Oh,

Oh, no, believe, in yonder tow'r
It will not soothe my captive hour
To know those spears our foes should dread,
For me in kindred gore are red;
To know, in fruitless brawl begun,
For me, that mother wails her son,
For me, that widow's mate expires,
For me, that orphans weep their sires,
That patriots mourn insulted laws,
And curse thee, Douglas, for the cause:
'Oh let your patience ward such ill,
And keep your right to love me still!"

RECIPE TO MAKE A MODERN PATRIOT.

[From the same.]

TAKE of impudence, virulence, and abuse, *quant. suff.*; of flowing periods, half a ream; of conscience, a quarter of a scruple; atheism and libertinism, *ad lib.*; of false reports, well-timed lies, and groundless alarms, one hundred pounds weight; of honour and integrity, *not quite an atom!* of fraud, imposition, and hypocrisy, any quantity necessary. Mix these ingredients well together, infuse them properly into the ears of the people, having first let them boil well over the frenzy of the times, and in nine months they will produce a W—— or B——.

POPULARITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER AND DAILY ADVERTISER.

[May 19.]

SIR,

SOME allusions having been made in your paper to the case of the celebrated John Wilkes, I, who am old enough to remember the whole of his adventures, beg leave to say, what I have often said and thought before, that we never shall see an instance of popularity,

larity, like that of Wilkes. There are degrees of comparison, it is true, between him and some of the gentlemen who now wish to tread in his steps; but Wilkes had advantages which they cannot hope to attain.

Wilkes was, in his manners and education, a gentleman and a scholar; in his character he found no obstructions to his ambition, from the feelings of decency, morality, or religion; and in this last, some of his imitators may come pretty near the original. In political abuse and calumny he was the first man of his time; and his invention, in a tale of scandal, was abundantly lively. In these respects, too, I will do his present imitators the justice to say, that they are by no means deficient. Wilkes, again, had to do with a weak and wavering Ministry, and this may be the case now; but Wilkes *knew to an inch* how far to go, and he went no further. In this, I humbly think, the comparison fails. Wilkes was not without his *mobs*, but he *laid no traps* for them; and when released from the King's Bench, he did not come away mounted upon a car, with a procession preceding him, but in the most private manner made his escape, if I may use the phrase, and retired for some time into the country.

Among the advantages which Wilkes had, and which his present imitators have not, one was *priority*. He was the *first* who dared to libel his King, under the flimsy pretext of opposing his Ministers. No such language as his had ever been used with impunity; and, vexed to think that he could not be distinguished by the honours of a prosecution, he went on until he obtained that desirable object, which was the formation of his future fortunes. Now, Sir, it is true that another may do all this, and likewise get into a scrape, but reflecting men will always consider him as an *imitator*; and, with the history of Wilkes in their memory, will pause before they bestow that ad-

miration on his patriotism into which they were betrayed in the case of Wilkes.

Wilkes had another advantage, *accidental*, perhaps, but undoubtedly of great importance to him. In the manufacture of popularity, a good deal of art is to be employed; and no engine is, perhaps, more powerful with a certain class than those *Chalk-writings*, which your Correspondent "A Street Walker" descanted upon lately. The phrase of "Wilkes and Liberty" would have done something, and had as much meaning as "Burdett and Liberty;" but he had a superior inscription, that of No. 45, to which his popularity was more indebted than to any other circumstance. I need tell few of your readers that 45 was the number of the North Briton in which he attacked his Majesty; and to chalk that, was at once to join in the sentiments of that paper. How safe was all this! for who could be injured for repeating 45 more than any other sum?

But this was not all—45 was a mine of wealth to Wilkes. All his presents, of which he had abundance, were contrived to come up to this number. At one time he had 45 hogsheads of tobacco sent him from Virginia. At home, he had, at various times, 45 dozen of wine, 45 pounds of candles (he was a great friend to illuminations), and a piece of beef, weighing 45 pounds. To keep up the humbug, we frequently were told of 45 gentlemen dining together to celebrate his birth-day, and drinking 45 toasts.—The number of ladies at a ball were exactly 45.—Three incidents in his life, somewhat remarkable, happened each on the 15th day of the month, which made just 45! I might fill your paper with instances in which this number was ingeniously tortured in favour of Wilkes, and kept up his name, and actions, in a manner hardly credible in our cooler and more rational days; for such I consider them, notwithstanding the efforts that are

making to give us a *second* Wilkes; efforts which I doubt not will end precisely like the first—except that a lucrative City-office, and a seat for the County of Middlesex, may not be the conclusion of the business.

I am, Sir, yours, SENEX.

DIALOGUES IN ELYSIUM.

No. VI.

[From the Morning Post, May 21.]

YOUTH—(*in continuation.*)

C———.

BUT let me not forget the Censor rude
Who feigns to hold himself above them all;
He is the vilest of the factious crew,
And can a character put off and on,
As easily as a garment.
One while, "*a fiery bigot*" in the cause
Of *kingly* dignity and *kingly* pow'r,
He fulminates destruction against all
Who rashly dare a different code profess,
And calls them heretics to loyal faith.
The next—O strange reverse!—hear him but swear
"*The vilest ass that ever thistle brows'd*"
Is better than a *loyal* fanatic;
And, alter'd quite from what he first appear'd,
Now belches forth his foul anathemas
Against the State he lately feign'd to love.
This man, in petty solitude immur'd,
Believes himself the Tully of the age;
But ever on the wing for new device
To catch th' approving grin of fools and knaves,
He sometimes chooses rather to affect
The surly language of Diogenes.
Yet ill the Stoic's garb the wight assumes,
Who, while he speaks of riches with disdain,
Not e'en a *sentence* will for *nothing* give.
He feigns to glory in his lowly birth,
While in this humbleness there is more pride
Than in the vanity of other men!

He thinks, that, having driven *a herd of swine*,
He must be skill'd to drive—*the swinish herd!*
In common with the wild designing throng,
He hath the treach'rous watchword "Liberty."
Of brib'ry and corruption, too, he raves;
But those who know this changeful Proteus best,
Declare, that (like the three-mouth'd dog of hell,)
A honied sop might e'en for him be found;
A honied sop, to make him cringe and fawn,
As Cerberus by strong Alcides tam'd!
Unluckily for him, he may bark on—
E'en till he's weary, may he bark and rail;
His fiercest howls are now familiar grown,
Or seem but idle raving:
Nay, should he burst his adamantine lungs,
Attention to his noise he would not gain.
And many more, illustrious Shade, there are,
Unworthy to be nam'd—unworthy of the name
Of Romans.—These join the cry, to idly vex the State
By bawling "Freedom," though for some restraint
Their cry should rather be—for wholesome chains
To curb licentious tongues—and fetters
For abandon'd lawless rage.
Meantime we fear them not; the mists of error
Rapidly recede, and truth is dawning
Upon all men's minds.—Into the oblivious pool
Of deep contempt these mad reformists now
Are sinking fast, and Rome a purer healthier atmosphere,
Untainted by their poison, shall inhale.
"Oh! my lov'd country!" the Ghost exclaim'd,
"And dost thou groan beneath such ills as these?
Quick let me hasten from these blissful shades!
My eager spirit bursts the chains of death!
My disembodied soul, new-cas'd in flesh,
Must visit Rome again—
Soon shall the vigour of my vengeful arm
Disperse the factious host—their plots, their treasons,
Their conspiracies, I 'll scatter like the dust!
Nerv'd with gigantic force, I seem to feel
That I unmov'd could singly breast the storm,
And drive it howling from the shores of Rome!

The flame of Patriotism, e'en the grave
Makes not extinct—my Country calls—and brighter it becomes,
And animates my spirit into life!"
He said.—Before the youth's astonish'd gaze
A towering form majestically stood:
The fate of nations sat upon his brow,
And from his eyes darted the brilliant fire
Of Energy, by chasten'd Wisdom join'd.
"It is himself!" the awe-struck youth exclaim'd:
Seiz'd with delight too great, he eager rush'd
To strain the Patriot in his ardent arms.
Alas!—the charm dissolv'd:
Starting, he woke—and found a dream alone
Had borne him to Elysium's shadowy groves.

R. M.

ODE

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE LATE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT, HELD ON MONDAY THE 28TH MAY, 1810, AT THE LONDON TAVERN.

[From the same, May 29.]

IF free from every foreign thrall,
If happy, prosperous, blest with all
That Freedom's son can claim;
Then, ever on this honour'd day,
Let Britain heartfelt homage pay
To Pitt's illustrious name.

But say, what trophy shall we raise
To speak our matchless Patriot's praise,
And mark our grateful zeal?
His dying words shall best declare;
Remember, then, his dying prayer,
And guard his country's weal.

If, by his great example taught,
Unstain'd by one disloyal thought,
One base and selfish view;
With generous ardour like his own,
We rally round our Sovereign's throne,
To King and Country true;

Though Tyrants mark us for their prey,
Though Factions flatter to betray,
'Midst Europe's general gloom:
His lofty spirit, still alive,
In Britain's glory shall survive,
And triumph from the tomb.

ANOTHER.

[From the same, May 30.]

THOUGH Faction with her hideous band
Attempts to shake this happy land,
And act the scenes of Gaul;
The friends of Britain still we find,
This day, in solemn league combin'd
With her to stand or fall.

Yes;—still in Britain shall be found,
To hail that epoch's annual round
When Heav'n sent Pitt on earth,
In union firm, a Patriot host
With grateful fervour proud to boast
Their homage to his worth.

His King, his Country he rever'd,
In him no other cares appear'd,
Warm for the general weal.
His wisdom turn'd aside the blow
That laid surrounding nations low,
A Tyrant's yoke to feel.

And, hence, in vain shall Faction's hate
Strive to convulse this happy State,
Where Freedom makes her stand;
The shade of Pitt shall still oppose
Her foreign and domestic foes,
Still guardian of the land.

ON this occasion we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of laying before our readers the following tribute to the memory of the illustrious Pitt, which, we

we understand, is the production of Mr. Belfour, the translator of the *Musica of Yriarte*:—

"Among the many illustrious characters in every age and country which have been held up to the admiration of posterity, by the genius of the Poet, or the discernment of the Historian, the name of that great Statesman, the Right Honourable William Pitt will ever maintain a distinguished place. With the grandeur and prosperity of Britain, the mind, by an involuntary impulse, associates the talents of this extraordinary man; and in contemplating its splendour and its pre-eminence over other States, reflects with a degree of veneration, bordering on enthusiasm, on the vigour, integrity, and consummate abilities of the Minister to whom England is indebted for its present glory.

"To endowments of the most elevated kind, and eloquence the most impressive, he united great intrepidity and unsullied probity of character. His speeches breathe sentiments of the purest patriotism; and all his views, his measures, and desires, were devoted to one grand and important object—to uphold the dignity, extend the power, and enlarge the commerce of this, his native isle.

"In defending his country from the incursions of anarchy, and protecting its rights from being corrupted or destroyed, if, as pretended, he intrenched on the liberties of the subject, and added to the burdens of the realm, let it be recollected that he lived in times of uncommon difficulty, which demanded all the faculties of his great and enterprising mind, all the resources of his superior and vigorous intellect, to stem the torrent of principles which had hastened the downfall of neighbouring governments, and threatened to bury, in one common ruin, every thing which, as Britons, we had been taught to esteem. To his foresight, his vigilance, and his energy, we owe, perhaps, our very

existence as an independent state. With a promptitude, a vigour which can never be too highly extolled, he crushed the seeds of revolt and disaffection—restrained the baneful effects of a contagious frenzy—frustrated the machinations of internal enemies, and repelled the ambition of an avowed and gigantic foe. But for the timely and spirited exertion of his prodigious powers, our laws had been subverted—our domestic comforts invaded—our property absorbed—liberty had degenerated into licentiousness, subordination into disorder—truth had been exchanged for scepticism, and religion for infidelity.

"With the exception of a few tranquil years, at the commencement of his brilliant career, when he established a system of Finance which is the theme of general eulogium, and brought the nation to a pitch of grandeur almost unparalleled, his administration was one continued scene of warfare, replete with great events and unprecedented occurrences. At the important crisis when, from the melancholy illness of the Sovereign, all appeared to anticipate a Regency, his character shone with peculiar splendour. Then, solely actuated by his inviolable attachment to his King and Country, he resisted the efforts of a party vehemently struggling for power, and preserved the Empire from tumult and confusion. The revolution of France, so fatal in its consequences to the interests and happiness of Europe, generated a thousand evils, and gave birth to a series of calamities, which nothing but his matchless talents could have prevented from undermining the Constitution, and feeding on the vitals of the kingdom. Still in every arduous trial, in every impending gloom, such was the confidence of all ranks and descriptions of persons in his fidelity to his Sovereign—in his zeal for the public welfare—and in the ascendancy of his genius—that they felt a conscious security against projects, however vast or stupendous, which

which menaced destruction to every well-organized and civilized state. But to delineate his various excellencies would require a volume. Suffice it then to say, that, having devoted the labours of an active life to the service of Great Britain; to reflect a lustre upon his character beyond the power of language to express, and to engrave his memory in the bosom of every Briton, he expired with this ejaculation of solicitude for her future glory, quivering on his lips:—

"OH! MY COUNTRY!"

UTOPIA; OR, THE RIVAL PATRIOTS.

[From the same, May 31.]

THE Divan assembled—the rabble all met
To decide who the Crown and the Sceptre should get;
Sir Francis, O'Connor, the Draper, or *Letter-man* *,
Whichever should seem to the people the better man.
Sir Francis got up; but when Cobbett arose,
He quickly sat down again, knitting his brows.
"Why, gemmen," says Cobbett, "I wishes to speak—
I'm a man as don't know neither Latin nor Greek—
I'm a man of few words—few speeches I've made,
For I think all the better—*the less as is said.*
If you choose me for King, (should you be such d—d fools;) [*Aside.*
I shall study my best—(to convince you I rules.)" [*Aside.*
So saying, he sat down; Sir Francis again
Made an effort to speak, but the effort was vain;
For Connor jump'd up, crying "Softly, my honey;
You know I spake first, that have got the laiste money;
A crown 's nothing to you—of my hopes it 's the sum,
So I put in my claim, for the kingdom of Hum.
I think for a King you 're too churlish and sour,
You let little evils your courage o'erpow'r:
Remember how grumpish you was in the Tow'r.
By Jasus, no answer to all I could say,
But, Oh! woe is me! and, Ah lack-a-day!

---

* Wardle.

My dear frind, I must own that I 've felt very queer,
I 've dreaded a *quinsey* e'er since I 've been here.
Oh! every one might fight his own battles for me,
Were I but once safe in Piccadilly.
Now, *I* say I don't want to live quite at my *aise*,
I 'd fight the first man that would dare to say '*paise*.'
So I think if you choose me you never can mend,
Who to Arthur is brother, of Despard was friend."
Next Wardle rose up, and declar'd on his honour
He thought himself far before Roger O'Connor.
" For, gemmen," says he—" it 's all nonsense and folly,
'T was *I* did the business by *bribing of Molly*.
O'Connor, I hope, you will yield to your betters,
For every one knows I have read the *Belles Lettres*."
" Yes, that I can vouch for," cried Mary Ann Clarke;
" You pilfer'd my letters, one night in the dark;
But Gwyllim, you varlet—I hope that you mean,
If you are made King, to make me a Queen."
Now Sir Francis arose, in his *Roman costume*;
His eyes sent forth fire—his nostrils sent fume;
He fiercely look'd round—the Divan was mum,
And all the bright orators looking most glum:
Sir Francis began—stuck his hand in his fob,
Thrice hemm'd, then address'd thus those ingrates the mob—
" Could I ever have thought it a question would be,
That any should rule o'er this people but me,
That O'Connor and Wardle should both have a choice,
And Cobbett be suffer'd to lift up his voice?
It is really too bad; what! the man that declar'd,
If he had his will, that I should not be spar'd:
That said he could *trample me under his feet*,
That I ought to be shunn'd as an infamous cheat;
That my meaning was plain, I was more knave than simpleton,
Though I read my Horne-*book* at a place he call'd *Wimbledon*.
Yet this is the man whom you suffer to prate,
Who knows more of *pigs* than of matters of State;
Yes, this is the man for whom you would barter
Your champion, defender of great Magna Charta."
The Baronet wept, for his heart was sore griev'd;
His speech with some murmurs, some praise was receiv'd:
When

When Waithman got up, and bluntly, says he,
" Why, gemmen, you 've heard a fine speech, do ye see;
Yet if I am to tell you a bit of my mind,
I think a *worse* ruler you hardly could find.
Was not he the man that caus'd all the row?
But for him the poor cobler had been alive now.
Did not he frighten us out of our wits,
And bring all the soldiers about us poor cits?
'T was no fault of his as more harm wasn't done,
But the soldiers were shy of discharging a gun.
What signifies talking about Magna Charta?
As well might he talk of the Knights of the Garter:
It 's no matter what, so he cuts but a flash,
And can make what he dearly delights in, a dash.
Now the question to issue I fairly will bring,
Is a man who breeds riot—a man to be King?"
" No no, and no no," was echo'd by all;
" No Sir Francis Burdett, and let pride have a fall.
We'll have none of them as won't let us be quiet,
We 'll have none of them as delights in a riot;
We don't want no bother—we 've had quite enough
About Magna Charta, a parcel of stuff;
He shan't be a King, as plagues so about right,
And says all is fair, as is carried by *might*;
He shan't be a King, whose dissatisfied mind
Would have us find fault, where there 's no fault to find.
All 's his fault that has past, so I down with my hand,
No Sir Francis Burdett to rule over this land."
" No Sir Francis! say I," " say I," and " say I,"
" No Sir Francis!" became now the general cry;
" And out of this hall let him quickly begone,
Or our vengeance expect for all he has done."
" Then the d—l may take you!" Sir Francis he said,
" Since this is the way that my labours are paid."
He more might have spoke, but a shower of groans
Assail'd him, succeeded by sticks and by stones;
Sir Francis was pelted—and can this be true,
What, by those who once drew him—ye mob—even you?
Now, all became riot, hub-bub, and disorder,
And Waithman declar'd his colleagues out of order.
" You, Waithman," cried Connor, " laive praiching alone,
Let us fairly *fight* out who shall sit on the Throne;

Come on, my brave boys, let some sconces be broke,
And he be the victor, who best takes the yoke.
So I set the example, and give the first blow,
And he's a spalpeen that don't join in the row."
The signal once given, the gemmen set to,
But Wardle and Waithman in silence withdrew;
For though 't was their pleasure to breed an affray,
When danger began, they got out of the way.
Of those who more nobly remain'd on the field,
Not one to the other a tittle would yield,
Nor Connor to Cobbett—nor to Cobbett, O'Connor,
For determin'd were both to be thought lads of honour;
So they fought till they dropp'd—and when they were down,
'T was declar'd a hard battle they 'd had for a *Crown*,
When, "Gemmen," cried Molly, "it 's time to give in,
"And settle the difference—over some gin."

EPIGRAM.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

[From the same, June 1.]

JACK Crickett, when rich, had his head full of care;
But now, being poor, not a sorrow is there.
Ye nice calculators, how make you this out?
'T is that now he has nought to be careful about.
So with nothing to think of, and nothing to do,
He is free as the air—and he lives on it too.

THE CLOUD-CAPT TOWER,

(A TRAGEDY.)

[From the same, June 7, &c.]

ACT I.—SCENE I.—*A Room.*

B—d—tt, *Solus.*

CLOUDS intercept the sun. I dreamt last night
James Paull was married in th' Elysian shades
To Cleopatra. Pompey, then, methought,
Quite jealous, broke his human face divine.
Hark! the vocif'rous newsmen cry my speech.

Sweet

Sweet is the music of a scoundrel's praise,
And sweet to see my baronetted name
Scrawl'd on the labell'd hats of hawkers hoarse,
Or hear it toasted over froth'd Entire.
Yet, ah! how haps it that this silv'ry tongue,
Rasp'd and sand-paper'd by my friend Horne T—ke,
Vibrates its fork in vain? The drowsy House
Nod as I recommend deform'd Reform,
And snore respondent to my soft cabals.
Vile caitiffs! What! when all my friends assure me,
(Ev'n o'er my own champaign, in all the truth
Of treated wine,) that I 'm prodigious clever?
Revenge! revenge! I 'll libel you, ye dogs;
And I know how too. For I recollect,
That Habeas Corpus, or that Magna Charta,
(Two gentlemen who liv'd i' th' reign of John,)
Did by some means procure a bond or deed,
Preventing undeserv'd imprisonment.
I on this hint will write; and John Gale Jones,
Releas'd, shall rattle his rejoicing bones.

Enter T—KE.

T—KE.

Hail! my lov'd pupil. Ha! these knitted brows;
These orbs illumin'd with unusual fire;
That visage stampt with impress palpable
Of minted genius—speak some vast design
Engend'ring in thy brain. Then, wondrous youth,
Declare with winged words, what plots perplex thee.

B—D—TT.

O T—ke, I'll write a pamphlet.

T—KE.

Is it so?
Then mark me, B—d—tt: mind thy parts of speech;
Mind the conjunction———

B—D—TT.

The conjunction! no;
Nor e'en the Opposition. Listen, friend:
The Commons scout me. I would fain be heard,
Somewhere or other. Yes, I 'll write in C—bb—tt,
And make Gale J—nes a pretext for abuse:

So

So the sly monkey, with a feline paw,
From scarlet coal the singed nut did draw.

T—KE.

A most amazing Baronet! thy scheme,
Like verbs, I hear, see, feel, and understand;
There is no adjective can speak its praise;
Adverbs in ly with feeble effort strain,
* And panting nouns toil after it in vain!

B—D—TT.

T—ke, my dear T—ke, come dine with me to-day.

T—KE.

To-day, my friend! how luckless! why, to-day
I dine with Lord——; yet hang these stupid Lords—
Methinks I 'll—yes, I will, *I will* dine with thee.

B—D—TT.

Now by this pressure of reciprocal palms,
Beshrew my heart, but thou 'rt a famous old one!
Ha! C—bb—tt comes, encas'd in breathing brass,
Ribb'd in stiff iron, dull with leaden brain;
Whose hand a bunch of pungent nettles shakes,
Whose ink is tinctur'd with Avernian lakes.

T—KE.

Gods, how poetical!

Enter C—BB—TT.

B—D—TT.

Hail, C—bb—tt, hail!
What news i' th' City?

C—BB—TT.

Marry, gentle Sir,
I does not nothing hear of any thing
But that there feller J—nes.

T—KE.

Oh, Mr. C—bb—tt,
In that one sentence four mistakes you made:
Sir, grammar tells you "the first person is
More worthy than the second."

---

* And panting Time toils after him in vain. JOHNSON.

C—BB—TT.

C—BB—TT.

Sir, 't is true:
And I mistake, or grammar tells me too,
I the first person am, the second you.

T—KE.

Thanks, Sir, that you have plac'd yourself the first;
So pioneers are foremost, and are worst.

C—BB—TT.

Sir, I 'm a sergeant, not a pioneer.

T—KE.

And you can drill me to desert, I hear.

C—BB—TT.

Apes are call'd drills, so ready drill'd you come;
Yon mirror, Sir, will show you 't is no hum.

T—KE.

If, Sir, by hum, you mean to hum a tune,
This poker, Sir, shall make you hum it soon.

B—D—TT.

Cease, cease, my friends, your Amaboean strife,
Embrace like brothers — [*They embrace.*] Matter more profuse
Of lingual sting and fisted handicuff
Invites us. C—bb—tt, soon my pen will claim
A little corner of thy weekly sheet,
To light a mighty fire. Thou tak'st me, ha?

C—BB—TT.

Take thee? ye Gods, of course. Thy simile is
Neat but not gaudy, as the Devil observ'd
To his sing'd eyebrows. Yes, young Baronet,
Yes, the fire fattens while it seems to fade;
And, blooming unobserv'd, flows whisp'ring on,
A slow but solid edifice. Such, such,
Thy mighty fire———

T—KE.

Ye pow'rs! I never heard
Of such a fire before!

B—D—TT.

Come, gentle T—ke,
Attend me to my library, and aid

My

My libellous parturition. I will tell,
How Sydney, Despard, Hambden, Emmet died;
I 'll talk of Magna Charta, mighty man!
And picture John Gale J—nes, with hungry jaw,
Mumbling his knuckles on the pale-ey'd straw.

C—BB—TT, *ecstatically.*

There is but one Sir Fr—cis!

B—D—TT.

Then, dear Billy,
Dine with that one at five, in Piccadilly.

C—BB—TT.

I shall, your honour.

[*Exeunt* B—D—TT *and* T—KE.

C—BB—TT, *solus.*

That grammarian, T—ke,
Lords it, methinks, o'er B—d—tt. Shall it be?
Shall I, the first of men, to T—ke, forsooth,
Play second fiddle? Say, shall this hoar monk
Pour thus his honied words, uncheck'd by teeth,
In B—d—tt's simp'ring ear? It must not be—
I 'll make my quarters good as well as he!

Nor think, old parson, on thy face we gaze,
Wit in its shrivell'd lineaments to seek;
We merely stand in natural amaze,
To see so tough a piece of true antique.

Thus, when a swaddled mummy, ages hid
In some huge pyramid, attracts the throng;
They gape not at its beauty, (Lord forbid!)
But wonder how the devil it kept so long!

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*A Room in Newgate.*

J—S, *solus.*

Was ever orator so blest as I!
I who, till late, in British Forum mean,
For a white shilling, factious speeches made,
To grocer green, and 'pothecary's boy,
* (What n a 'pothecary too?)

* What a 'pothecary too?]
nyutas?

VIRG.
Eat

Eat here for nothing, keep high company,
Live in the largest house in town, and see
Subscription on subscription sent to me.

RECITATIVE.

* What passion cannot money raise and quell?
If B—rd—tt bade me go to hell,
And flung some guineas on the ground,
What harm if on my face I fell,
And chink'd them with celestial sound?
Five guineas should not tempt me to rebel.
A golden guinea I can tell,
It rings so sweetly and so well,
What passion cannot money raise and quell?

Enter W—DLE.

W—DLE.

† Excuse my Woodstock, persecuted J—s.

J—S.

Alas, my gentle friend, in this dank vault,
An empty glove a frigid finger makes.

RECITATIVE.

‡ Gloves serve for fire, and grate, and stove,

---

* What passion cannot money, &c.]
What passion cannot music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His list'ning brethren gaz'd around,
And wond'ring on their faces fell,
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That sung so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot music raise and quell? DRYDEN.

† Excuse my Woodstock.]—*Poeticè* for glove.

‡ Gloves serve for fire, &c.]
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above,
For love is heav'n, and heav'n is love.
Lay of the Last Minstrel.

And

And coals below, and suns above:
For a glove is leather, and leather, a glove.

W—DLE.

J—s, our plot ripens. "B—d—tt just hath penn'd
A scurrilous libel 'gainst the Parliament."
Now mark th' alternative. They seize him for 't,
And mobs arise. They do not seize him for 't,
And mobs arise not, but the Commons fall.

J—s.

'T is a pathetic nonplus.

Enter JAILOR.

JAILOR.

Sir, outside,
A gentleman from Ireland asks in haste
For Mr. W—dle. (*Exit.*)

W—DLE.

Ha! from Ireland, say'st thou?
Perchance from Newry. Hide me, gentle J—s:
Oh! I have done such deeds! This closet sheds
A sable safety round. I 'll hide within it.—(*Enters the closet.*)

ACT III.—*A Chamber.*

B—D—TT, WH—TB—D, T—KE, C—BB—TT, and W—THM—N, in Council assembled.

B—D—TT, (*rising.*)

* Why boast we, Wh—tb—d, our extended reign,
Where pewter quarts attract a broken pane?
Our host of friends, light-finger'd, nimble-heel'd,
And shops whose brandies purple noses yield?
Our royal mobs with soot and mud embrown'd?
Our feasts enhanc'd by Faction's sprightly sound?

---

* Why boast we, Glaucus, our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain?
Our num'rous herds that graze the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harvest yield?
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
Our feasts enhanc'd by music's sprightly sound?

Why

* Why in those haunts are we with joy survey'd,
Admir'd like monsters and for pence obey'd,
Unless bold acts superior merits prove,
And indicate the desp'rate aims we love?
That when, with wond'ring eyes, our sordid bands
Behold our heads assisted by our hands,
" Such," they may cry, " reform the sinking State,
Whom all abuse, yet none can defamate!"
If a calm life those turbid honours gave,
That crown no less the driv'ller than the knave,
With slaud'rous pen I should not vainly dare
In C—bb—tt's sheets, nor urge thy tongue to war.
But since, alas! with virtue, sloth must come,
Peace, and content's unsanguinary doom,
The fame that wise men seek let us forego,
And give to slaves what we to freemen owe.
Hang'd though we die, yet branded if we live,
Or let us England gain, or England give!

---

* Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,
Admir'd as heroes and as gods obey'd,
Unless great acts superior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above?
That when, with wond'ring eyes, our martial bands
Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
" Such," they may cry, " deserve the sov'reign state,
Whom those that envy dare not imitate!"
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
That claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.
But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
Disease, and death's inexorable doom,
The life that others pay let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe.
Brave, though we fall, yet honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!

Speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus.

[*Cætera desunt.*]

" OCCIDIT."

"OCCIDIT."

[From the Morning Chronicle, June 11.]

HAS not as yet the sword of fate
Perform'd th' avenger's full command?
Has not the loss of good and great
Enough chastis'd this erring land?

Oh! were not war, defeat, and want;
(While base mistrust and bigot zeal
To half her sons forbear to grant
The pow'r to aid their country's weal;)

Was not pert Folly's upstart reign,
And mean Corruption's weak'ning thrall,
Penance of full and ample pain,
Without the curse of Windham's fall?

That glorious Son is from thee torn,
And keen and deep thy pangs must be,
Britain! if thou for him shalt mourn,
As he has felt and mourn'd for thee.

Ne'er Warrior's heart, whose flag flew wide
Just planted on the conquer'd shore,
Beat higher with his country's pride
Than his, alas! that beats no more.

Each modern grace his breast refin'd,
And social pleasure's sportive lore;
With all the gallant warmth combin'd
That glow'd in chivalry of yore.

The classic page, th' Augustan lay,
And later Europe's genius, grac'd
His mind, in which wit's liveliest play
Was temper'd by the purest taste.

Truth was his dauntless rule and aim;
His guide, his feelings *prompt* and strong;
E'en those who differ'd dar'd not blame
The motive that had led him wrong.

Has then his lov'd, his parent earth
Lost, while in life's maturer prime,
That mind sublime, that noble worth,
And in these days of woe and crime?

Ofte

Often, alas! in times to come,
When ign'rance vain, or selfish fraud,
Shall Britain's sons debase at home,
Or stain the British flag abroad;

Oft may we say, "Had Windham yet
Been spar'd; how bold his quick'ning sense
Had urg'd the task that honour set;
Honour, a nation's sure defence!

Britain had heard, if he had call'd
Ruin's and death's array to face.
His words of fire had soon appall'd
The trembling authors of disgrace.

But with what agony opprest,
If vainly he had tried to save,
His heart had burst; then think him blest
To sleep unconscious in the grave!

EPITAPH

FOR THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM WINDHAM.

[From the same, June 20.]

YE sacred stones, by English mourners prest,
Where Fox and Chatham's son in concord rest,
Open your vaults, and at their honour'd side
Place the third prop of England's falling pride.
What worthy claimant of this hallow'd tomb
Lives yet to check his country's awful doom?
Close, close your vaults, ye stones for ever close,
Where glory's last triumvirate repose.
Oh! timely call'd to share the Patriot's grave,
Nor see the ruin'd state thou couldst not save,
Windham, adieu! by all the good approv'd,
By Johnson honour'd, and by Burke belov'd;
In truth's decay to high-soul'd virtue true,
Thou setting star of ancient fame, adieu!
What prescient terrors at thy loss arise!
What tears of sorrow fill Reflection's eyes!
Who now remains, with treasur'd learning fraught,
To wake, like thee, the teeming world of thought?

Who

Who now remains, in rival ardour strong,
To roll the tide of eloquence along?
Prompt at thy call creative Fancy came,
And Reason bore thee on her wings of flame.
Fancy, unfelt by Slavery's venal crew,
Reason too bright for Dulness' owlet view.
Rejoin, blest shade, the sons of Genius fled,
And swell the synod of the virtuous dead:
Rever'd companion of the good and wise,
Reseek thy lov'd precursors in the skies.

SIR FRANCIS KATTERFELTO'S CAR!

[From the Morning Post, June 12.]

A DESCRIPTION OF THE CAR IN WHICH SIR F. BURDETT IS TO EXHIBIT HIMSELF WHEN HE GETS OUT OF DURANCE VILE.

THIS car is to be of a most magnificent description, emblazoned with devices and figures symbolical of the views and sentiments of the Baronet and his partizans. The body of the vehicle is to be on a very extended plan, and capable of containing his most intimate friends and advisers; in the centre is to be his own seat exceedingly elevated, and, on each side, a little lower, will be two seats—one on the right for his bosom friend and preceptor Horne Tooke; another on the left, for Roger O'Connor; behind in the boot will be placed *cheek by jowl* Citizens Gwyllim Lloyd Wardle, and Robert Waithman; in front, nearly as elevated as the Baronet himself, will be placed a box with only one seat for a prostitute, who is to be a free citizen, and is to represent the *Goddess of Reason.* The splinter-bar, exclusive of the traces by which the horses will draw the car, will have an additional trace on each side for *all the asses* that choose to yoke themselves into this noble vehicle. On the right pannel will be painted, in *basso relievo*, a Guillotine in the act of decapitating, with three or four at a time under

under its axe; and in the back-ground a vast number of victims bound and ready for execution; on each side of this Guillotine will stand as supporters, Robespierre and Legendre—the French butcher smiling at the work of destruction, and giving directions to the executioner; on the left pannel will be represented a Jacobin club with *red nightcaps* on, or, as the French *Democrats enragés* termed them, *bonnets rouge de la liberté*: this assembly will be sitting in judgment, and passing sentence on their fellow-citizens, whom they mean to send by wholesale to the Guillotine. Behind this assemblage will appear in the back-ground the Count Mirabeau and the Abbé Sieyes, the first movers of the French Revolution, with Tom Paine's *Rights of Man* in their right hand. In the front, and immediately under the *Goddess of Reason*, will be painted Tom Paine, holding in his hand a copy of his pamphlet called the *Age of Reason*. At Tom Paine's feet, and looking up to him for applause, will be represented the devil in the act of destroying all books of religion, law, and morality; and a number of *imps* and *fiends* will be depicted grinning and dancing round the devil, and aiding and assisting him in destroying every thing which guides society, or binds it together. Lastly, to give effect to this, and heighten the scene, all the villains, thieves, and vagabonds will be put in requisition and made drunk, and be instructed to make all the noise and uproar possible; and these latter are to call themselves the Electors of Westminster and Middlesex. As for Cobbett, Hare Townsend, Jennings, Clifford, &c. they are to march alongside the car, and act as joint *masters of the ceremonies*. As Billingsgate is near the Tower, the procession will pass that way to join the Baronet's friends there the *poissardes*; from thence it will proceed to East Smithfield, turn back to St. Giles's, pass through Tothill-fields, and finally set the

the Baronet down at his own house, amidst the infernal uproar of a *vagabond, drunken,* and *infuriated mob.*

THE LAST WILL OF THE WIMBLEDON JESUIT.

[From the same, June 16.]

MR. EDITOR,

I LIVE at Wimbledon, and it is my daily practice to take long walks in the surrounding country. In one of my rambles I picked up the following curious testamentary paper; but as I am a plain man, and never trouble my head with political concerns, I cannot make out who the parties are; for I did not know that we had any Jesuit residing at Wimbledon. As you, Mr. Editor, and your readers, I dare say, are better informed, I transmit the manuscript to you, and subscribe myself, yours, &c.

June 14, 1810. JOHN BULL.

SEDITION's course th' *Apostate Parson* ran,
From youth to age, a wicked, worthless man!
Decrepit, old, and verging to decay,
His sole possessions thus he will'd away.
B———, my pupil, and my dupe, draw near,
And what I utter, with attention hear—
Still on the backs of knaves and villains rise,
And flatter wretches whom you must despise;
Court the dull mob—but speak the blockheads fair,
And any trash the silly fools will hear!
For, ever blind, with fickle natures born,
Their Idol one day may become their scorn!
With me, my talents to the dust descend,—
They 'd prove but useless to my barren friend:
Yet all besides I freely leave to thee,
My *envy*, *rancour*, and *malignity!*
Sedition's trumpet, too, shall be thy own,
With all my hatred to the *Church* and *Throne;*

And

d should from these rebellion ever spring,
curse the *Nation*, and *detrone the King*
s fleet, by mutiny, in ruin hurled,
d low his Naval Empire o'er the world;
and London perish in the *rabble's flame*,
d *dominion* save *England's name*—
ay, my B——, the awful ruling-bell,
d being the *convert* in the *depth of hell*

EPIGRAM.

[From the same. June

W——, an able statesman, [illegible]
We country people fear.
What W.——Of course W[illegible]
For all the people. [illegible]
Are mourning o'er the [illegible]
d, Sorry. [illegible] Lan.

EXTEMPORE EPIGRAM.

[illegible] THE STATE[illegible]
[illegible] EXPRESSION[illegible]
[illegible] THE PRESIDE[illegible]
[illegible] YESTERDAY.

[From the [illegible]
Que. [illegible]
[illegible]TORS. [illegible]
Theatre [illegible]
Brother [illegible]
A C[illegible]

[illegible]

the City, and some other places, were received for his liberation; but seeing the absolute necessity of punishing this animal with rigour, it was deemed advisable, by way of *precedent* in the event of any future attacks on the laws above-mentioned, by *animals* of his own stamp, not to listen or attend to any such *beastly petitions*.

On the day of his release a *herd of animals* (such as wolves, tigers, bears, apes, and monkeys, of all descriptions), anxious to pay a *tribute of affection* at the release of this *superior animal*, thronged round the grand entrance to his *den*, with an intention, as soon as the necessary forms of his liberation had gone through (such as taking off his muzzle, &c. &c.), of accompanying him through the streets in triumphant procession. This *noble animal*, however, first consulting his *friendly keeper*, disdained to mix with so *filthy and vile a herd of subordinate and humble brutes*, and chose rather to give them all the slip, and proceed in a more private way. He therefore contrived, by the assistance of his Keeper, to leave the Tower by a wicket-gate at the other end, and was seen to plunge into a boat in the Thames, and, with the utmost dispatch, to proceed to the opposite shore, at which place, it is said, a wild-beast cart was prepared for his reception. It is supposed he was conveyed to his own *den* at Wimbledon; and now, we hope, prudence will dictate to him the conduct and good temper of a *tamed lion*.

A GENUINE

A GENUINE LETTER, FROM THE PERSIAN ENVOY, MIRZA ABUL HASSAN,

TO THE LORD, OR GENTLEMAN, WITHOUT NAME, WHO LATELY WRITE LETTER TO HIM, AND ASK VERY MUCH TO GIVE ANSWER.

[From the General Evening Post, June 14.]

SIR, MY LORD,

WHEN you write to me, some time ago, to give my thought of what I see good and bad this country, that time I not speak English very well—now I read, I write much little better—now I give to you my think. In this country bad not too much, every thing very good—but suppose I not tell something little bad, then you say I tell all flattery—therefore I tell most bad thing. I not like such crowd in evening party every night—in cold weather not very good—now, hot weather, much too bad. I very much astonish, every day now much hot than before, evening parties much crowd than before.—Pretty beautiful ladies come sweat, that not very good—I always afraid some old lady in great crowd come dead, that not very good, and spoil my happiness.—I think old ladies after 85 years not come to evening party that much better. —Why for take so much trouble? Some other thing little bad.—Very beautiful young lady, she got ugly fellow for husband, that not very good, very shocking. I ask Sir Gore why for this. He says me, perhaps he very good man, not handsome no matter, perhaps got too much money, perhaps got title—I say I not like that, all very shocking.—This all bad I know—now I say good.—English people all very good people—all very happy—do what they like, say what like, write in newspaper what like. I love English people very much, they very good, very civil to me.—I tell my King English love Persian very much.—English King best man in world—he love his people very good

much.—He speak very kind to me, I love him very much.—Queen very best woman I ever saw.—Prince of Wales such a fine elegant beautiful man—I not understand English enough proper to praise him—he is too great for my language—I respect him same as my own King—I love him very much—his manner all the same as talisman and charm.—All the Princes very fine men, very handsome men, very sweet words, very affable.—I like all too much.—I think the ladies and gentlemen this country, most high rank, high honour, very rich (except two or three) most good, very kind to inferior peoples.—This very good.—I go to see Chelsea—all old men sit on grass, in shade of fine tree, fine river run by—beautiful place, plenty to eat, drink, good coat, every thing very good—Sir Gore he tell me King Charles and King James—I say, Sir Gore, they not Mussulman, but I think God love them very much. I think God he love the King very well for keeping up that charity—then I see one small regiment of children go to dinner—one small boy he say thanks to God for eat, for drink, for clothes—other little boys they all answer Amen, then I cry a little—my heart too much pleased.—This all very good for two things—one thing God very much please—two things, Soldiers fight much better because see their good King take care of old wounded fathers and little children.—Then I go to Greenwich—that too good place—such a fine sight make me a little sick for joy—all old men so happy, eat dinner so well—fine house—fine beds—all very good.——This very good country—English ladies very handsome, very beautiful—I travel great deal; I go Arabia, I go Calcutta, Hyderabad, Poonah, Bombay, Georgia, Armenia, Constantinople, Malta, Gibraltar, I see best Georgian, Circassian, Turkish, Greek ladies, but nothing not so beautiful as English ladies—all very clever—speak French, speak English, speak Italian, play music very well,

sing

sing very good—very glad for me if Persian ladies like them; but English ladies speak such sweet words, I think tell a little story, that not very good. One thing more I see, but I not understand that thing good or bad: last Thursday I see some fine carriages, fine horses, thousand people go to look that carriages. I ask why for; they say me, that gentlemen on boxes, they drive their own carriage. I say, why for take so much trouble. They say me, he drive very well, that very good thing. It rain very hard, some Lord, some gentleman, he get very wet; I say, why he not go inside. They tell me good coachman not mind, get wet every day, will be much ashamed if go inside, that I not understand.

Sir, my Lord—Good night—

9, *Mansfield Street*, ABUL HASSAN.
May 19, 1801.

THE SAME VERSIFIED.

FROM THE MIRZA ABUL HASSAN UNTO THE LORD OR GENTLEMAN WHO WRITE HIM WITHOUT A NAME, AND ASK MUCH—ANSWER TO THE SAME.

[From the Morning Post, June 26.]

WHEN, Sir, my Lord, you write to me,
To write my thought of what I see
That in this country bad or good,
I not then English understood:
But now I read, and can indite,
Though I much little better write.
Now I will give to you my think,
And do my best with pen and ink:
The bad in England not too much,
All very good, me think it such.
But if not little bad I tell,
You 'll say I flatter, that not well.
I then will tell the most bad thing
That to my memory I can bring:
I not like crowd, it is not right,
In evening party ev'ry night:

When weather's cold good it is not,
'T is very bad now 't is so hot;
Me am surpris'd, now hotter more,
The crowd much greater than before.
Some pretty ladies, though so sweet,
Not very good that they come sweat;
I always fear, and am in dread
In crowd, old lady may come dead;
That is not good, I must confess
To see it spoils my happiness.
I think old ladies, eighty-five,
To ev'ning parties should not strive
To come, for why take so much trouble,
When towards the grave they're bending double?
Some other thing I think is bad,
Indeed I think it very sad,
When handsome men are to be had.
As this be all the bad I know,
The much good thing I now will show
The English be to me so civil,
I scarce see in them any evil;
They do what like, what like they say,
And in newspapers ev'ry day
Whate'er they choose to write they may.
I tell my King, his heart 't will touch,
English love Persian very much.
Best man in world is English King,
Much love his people, that good thing;
He speak to me so very kind,
I love him much, he so refin'd.
Queen is best woman e'er I saw,
In her I can't perceive a flaw.
The Prince of Wales, such a fine man,
I 'll speak his praises when I can:
Enough of English I don't know
To help me now his praise to show;
Like my own King, I him respect,
I too much love him I suspect;
His smile his enemies disarm,
He so like talisman and charm.
Fine men indeed the Princes are,
They're very handsome, I declare;

Their

Their words so affable, so sweet,
Their like I never yet did meet:
Indeed their manners, they are such,
I can't but love them all too much.
Ladies and gentlemen of rank
In this good country are so frank,
(Excepting only two or three
That have been noticed by me,)
Though high in honour, yet, I find,
Are to inferior people kind.
I go to Chelsea, there I see
Old men sit under shady tree;
While the fine River it runs by,
My heart rejoice, it make me cry;
Beautiful place, good eat, good drink,
Good coat; very much good me think.
King Charles, King James, Sir Gore, tell me,
Whose handsome statue there I see;
I say, Sir Gore, respecting them,
Although these were not Mussulmen,
Their charity and love was such,
That God, he like them very much;
And I think God does love the King
For keeping up this much good thing.
I see one thing give much content,
Of children one small regiment;
They go to dinner t' other day,
And one small boy he thanks did say
To God, for eat, drink, clothes, and then
The other boys all say Amen.
My heart at this was so much pleas'd,
I cry a little, then was eas'd.
For two things, this all very good,
One thing, it very much please God;
Two things, the soldiers better fight,
To see their good King so delight
In taking care of wounded men,
Old fathers, and their young children.
I go to Greenwich, that good place,
Built with such elegance and grace,
And while my mind it did employ,
It make me little sick for joy.

object of his ambition, to deserve it.—*(Applause.)*—Before he sat down, he had one piece of intelligence to communicate to them. Sir F. Burdett, instead of joining the grand procession, as was expected, had *tipped 'em the double*, and gone up the river to Wimbledon.—*(Cries of "Impossible!" "It's all my eye and Betty Martin!" "Lie!"* &c.)—He could assure them, *upon his honour*, that his information was correct. He had had it from a very *intimate acquaintance* of his, one who, he was certain, would not deceive him, unless he could get something by it—Mr. Sheriff W——. *(Cries of, "Sir Francis hascut us!")*—He begged them to *suspend* their judgment till they had more circumstantial information.—*(Cries of "No, no, suspend Sir Francis!")*—He begged them to be calm, otherwise he should feel it to be his duty to put an end to the meeting, by sending a pint pot at some of their heads.—*(Cries of "Order, attention!"* &c. &c.)—He had neither time nor inclination to make a long speech in the present stage of the business. He would, therefore, propose, that the subject should be dropped for the present, and that the meeting should proceed to harmony.—*(Applause.)*

This proposition being approved of, several *elegant* songs were sung, and the following toasts were given, with three:—Confusion to all supporters of the King and Constitution.—May all upright judges, and all loyal Members of Parliament, be rammed, d—d, and crammed into the mouth of a cannon, blown into a gin-shop, and served out by half-quarterns. Confusion to the blackguard who damps the flame of patriotism *by water*.

The last toast called up Mr. *Bill Soames*.—He had come in but a few moments before, and had no intention of taking any part in their proceedings till he had finished his bread and onions; but the last toast had made him feel it incumbent upon him to rise and address them on the instant. He felt himself

self *infernally* sore, through riding so long on the razor-backed nag he had borrowed for the occasion. He could not stand without pain, and therefore would not detain them long. He had been, as the president was aware, at Tower-hill that day. He waited till the infantry from St. Giles's, and the cavalry from Moorfields, went off at the tail of the empty carriage. When it was first known that Sir Francis had gone up the water, much discontent prevailed. It was hoped that a *dust* might be kicked up, notwithstanding; but the loss of their leader threw the main body into such confusion, that the utmost efforts of the *marshal*-men were insufficient to keep them properly together. It was proposed to place Mr. G. Jones (from Newgate) at their head, but he not being previously apprised of the circumstance, was not properly prepared to take upon himself the command; the consequence was, the dry and dusty patriots had betaken themselves to the neighbouring pot-houses and gin-shops, instead of properly applying themselves to the working of a reform. With respect to the conduct of Sir Francis, a variety of opinions were afloat: the general idea was, that he had played them a d—nation shabby trick. For his own part, he should only say, that however he might be of opinion, that Sir Francis had *humbugged* the people, he still believed him to be *a sincere friend to liberty—his own, at least.*

Mrs. *Muzzy* had no intention of laying down her pipe, but could not be silent on such a subject. She had no hesitation in saying, Sir Francis had acted the part of a pitiful, shuffling, snivelling fellow. What business had he to make fools of people?—get them all to go to Tower-hill, and then spoil the sport by *misling it* in a little beggarly boat? If he did not choose to come in procession, why did he not say so, and be d—d to him?

Mr. *Rugged and Tough* rose, *scratching* himself violently. He disclaimed any thing like personal animosity

mosity to the lady who had just sat down, though it was well known to many present, that he had reason to complain. He did not wish to touch on private affairs while discussing public business; he, however, begged to say, that he could not but think the last speaker had taken a *swig* too much. Sir Francis might not have done quite the *neat thing*, but it did not thence follow, that he was what she had pronounced him to be. They all knew what a *hell of a row* had been kicked up at the committal of *their friend*, because two or three fellows got killed. Such was the hue and cry raised, that at one time he thought it was all *dicky* with Sir Francis. He regretted, that after the kick-up had been begun in such prime style as it was then, it should come to nothing, after all, through the intervention of the *lobsters*, or, properly speaking, the *bloody backs*. He thought it probable, that, after all, what Sir Francis had done, had been done on the *deepest reflection*; and that, however his conduct might be condemned in the present instance, they would find some excuse for it in *about six weeks*. If, in the course of the procession, any lives had been lost, Sir Francis would have been unhappy the remainder of his life. Some were of opinion, that the conduct of Sir Francis was the mere impulse of the moment; but for his part, he was disposed to believe, that, far from that being the fact, the subject had occupied his most serious consideration, *more than half the time he had been in the Tower*; and that, in consequence, he had deliberately resolved on adopting the line of conduct pursued by him that afternoon. If that were not the case, if Sir Francis, intending to join the procession till the day came, had suddenly been prevailed upon to forego his intention, and disappoint the people, he made fools of his friends, and proved himself to be a weak, drivelling idiot.

The *Long Cobler* (from the British Forum) was of

of opinion, the last speaker had acted a most rascally part. He had commenced his speech with an attack on the lady who preceded him (Mrs. Muzzy), and had concluded with a base libel on Sir Francis; he had thrown out insinuations most injurious to the conduct of the honourable Baronet; insinuations, which he felt it to be his duty to rebut and reply to, at some length. The last speaker had professed to believe, that what Sir Francis had done, he had done on the *deepest reflection*; and that an excuse might be found for his conduct in the course of six weeks.—*(Hear, hear, hear!)*—Now he would appeal to the whole company, if this was not an attack upon the honourable Baronet's character, which a scoundrel only would make, and a scoundrel who was an enemy to the cause of reform?—"Is it," said the Long Cobler, "to be supposed, that if his conduct grew on the deepest reflection, the committee would not have been apprised of his sentiments? If that is supposed, it must necessarily be inferred, that he holds the committee in the greatest contempt. But this idea is too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment, by a man of any pretensions to sense. To talk of the deep reflection of Sir Francis, is nonsense. Have we ever had an instance of his being given to deep reflection? If he has designedly made fools of us all in consequence of deep reflection—on deep reflection, it must be obvious, he wishes to affront us all. If he has made us appear ridiculous, as we do this day, through giving himself up to deep reflection for the first time in his life, his conduct can only be regarded as offering a deliberate and aggravated insult. In that case, far from thinking his conduct can be excused in six weeks, I am of opinion, an excuse cannot be found for him in six months; no, nor in six years.—*(Cries of, Never, never!)*—As to the unhappiness it is said he would have felt, had any lives been lost, in consequence

quence of his joining the procession, we all know his great soul is above feeling any thing of the kind for such trifles, in a cause so glorious. But if he would experience any uneasiness at such a circumstance, which we, from his past conduct, are all certain he would not, still would I contend, that, acting as he has done to-day, *upon deep reflection*, would be unjustifiable, would prove him to be both a fool and a scoundrel—a fool, for thus seeking a *salvo* for his conscience, and endeavouring to escape censure, and a scoundrel for shirking his friends.—*(Bravo! well said, huzza!)*—If he were weak enough to heed such trifles, if he cared about a few lives, his conduct has been most absurd. Wishing to prevent such occurrences, he would not merely have forborne to join the procession at the appointed hour, but he would have thrown a wet blanket on the whole of the proceedings of the committee, and put a stop to the preparations in their earliest stage. This, it must be obvious, was the line of conduct he would pursue, wishing to prevent mischief (as it is called). In that case, he would not have suffered the mob to assemble, and not contented himself with merely refusing to be one of their number." Far was it from him (the Long Cobler) to impute such ignoble sentiments to the honourable Baronet; he gave him credit for *other views*.—The mob once out, he knew they would not disperse without doing mischief. By disappointing them, he thought it probable they would be so far exasperated, as to proceed to greater lengths than they otherwise would, even if encouraged by his presence. If their efforts were crowned with success, he could then put himself at their head; if they failed, he reserved himself for another day. These he thought might be the reflections which influenced his conduct at the moment. Had they occurred to him before, he ought to have communicated them to the committee.—

(Cries

(Cries of, Perhaps he did, and they would not be denied.)—He was authorized to state, the contrary was the fact. He was assured by one of the committee, that, so far from the committee having ever shown the slightest disposition to force the measure of the procession on Sir Francis Burdett, there existed no doubt, but that, if he had intimated to them a determination not to attend in the procession, agreeably to the plan that had been published, and of which *he was unquestionably apprised*, the committee would have taken every active means in their power, to have announced that determination of Sir Francis Burdett, and the procession would have been abandoned. For his own part, he thought Sir Francis might have been overruled by his wife, or he might have been drunk, but he could not believe that his conduct had been such, as the stupid, shirtless rapscallion and bully (for such he must call him), who spoke last, had said.

Here the *Long Cobler* was interrupted by Mr. *Rugged and Tough*, who exclaiming "You lie," gave him such a blow in the "*bread-basket*," that the orator, falling backwards over the bench, elevated his heels to the altitude of his head, a moment before Mrs. Muzzy throwing her pipe in Mr. *Rugged and Tough's* face, closed furiously with him, and requited him with her fist and nails, for the abuse vented against her. The remaining members present mingled in the fray, and a battle royal ensued. Our limits will not permit us to give the particulars of the combat; suffice it to say, that all was confusion and uproar for some time; but at length, after many black eyes had been acquired by the combatants,

Mr. *Conkeybeau* (the President) obtained a hearing. He lamented that any thing unpleasant had occurred, and hoped he should never again see so much good passion wasted. He had a proposition to make, which, he flattered himself, would restore unanimity

nimity and harmony. Whatever difference of opinion might exist on the subject they had been discussing, there was one on which all were agreed. There was an individual, for whom, as they could neither frighten nor cajole him to espouse their cause —the overthrow of the Constitution, they all must feel the most implacable hatred. That individual was the Editor of the Morning Post. The proposition he was about to make, was, that they should go in a body and break his windows.

This proposition was received with the most enthusiastic and reiterated bursts of applause. Harmony was immediately restored. The *Long Cobler*, *Mr. Rugged and Tough*, and *Mrs. Muzzy*, shook hands. Each member present took a glass of gin, "to the destruction of the Morning Post." Loud acclamations followed, and having yelled the glee of "We *must* be good subjects while our hearts are *thus warm*," the meeting adjourned to the Strand.

THE LATE PROCESSION.

[From the same.]

MR. EDITOR,

ON Thursday last, as Sam Shovel, Dick Dust, and myself, were seated on the statue of the King, at Charing Cross, to view the rebel (I beg pardon), I mean the rabble procession passing by—feeling ourselves *exalted characters*, and *much above* the low vulgar crowd that were pressing forward to Piccadilly, I was hurt to see a tall man, with an aquiline nose, and a large bludgeon in his hand, riding on a miserable half-starved white steed, and decorated with blue ribbons, who, I was told, was *an officer in the British army*, frequently in the habit of dining at *Carlton House*; and to whom a military appointment was lately presented, to keep him out of a worse *retreat* than

than a "*coal-hole.*" Although *our* deeds are somewhat *dark*, and occasionally in the habit of *kicking up a dust*, yet *our elevation on that day* did not lessen *our loyalty*, and made us *blush* to think that so poor a return of gratitude should be made by *one* who owes every thing to his Sovereign and his Prince!

Yours, &c.

A KNIGHT OF THE BRUSH.

LETTER FROM SIR FRANCIS BURDETT TO HORNE TOOKE,

A DAY BEFORE THE GRAND PROCESSION, IN WHICH HE WAS EXPECTED TO APPEAR.

[From the same, June 29.]

MY dear Tooke, after being so long in the Tower,
You may think how impatient I wait for the hour
When, once more restor'd to my proud liberty,
I shall see my dear home, in—Piccadilly,
Embrace all my friends—oh! how ardently thee!
But something, I own it, oppresses my mind,
To my own wretched bosom—these *six weeks* confin'd;
How often I've wish'd it, in thine to repose,
Yet trembled, for fear you my plan should oppose.
The time now approaches—I must not delay;
Then list, O my Horney! to what I would say.
You know the grand doings my friends are preparing,
Outshining all those at the time of my chairing;
You know what vast numbers of coaches are *hir'd*,
What mobs to escort me in triumph, *conspir'd*;
What a very high car! (sure my *neck* would be broke,
And cheat poor John Ketch of his share of the joke—
I scorn such an act)—but what mountains of cash
My friends have expended, in cutting a dash;
What fine purple favours, with me in the middle,
All shining in *brass*; but, what looks like a riddle,
They've plac'd a *black boy* kneeling over my head;
The meaning I know not, no more than the dead.
It seems half a satire—as much as to say,
Such a black piece of business should never see day;

Or,

Or, as if I a negro-driver had been,
Or would chain, had I pow'r, just so, Englishmen.
Yet I hear all the *blacks*—pray, can it be true?
Chimney-sweeps not excepted, are deck'd out in blue.
You the riddle must solve, and excuse the digression,
I tremble to come to my *last grand confession*.
They tell me, moreover, rich flags, blue and gold,
With the "Laws"—"Magna Charta"—most pompously told,
(Heavy burdens for those who determine to hold them,
And of no earthly use, but to those who have sold them;)
And of wands, snowy white, to be held by the throng,
But whose hands will not let them keep *white* very long;
These to lash on the rabble, who lag in the cause,
Who a moment from *gin*, or reluctance, might pause;
Besides rattles, trumpets, and sheriffs on horseback,
And ladies and gem'men on humbler ass-back;
And butchers, with sticking-knives, riding in carts,
Because—*shedding blood is the joy of their hearts.*
Much more than I've power or patience to tell,
I wish they were all in the middle of h—ll;
For now my dread secret to thee I unfold,
(Yet first, my dear Tooky, I hope you won't scold;)
I'd wish to do nought disapprov'd of by thee,
But of this procession *I never will be.*
They call it a *triumph*—when how can that be?
Their power, nor mine, has render'd me free;
I staid all the time that the Commons decreed,
When they sat no longer, of course I was freed.
Can you call it a triumph, when forc'd to attend
Till the moment they chose that their sittings should end?
Did the mob make me free? Did they rescue me?—No.
Then why like a poor foolish ape should I go,
In this *mocking* procession, to deck out their show?
Too well might the Post make its game and its fun,
To see that Burdett so completely was *done.*
Katterfelto they call me—and what would they say
If I ventur'd my phiz to exhibit that day?
No, no—let the mob find some other Tom Fool,
I hope I learnt better at Wimbledon school.
To tell you the truth—I've just taken a peep
At the mob now assembled, at least fifty deep!

The

The scoundrels have come here to *stare* at the Tower,
From which to preserve me, they had not the power;
Though once the vile *faint-hearted* vagabonds swore,
No power should force me without my own door.
They 've come, vacant wretches, to gape at the walls,
I own their appearance my bosom appals;
They hope that to-morrow, Jack Pudding I stand,
To ride on a car through the streets of the land:
(Just so on a camel, a monkey I ween,
Making sport for the mob, you may often have seen.)
If *such* are the folks that my friends have *selected*,
To a focus, the refuse of London collected,
C—se me if I join them—my nerves are not strong,
I should shudder with fear as they dragg'd me along;
For "*Public feeling*" there 's nought to be said,
Can I answer but they might knock *me* on the head?
"*Public sentiment*" sometimes is rather too fierce—
In a moment my *car* might be chang'd to a *hearse*.
I declare on my honour—my dear friend Horne Tooke,
I saw (and with horror recoil'd at the look),
Bloody butchers, with sticking-knives, point to the Tower:
Oh, Lauk! at that moment, my *cage* seem'd a *bower*.
Such a hideous collection I never yet saw;
Are these then the fellows to *Hold up the law* * ?
So squalid, so savage—such faces, such hands,
From whence could they rake out such ruffian bands?
So *ragged* a set, too!—I 'd sooner go hang,
Than risk my dear life in the midst of the gang!
They told me, that *gentlemen* all would be vain
To walk *six a-breast* in my glittering train;
But I swear that not one on his back had a coat,
For which an old-clothesman would give him a groat!
Let the show serve for Jones—when they find that I fail,
He can call it his own—and edge in at the tail.
Besides, should *I* go, there 's an end to the fun,
The mob will be quiet—no *mischief* be done!
Or should there be any, on *me* they will call,
The blame of John Bull on *my* shoulders must fall.

---

* Alluding to the flag—"Hold to the laws."

But

But if I decline to appear on the stage,
The mob, giving *vent* to their *madness* and *rage*,
Will play up the devil—how glad I shall be!
'T would *then* be a day of *proud triumph* for me.
I have no protector, no friend, as you know,
And without one, I own, I 've not *courage* to go.
O'Connor in Ireland, and Cobbett *quite sick*,
Since the jury he was at such trouble to pick,
Have play'd him at last so unlook'd-for a trick.
As to Wood, he 's a fool—and an adamant block,
I 've no wish against his head my *weak* one to knock.
And Wardle, of course, is a mere *ladies'* man;
He keeps out of danger as much as he can.
So my mind is made up, I shall give them the slip,
And over the water to you take a trip;
Leave the *gentlemen* all at each other to stare,
And that I 've made fools of them, gravely declare;
While I can declare that they spar'd me the pains;
Being all ready made to my hands *without brains*.
Then with you, dear friend, I shall tranquilly dine,
And drown all their curses in bumpers of wine.

THE STATUE OF THE DYING GLADIATOR.

AN OXFORD INSTALLATION POEM.

[From the General Evening Post.]

WILL then no pitying sword its succour lend,
The Gladiator's mortal throes to end;
To free th' unconquer'd mind, whose generous power
Triumphs o'er nature, in her saddest hour?
Bow'd low, and full of death, his head declines,
Yet o'er his brow indignant valour shines;
Still glares his closing eye with angry light,
Now glares, now darkens with approaching night.
Think not with terror heaves that sinewy breast,—
'T is vengeance visible, and pain supprest;
Calm in despair, in agony sedate,
His proud soul wrestles with o'ermastering fate;
That pang the conflict ends—he falls not yet,
Seems every nerve for one last effort set,

At

At once by death, death's lingering pow'r to brave—
He will not sink, but plunge into the grave;
Exhaust his mighty heart in one last sigh,
And rally all life's energies—to die!
  Unfear'd is now that cord, which oft ensnar'd
The baffled rival, whom his faulchion spar'd;
Those clarions mute, which, on the murd'rous stage,
Rous'd him to deeds of more than martial rage;
Once pois'd by peerless might, once dear to fame,
The shield which could not guard, supports his fame;
His fix'd eye dwells upon the faithless blade,
As if in silent agony he pray'd;
"Oh! might I yet, by one avenging blow,
Not shun my fate, but share it with my foe!"
Vain hope!—the streams of life-blood fast descend;
That giant-arm's upbearing strength must bend;
  Yet shall he scorn, procumbent, to betray
One dastard sign of anguish or dismay;
With one weak plaint to shame his parting breath,
In pangs sublime, magnificent in death!
  But *his* were deeds unchronicled; *his* tomb
No patriot wreaths adorn; to cheer his doom,
No soothing thoughts arise of duties done,
Of trophied conquests for his country won;
And he, whose sculptur'd form gave deathless fame
To Ctesilas—he dies without a name!
  Haply, to grace some Cæsar's pageant pride,
The hero-slave or hireling-champion died;
When Rome, degenerate Rome, for barbarous shows,
Barter'd her virtue, glory, and repose;
Sold all that Freemen prize as great and good,
For pomps of death, and theatres of blood!

GEORGE ROBERT CHINNERY,
Christ Church.

JEUX D'ESPRITS.

THE following ballads, descriptive of the leading points of the *Grand Inauguration*, made some noise in the colleges, as well as in the city; although it

it is evident, from their paucity of point and wit, that they could have been written by no other bard than the town-cryer.

THE INSTALLATION.

——Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumq. secat res.

OH! the third of July was a famous grand day,
Huzza! for the Chancellor Grenville.
Then the lords, with their ladies, so fine and so gay,
Went to see him install'd, and to hear prelates pray;
For their roley poley,
And gammon and spinnage,
All the world for the Chancellor Grenville!

How the stages came cramm'd, as if ready to burst,
And the passengers bellow'd for Grenville!
While a mob in the basket were ramm'd (till they curst)
Like figs in a jar, and envelop'd with dust;
And some parch'd, and some pale,
Swallow'd oceans of ale,
All in honour of Chancellor Grenville!

Fame announces the Prince.—Lo! all nature is gay,
The horizon of wretchedness brightens;
All the mischievous passions are scudding away,
As foul vapours recede 'fore the regent of day;
While rapture and hope
Dress the gammon and spinnage,
For the many, as well as Lord Grenville!

But the Prince did not come, and the sun hid his head!
Heigho!, snivell'd *Oxon*;
And Rapture and Hope became sulky, 't is said,
And call'd for their nightcaps, and both went to bed,
With their roley poleys,
While the gammon and spinnage
Were cut in small bits for the million!

Mr. Chinnery, then, an A. M. of great parts,
Sang the praise of Chancellor Grenville;
Oh! he won all the ladies, and tickled their hearts;
But then we all know he 's—a *Master of Arts!*

With

With his roley poley,
And slices of *gammon*,
He seduc'd all the belles, and Lord Grenville!

Some orators next, from the rostrum, exprest
New ideas on things, to Lord Grenville;
Yet though I could not find, which was worst, or which best,
You must not suppose that this proves any test;
Because all the world says,
They exacted their praise,
As the deed was to honour Lord Grenville!

Now Bartleman, sweet Catalani, and Braham,
To sleep sang great Chancellor Grenville!
"What an orchestra 's here!" cried Miss Sneer to Miss Graham:
"What an instrument 's there! who the dickens will pay 'em"
For their bawling and squalling,
And gammon and spinnage?
Why, John Bull will for Chancellor Grenville!

We have *horns* for you all! roar'd Leander and brother;
Heigho! sigh'd the Mayor oh!
Then with trombones and trumpets they made such a pother,
That you could not hear one for the noise of the other!
And they scream'd like mad cats,
While we sat like flats,
But then 't was to honour Lord Grenville!

When those *stivers* are gone, for which avarice prays,
And my heart sinks, *en bas*, to my small clothes!
And the show is all over, I 'll finish my lays,
And return, by the waggon, which flies—in six days;
With my roley poley,
In sackcloth and ashes!
And think all my life on Lord Grenville!

A. P.

LORD G. and his Vice stick together so fine,
My stars! look at him and Lord Grenville!
Just like a proud diphthong beginning a line;
And this is so *noble*, and that 's so *divine!*

With their roley poleys,
And gammon and ethics,
Doctor Parsons for ever, and Grenville!

While investing, by scores, my Lord A. and Lord B.
Dulness (once) seem'd to grapple Lord Grenville!
Alma Mater lay stretching herself with *ennui!*
And call'd to the Proctors to bring her some tea;
As these civil civilians
Ate gammon and spinnage,
And simper'd and bow'd to Lord Grenville!

But these clouds were dispell'd, and the day grew more bright,
As the muses led Sheridan up, Sir,
And Phœbus and Freedom rejoic'd at the sight,
And *Britannia* exclaim'd, "Now, Messieurs, this is right;"
When gaunt Party stept in,
With a nerve-thrilling grin,
And dash'd from his lips Honour's cup, Sir!

Two polemical *donkies*, both sapient and sleek,
Scann'd the tenets of Chancellor Grenville!
How the *fellows* all star'd to hear *animals* speak,
One disputed in Latin, and 't other in Greek;
And on faith they split hairs,
To increase mortal cares,
While Charity smil'd with Lord Grenville.

Who 'd have thought I should live to have so much delight?
How each pulse beats in praise of Lord Grenville!
We had liberty all, after viewing the sight,
To sleep, cheek by jowl, for a guinea per night;
With our roley poley,
Like Worth, in the dumps;
But all this was in honour of Grenville!

The coarse crew snor'd around, in a thorough-bass key,
All in honour of Chancellor Grenville!
While an *erudite bug*, and a *classical flea* *,
With a d—n—ble zeal, bit poor Peter and me;

* If any persons might ridiculously suppose that we have any personal allusion in this, they are most egregiously mistaken; as every one who is acquainted with this renowned University, is well assured, that there is no such reptile as a *blood-sucker* in the purlieus of this attic and virtuous establishment.

And

And as sleep fled my eyes,
I lay wrapp'd in surprise,
And I scratch'd, and I bled for Lord Grenville!

IMPERIAL DIALOGUE.

EMPRESS.—And why, if that be an English frigate, do not these five French ships go out and take her?

NAPOLEON.—*Impossible!* the wind's not fair.

Ne trepidate *meas, Teucri, defendere naves.*—VIRGIL.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 12.]

AND now appear'd the bridal queen
Upon the sunny height,
And ope'd the wonders of the scene
Upon her dazzled sight,

Where, wide and far as western star,
The world of waters lay;
The sun's long rays' reflected blaze
Bright o'er their surface play.

Wide and more wide, light's fulgid glow
O'er wider waters roll'd;
While basking ocean slept below
One sheet of burnish'd gold.

A fairer beam than ocean's gleam,
Blue heaven had never shone—
It look'd so mild, and yet so wild,
As each had either won.

"Oh! sight of wonders! awful fair,"
Th' astonish'd Empress cries;
While curious joy and holy fear
Light up her speaking eyes.

EMPRESS.

"Oh! what a people must they be,
Those Lions of the Isle,
Who ride and rule that mighty sea,
From Plata to the Nile."

She spoke—and soon within her eye,
A trim and stately sail appear'd;
The breeze grew fresh—the ship drew nigh,
The gallant sight the lady cheer'd.

EMPRESS.

"'T is grand to see that proud ship glide
So stately down the subject tide;
The sterner beauty of her prow
Frowns on the vassal flood below;
And as she speeds her dashing force,
Whitens the green sea in her course;
As if the waters foam'd with pride,
To kiss their native favourite's side.
Methinks there is a beauty there,
Where gaiety and grandeur share."
—Then, instant, on her dulcet tone,
Grated the despot's iron groan.

NAPOLEON.

"Down, hated red-cross! shalt thou fly,
To flout me with defiance high,
And flaunt within my France's sky?
Down, hated red-cross! down!"
But higher in the beam of morn,
The bold flag on the fresh breeze borne,
Flicker'd, as if it laugh'd to scorn
The chafen'd tyrant's frown!

The lady then, as wives are bound,
Essay'd to sooth her dread Lord's ire;
But found, as other dames have found,
Her soft words fell like oil on fire.

EMPRESS.

"How glad am I! these five ships' might
Will render all resistance vain—
Though yon foe seems to woo the fight,
And care not if the five were ten.
Sail drooping with the dying breeze,
The silent ship nears more and more;
And breasts, with an insulting ease,
The wave that washes France's shore.
Then out, ye five! upon the foe,
And stoop that haughty red-cross low."

The

The King then, with that livid sneer
Which furies use, when furies jeer—

NAPOLEON.

" Lady! thy counsel sagely keep,
For haply now a foul wind blows;
When ladies' lips are clos'd in sleep,
How ladies' tongues enjoy repose!"

EMPRESS.

" Oh! foul for France, that wind I fear,
That wafts that gallant beauty near;
And fair for her the gales that blow,
Her flinty sons upon their foe."

Where'er that red-cross, peering high,
Flaps cheerly in the morning breeze,
And challenge flings to Frenchman's eye,
To venture out upon the seas;
Then let that Frenchman mark him well,
Long as he sees that red-cross stare,
However blows the steady gale,
Fair winds are *foul*, and *foul* are *fair*.

LETTER FROM THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE TO THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES.

[From the Morning Post, July 19.]

PARIS, *July* 4, 1810.

DEAR Uncle—I write to impart a disaster
Which, I 'm sorry to say, has unhappily pass'd here,
And so harass'd my mind and exhausted my strength,
That I scarce can find spirits to tell it at length.
These quicksilver Frenchmen (I 'm sure *you* must know this)
Give monstrous fatigue to our Austrian slowness;
Nor your knowledge, by this piece of news, shall I heighten,
I 'm as tir'd of their dancing as you of their fighting.
But now to proceed to my tragical story,
And lay the disaster I mention'd before you.
Old Schwarzenberg here gave a ball t' other night,
Where he fail'd not, of course, Nap and me to invite;

I wanted to cut it, but Nap would not allow me,
For he said, pride and love both induc'd him to show me;
This, Uncle, is always the reason he states
When he drags me about to these dances and fêtes;
But as these pretty sayings my nerves cannot brace,
They ne'er make me comply with a happier grace;
And indeed, my dear Uncle, you cannot conceive
In what constant fatigues and exertions I live,
For Nap drags me to this place and that without end,
And shows me to every acquaintance and friend;
And I 'm forc'd to be civil to all, though he knows
They 're my greatest aversion and bitterest foes;
To be sure, some make speeches, and others make bows,
And say all that 's polite to Napoleon's spouse:
Yet I wish I could now live at home as before,
And be cheerful and happy in Austria once more.
Excuse this digression—I would not have made it,
* But 't was grief that inspir'd, and Maria obey'd it.
We set off at ten, or some few minutes past,
And though 't was so early, yet we were the last;
The scene, to be sure, was excessively pretty,
And twelve hundred *friends* were invited to meet me;
The gardens were lighted and painted with taste,
Representing some scenes which in Austria are plac'd;
Here Schwarzenberg follow'd the whims of this people,
Who think if I see but a church or a steeple,
Which I view'd and admir'd in my own native air,
It will make me as happy as if I were there.
There were present—his Majesty King of Westphalia,
Dress'd out in his sceptre, his crown, and regalia:
His wife, whose appearance was almost as splendid—
But the women didn't look quite so smart as the men did;
Her Highness Serene the Grand Vice-Queen of Naples,
Whose dress was most vile, and whose figure most shapeless;
The Grand Duke of Wurtzburgh, my worthy relation,
And my only friend there of the whole of his nation;
Count Metternich, who 'd undertaken to usher
The sleepy Prince Kurakin, Envoy from Russia;

---

* Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys. *Eloisa to Abelard.*

The

The Prefect of Istria, and Prince Esterhazy,
The former half-drunk, and the latter half-crazy;
The Princess Layens, and the Baroness Tousard,
(The one *was* a laundress, the other a housemaid;)
Put the Prince of Borghese, and old Doctor Gall in,
Our amiable host, and his wife Madame Pauline;
Nap and me, who were certainly terribly dull there,
* And the rest were a nameless collection of vulgar;
I 'm sure if you went to examine and rob jails,
You couldn 't have discover'd such tag, rag, and bobtails.
  To receive this assembly, our host had erected
A spacious saloon, and with gauzes had deck'd it:
But that stupid Prince Kurakin happen'd to stumble,
And seiz'd hold of a corner to hinder his tumble;
Ah, luckless! the muslin he tore in his fall
Caught the branch of a lustre that hung by the wall;
In a moment the blaze mounted rapid and high,
And 't was all consternation where all had been joy:
The dancers, who 'd just begun figuring reels,
From their toes now descended, *and took to their heels.*
The Princess of Schwarzenberg stood by my side,
" Presenting her girls to her Emperor's bride;"—
But the moment she turn'd to the screams that were near her,
Stood fix'd with amazement, and palsied with terror;
Look'd at once high and low at the flames which had grown,
(For one eye look'd up, while the other look'd down,)
Then seizing her daughters, rush'd swiftly away,
Forgetful of me, whom she suffer'd to stay;
Though the moment before she had offer'd her life,
If it could but be useful, to Nap or his wife.
  I also was seeking for safety in flight,
When the mighty Napoleon stood in my sight;
No comfort, alas! in his looks could I spy,
† Affright in his aspect, and grief in his eye.
" Maria," he cried (and his voice, as he spoke‡,
Was convuls'd with despair, and with agony broke,

---

* Both the great vulgar and the small. *Cowley.*

† Fear in her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.
Parting of Hector and Andromache.

‡ Effusæque genis lacrymæ, et vox excidit ore. *Virgil.*

His manner was wild, and his accents were weak,
" With words that could weep, and with tears that could speak"—
" Maria, why stop'st thou these dangers to brave?
Why flying so slow from the jaws of the grave?
Thy nature can horror and turbulence please?
* No! Kings that love sights, love not sights such as these;
Come, haste from these perils, oh, hasten away,
Nor endanger thy husband—thyself—by thy stay."—
His words I obey'd, and I join'd in his flight:
Our arms, as our wishes, he flew to unite;
And the sole doubt that rose among those who were by
Was,—which ran the fastest, Napoleon or I.
When we came to the door we perceiv'd a mishap,
Which could scarce be eluded in time for escape;
The Vice-Queen of Naples, who stood on the stair,
With a massy gold netting had cover'd her hair:
This netting was tangled (ye smil'd at it, Fates†)
With some nails which were hung for the gentlemen's hats;
To dissolve the bright union in vain she essay'd,
Till the Grand Duke of Wurtzburgh came up to her aid;
But so close had that union been pull'd by her fretting,
And so tight to her head had she fasten'd the netting,
That her only resource was the hair to disown,
Which she said, with confusion, was never her own,
And she and the Grand Duke together roll'd down.
To the garden we flew,—where I saw such a scene
As I ne'er had beheld,—and hope ne'er shall again:
Westphalia's King by a desperate push
Neck and heels was thrown into a gooseberry-bush;
The Baroness Tousard, as hapless as he,
Was caught by the hair in a mulberry-tree:—
Doctor Gall was just bleeding the Princess of Layens,
Whose face I should like to have sketch'd with my crayons;
The Prefect of Istria and Prince Esterhazy
Were hobbling a race with the Prince of Borghese,—
Count Metternich lay, with the Queen of Westphalia,
Exploring a puddle's divine penetralia‡;

* Things that love night, love not such nights as these.
Shakspeare's King Lear.

† Malignant Fate sat by and smil'd. *Gray.*

‡ Canæ penetralia Vestæ. *Virgil.*

When

When I saw these two Nobles so wretchedly low,
I had mounted the step of my carriage to go;
'T was lucky I happen'd the coach to be half in,
For I sunk on the seat, quite exhausted with laughing;
No reason had we these disasters to rue,
Save that Nap sprain'd an ancle, and I lost a shoe;
But he 's just sent me word I must go to the Play,
So now, my dear Uncle, I must haste away;
His poor wife, thus, alas! he *will* constantly teaze her,
Oh, pity yours ever, MARIA LOUISA.

"MODERATION IN OUR STYLE OF LIVING RUINOUS TO THE STATE."

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 19.]

MR. EDITOR,

I CANNOT help expressing my astonishment at the praise you bestow on that passage in the Quakers' yearly Epistle, which recommends "*moderation in their way of living*, as the best means of seeking relief from the increasing expense of the times upon which we have fallen." Let me tell you, Mr. Editor, that it is very inconsiderate in you to publish your commendation of this advice, unless you are inclined to *merit* as well as to *incur* the charge of being a Jacobin; for it is rank Jacobinism to inculcate the moderation of the Quakers, at a time when our very existence as a people depends on the continued extravagance of the community. As a loyal subject of my King, I must enter my solemn protest against this most unseasonable doctrine, and pray and beseech my fellow-countrymen to persevere in dissipation and luxury, for the good of the State. It has often occurred to me, that Ministers do not set a sufficiently bright example of waste in their own manner of living, and that they do not make it a part of their system to imitate the patriotic disregard of economy, in their own household affairs, which entitled their great Prototype

to have his debts paid by the gratitude of the Nation. True, we hear now and then of their *Cabinet Dinners*, but not of that open and magnificent luxury which would spread its influence, and become a fashion. And I have often thought of addressing a letter to the Lord Chancellor of England upon this very topic; for I do assure you, that if all his Majesty's subjects should be prevailed on to eat scrag of mutton, there would speedily be an end of the most beautiful scheme of revenue that ever was established in any country, and by which the most necessary wars are so gloriously supported.

Think only, Mr. Editor, what would become of us if the principles of the Quakers and other religious sectaries were to become universal. They toil indeed, and they spin, but which of them is *clothed* like one of us? The consumption of these religious men is as nothing in comparison with that of the gayer and more useful members of the regular establishment. They have not half the appetites to gratify with which we are blest; and consequently all our great and staple sources of national revenue (which is only another name for national wealth) would be dried up. Our precious distillery of gin, which used to *promote* our *agriculture* as well as *enrich* our *excise*, would be the first to suffer, and, with it, would go all the various articles of indulgence, which bring in so many millions to the Exchequer, with the exception perhaps of tea and tobacco—for believe me, that all the devout part of the community indulge in a companionable pinch of snuff, and a sober dish of tea. But the consequences would be frightful if the *quaker spirit* of economy should come upon us; and I do assure you that the *terrific form* of retrenchment *haunts* my vision wherever I go—I see new houses rising at every corner of the metropolis only because families are giving up their country establishments, and sculking into town for economy.

economy. And for the same reason I see them retiring to Bath and Brighton, because in these places they may, without scandal, dispense with a train of horses and servants. Dreadful symptoms of an abridged consumption! Why, Sir, so successful, I am told, are these religious societies in preaching up this abstinence from all wasteful expense, that *sobriety* is even becoming a fashion in the country. You no longer hear of your four-bottle men among the great; nor is fuddling any longer the prevailing practice of the lower orders—even the recruiting serjeants find it difficult to keep up the ranks of the army, for the pot-houses do not supply them with materials for heroism. The country theatres are ruined, for they stand no chance with the Methodist chapels as to filling their houses; and, in short, Mr. Editor, if it had not been for the aid which honest and necessary extravagance has of late received from the *liberality* of the *Country Banks*, I know not what would have become of that race who are nicknamed the *thoughtless* part of the creation, but among whom I beg leave to enrol myself as

ONE OF THE PILLARS OF THE STATE.

VIRGIL—PASTORAL II.

[From the Morning Chronicle, July 30.]

"Formosum pastor Corydon ardebat Alexim,
Delicias domini—nec, quid speraret, habebat, &c."

TO pious Sp—r, Brunswick's supple pride,
Lorn Corydon for place and salary sigh'd;
But sigh'd in vain—since W—ls—y's stern command
From office toils had barr'd "his lily hand."
At Hampstead oft, where on each Sabbath-day
The godly Premier hied to feast and pray,
Thus would he plead—"And can thy stubborn breast
Still freeze impervious to my poor request?
Yes—thou canst mock, all heedless of my tears,
Those *feelings nice* which C——g's self reveres.

"Corunna's beach may foam with fruitless gore;
An orphan nation weep her hero Moore!
With hate—eternal hate—my name to stain,
May memory point to Flushing's charnel plain;
Dead to remorse, familiar with disgrace,
I mourn no evil, but my ravish'd place.
"Oft had the patriot's taunt, the colleague's sneer,
Assail'd—vain malice—mine impassive ear;
Resign'd, and happy in my golden lot,
Were patriot taunts and Treasury sneers forgot;
But when compell'd by C——g's fatal art
(Tartarean penalty) from place to part,
Then, then, though nerveless still at *honour*'s call,
This *practis'd* hand could urge the vengeful ball;
And had not Hermes* the just wish denied,
My slippery rival never more had lied.
He, barbarous author of our common fate,
By Proteus' arts eludes misfortune's weight—
Now with the Court coquetting—now the mob—
Or struts a patriot, or bespeaks a job.
Bartering his dirty soul for dirty pay,
——'neath his country's curse can carol gay.
Pitt's heaven-born brother, his sly hope o'erthrown,
To blast the laurels that o'ertop his own,
Though loath'd and scorn'd, finds bliss in *Calipee*,
And pitying nature views no wretch but me!
"Shall frowns for ever haunt thy hagard eye?
Better the Talents' broken fortunes try—
Better old M—lv—e to my side secure—
Black though he be, and though my Sp——r pure.
Ah! trust not all to sanctimonious face—
W—ll—y *unwash'd* could wriggle into place,
And, spite of cant and Tabernacle whine,
E'en thou perhaps art fated to resign.
"You slight me, Sp——r, and my gifts decry—
Smooth from my lips distils the fluent lie;
Not R—se, sage leader of corruption's tribe,
Wields with more art the vote-compelling bribe;
My ready voice, 'prevailing over time,'
Can baulk divisions with unceasing chime;

* The God of wit and dishonesty.

Nor

Nor am I such a dunce—hence slander vain
Of *parrot tongue* that needs no ruling brain—
Think how, inspir'd by plunder's holy trust,
I stabb'd the Dane and bow'd his towers to dust.
Gull'd by my arts he fear'd no danger nigh,
Till Lazar-houses blazing to the sky—
Till infants quarter'd at the mother's breast—
The godlike 'vigour' of our arms confess'd.
Oh! to my suit would Sp——r but attend,
Once more might England crush some trusting friend!
Nor spurn the thought—each passing hour may show
How vain all hope of trophies from the foe;
O'er *friends* achiev'd our mutual triumphs shine—
Thine *Piccadilly*—*Copenhagen* mine.
" On Sunday nights thou lov'st, I know, to preach—
Accept these hints—a lawyer's dying speech—
A loyal spy—long to my service tied—
My feelings spare—for forgery he died.
Around his neck as twin'd the cruel cord,
'Take my *last words*,' he cried, 'my dearest lord;
'That honour'd *scrag* should justice e'er demand,
'Vouchsafe to use them though at secondhand.'—
He said, and swang—I saw the hangman frown,
Bilk'd of his hope to hawk them through the town.
" Two *Writerships* I've bought—though insecure,
The traffic grow—yet these are snug and sure.
Each at thy feet below prime cost I lay—
Much does Cl—nc—y for the bargain pray,
Nor shall my noble friend entreat in vain
If thou canst eye the proffer with disdain.
" Oh take me to thy arms! a servile band
Of hungry scribblers at my elbow stand:
Their loyal pamphlets darken many a ream
With choicest puffs replete, and thou the theme.
Myself will strain the sleep-provoking throat,
For Sp——r cavil, and with Sp——r vote;
Or—deed as righteous in thy Christian eyes—
Assail the Papists with exploded lies—
And D—g—n's spite I'll cull, and M—sgr—e's guile,
So shall my labours win thy pious smile.
" Poor silly swain! a bribe to Sp——r bring?—
Not *gain*, but *conscience*, binds him to his King.

Or,

Or, by dire facts and sad experience taught,
Grant that thy spotless patron may be bought,
Lo, C——g! *bottom'd* firm on puns and squibs,
Replies, conundrums, epigrams, and fibs:
Adorn'd with face where blush has never shone;—
And blest with conscience pliant as thine own.
O dunce in grain! and is thy foolish tongue
With C——g's worth and C——g's praises hung?—
A *fundamental* blunder—half as bad
As when the wondering House believ'd me mad—
What time, while pity dropt th' indignant tear,
I smil'd, I jested on the Soldier's bier.
Me canst thou scorn—to me a pension grudge,
Whom Pitt himself allow'd a trusty drudge?
L—wth—r's a horse—a ribbon W—ll—y's whim—
My Sp——r loves a sinecure and hymn—
Congenial cares my kindred soul employ—
Place, profitable place, is all my joy.
" Now flits o'er Harrow-hill a fading ray,
The tardy signal of departing day:
Now Lords and Aldermen alike have din'd,
And Cecil comes his evening psalm to grind.
Grind on, sweet saint—till, rapt in heavenly dreams,
Bright to my view th' ideal guinea gleams.
Oh! had my spirit dwelt in Balaam's brute,
Firm as great George, as sapient Lonsdale mute,
Ne'er had he swerv'd from lucre's path astray,
Though twenty cherubim had barr'd the way!"
Cease, hapless Corydon, the idle strain—
Thy sighs, thy prayers, thy blandishments are vain—
Some new First Lord may grant a slice of pelf;
While Sp——r reigns, he reigns but for himself.

MARY

MARY ANNE CLARKE, SIR RICHARD, AND THE TOM CAT.

A VERY AFFECTING SERENATA—SET TO MUSIC BY M. KELLY, ESQ.

[From the Morning Herald, August 2.]

"The Knight swore, by his honour, that the mustard was naught; yet was not the Knight forsworn!"—SHAKSPEARE.

SIR Richard was a modest wight!
A small Philosopher, and Knight!
As brave as E——r, or as any:
He liv'd encircled with renown,
In London Town,
And turn'd—an honest penny!

This flower of men had a *Tom* Cat,
The Parish nicknam'd *Towser*:
And Mary Anne had one, as fat,
A female and a *Mouser*!

The pretty, poignant Mary Anne,
Who utter'd wit at will,
Met this gallant, prodigious man,
One day on *Addle*-hill.

Said she unto the Chevalier,
"It seems to me a thing quite clear,
If you 'd lend me your Thomas,
That we might mend the breed of Cats,
And extirpate the race of Rats,
And build a deathless fame,
That neither envy, time, nor shame,
Should ever pilfer from us!"

The big man roll'd his peery eye
O'er Mary Anne's anatomy:
Quoth he, "Increase and multiply"
Was Heaven's command,
Promulgated by sea and land,
Then, therefore, take the Cat o' me.

"But won't your *Mouser* feel alarms,
When ruthless *Towser* comes in arms,

More

More fierce than Mars, and bolder!
When Venus drives the Mice away,
That nought may neutralize the fray,
And Cupid's *bottle-holder?*"

"Go, button up your fears," said she,
"Sir Dick, for *Mousy* and for me;
My Cat needs no reprieve;"
Then threw a scrutinizing glance
O'er his huge belly's size askance,
And laugh'd within her sleeve.

Now Mary Anne invok'd the Gods
Their influence to yield;
And offer'd Dick to take the odds,
E'en should his mighty self engage,
To urge the conflict and direct the rage,
Her *Mouser* 'gainst the field!

They scratch'd and kiss'd, and kiss'd and scratch'd,
Till either was half dead;
As parties will, who're better bred,
But who've been badly match'd!

The Cyprian Cats in conclave purr'd,
And frisk'd beneath the sun:
The prayer from Mary Anne was heard;
In short, the deed was done!

While Mrs. Clarke was far away,
Arranging the *Duetto;*
Love, like a lurching Bailiff lay,
To hamper him, *in petto!*

When, lo! a Tragedy occurr'd,
Woeful as any you have heard:
The Paphian God assail'd the decent Knight,
And shook the base of his delight.
He drew from his dread quiver
His very keenest dart:
And as he could *not* find poor Richard's *heart,*
He shot him in *the liver!*

Then bawl'd, triumphantly, "Sir Richard caught is:"
While Passion's poison, like a torrent, ran,
Through all the entrails of the writhing man,
As hot as *aqua fortis!*

He

He madden'd with his amorous grief,
  And stretch'd, and sobb'd, and sigh'd:
  His lady thought he would have died:
He beat the watch, and broke the lamps,
Drew English notes on Irish stamps,
  And caper'd past belief!

At length he was quite frolicky;
  Some Doctors thought his ample brain
  Had got a sort of twist, or strain;
And some, that—he was *colicky!*

The next day she brought the Grimalkin wooer,
And laid him, chop-fallen, at Richard's door,
Dropping a curt'sy to the ground,
And beaming loveliness around:
In a becoming attitude,
She thus express'd her gratitude:

"Tulip of knighthood!—letter'd Folio!
Of all that 's chivalrous an olio,
  There is your mewing Beauty;
Somewhat uncrested, it is true,
But thank my stars, and you,
  Thomas has done his duty!"

Then thus the Chevalier—"My darling Dove,
Behold your slave!—I 'm full of love,
  Charg'd to the muzzle, like a gun:
Laden with honours, brass, and siller,—
Full of good things, like Joseph Miller!
  Say, peerless Shepherdess, what 's to be done?
Come to the bower, and let us twine,
  In Cytherean rage,
Like frisky tendrils of the Thracian vine,
Or a nice diphthong that begins a page!"

LAST WORDS OF MARY ANNE,

"Your suit is nonsense, as I 've often told you;
Besides, my heart 's not room enough to hold you:
You at Love's post, indeed, be starting!
'T is all my eye and *Betty Martin.*"

LAST WORDS OF SIR RICHARD,

"As that's my doom, when I 'm defunct, or dead,
Grave this, in marble, o'er my claycold head.

RICARDO PESSIMO,
Who died enamour'd
With a copper-bottom'd Nymph;
For when he stammer'd
Out his pain, she laugh'd, and froze the current of his lymph!
Ah! then he pin'd away,
Through pale Calamity's protracted day,
Before a jeering, quizzing, worldly throng,
And perish'd, like a swan, in amorous song,
Shrinking in intellect, by dire disease,
Like Highgate Hill into a Cheshire cheese!
Or a vast *Quarto* to a *Duodecimo*!!!
But recollect this wish, with pious care,
By way of *Postscript* to my prayer,
When I 'm entomb'd among the yews and hickories,
Should any nettle vex my gentle breast,
Eradicate the vegetable pest,
And place it o'er Sir V——y's!"

MORE LAST WORDS OF MARY ANNE.
"Forefend us, Reason, what a fuss!
Who would have thought it would be thus,
When I brought home the Cat you lent?
Your wailings make the philosophic smile:
Take pills and gruel, man, and scour the bile:
Sir Dick, you 're only *flatulent*!"

A MORAL QUESTION.
He who don't know what ails him when he 's forty,
They says a fool, because he 's no physician:
If Mary Anne had let Sir Dick been naughty,
Would her civility have mended his condition?

P.

PEGGY PATTYPAN AT ETON.

A JEU D'ESPRIT.

BY EPHRAIM EPIGRAM, ESQ.

[From the British Press, August 9.]

AN Eton Wit, who frequently would quiz
Old Peggy Pattypan, with sav'ry pies,
Once so alarm'd her by a trick of his—
The Provost was astonish'd at her cries.

Inquiring

Inquiring of the Dame—who sought for shelter—
  The cause she rais'd her feeble voice so high?
She said—" The Gemmen had agreed to *pelt her*,
  And *At-her*, *beat-her*, *damn her*, was the cry."—

" Could Eton gentlemen be so profane!"
  The Provost said—and doubted much the story—
" Lord, Sir!" quoth Peg—" the boy 's in yonder lane,
  Who spoke the cruel words I 've laid before ye."—

" Quick, bring him here, to answer for himself,"
  (The Provost cried;) " if 't is as you have stated,
I 'll punish so severe the little elf,
  He might as well, almost, be immolated."

The Culprit brought—the Provost sternly ask'd—
  " If he 'd express'd himself so reprobate?"—
" Sir!" said the Boy—" I yesterday was ask'd—
  To learn, by heart, the *Grecian* alphabet.

" To-day, my letters as I cheerly sung—
  Repeating—*Alpha*, *Beta*, *Gamma*, *Delta*;
The Woman, ign'rant of the *Grecian* tongue,
  Mistook for—*at-her*, *beat-her*, *damn-her*, *pelt-her*.

" Indeed, Sir, this is what I really said.
  Only poor Pattypan could not distinguish:
But to prevent, in future, any dread—
  I 'll *parse* the Greek—and speak to her in English."

HORACE, ODE VI. BOOK III. IMITATED.

[From the Morning Chronicle, August 18.]

Delicta majorum immeritus lues.

BRITON! avert the low'ring fate
  That broods along the country's sky,
Rouse! ere returning thought be late,
  Rouse! ere the thunder burst, that 's nigh.

Because, in stupid absence lost,
  To senseless guides thou gav'st the helm;
Lo! how the gallant vessel 's toss'd,
  See, how its sides the waves o'erwhelm!

Already

Already hast thou cause to weep
  Thy squander'd blood and wasted fame:
One vainly stains the Belgic deep,
  And one is sunk with Ch—t—m's name.

Say, was thy sense of glory dead,
  Or felt thy heart no patriot scorn,
When thy dear country's vitals bled,
  By C—le—gh and C—nn—g torn?

Shame to thy soul, that languid hung
  Silent and sickening in despair,
When, with an arm by vengeance strung,
  Thou shouldst have crush'd the guilty pair.

Alas! thy day of fame 's no more,
  Thy pulse of pride has ceas'd to beat;
Else H—ksbury's* reign had long been o'er,
  And all the *crew* had lick'd thy feet.

But quench'd are all thy glowing fires,
  In luxury's soft unnerving stream:
Hence ev'ry *pigmy*† wretch aspires
  To blast the glories of thy name.

Hence M—lg—e, R—d—r, Mel—lle's son,
  Bold dunces of the *Wellesley* school,
And all the brood that errands run,
  Dare in the seat of genius rule:

And hence thy blood must vainly flow,
  For ev'ry visionary scheme;
Hence Britons face a scoffing foe,
  In battle, for a madman's dream‡.

Gray's Inn, August 13. K.

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* Ch—— Jen——, Ld. H——, and Earl of L——, the hydra behind the Throne, to whose ill-starred influence the *latter* evils of the present reign are chiefly owing.

† It is not very necessary to point here at the *little* Minister..

‡ The reader need not be reminded of the splendid boast of Lord Wellington, "that with 24,000 men he would be able to defend Portugal!!!" Alas, how much was the experience of the gallant Moore's disasters thrown away on England!

ECONOMY.

[From the General Evening Post, Aug. 23.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

A POLITICAL writer, after a very elaborate dissertation on the little prospect we have of peace, and the necessity of carrying on the war with vigour, has lately endeavoured to prove, that little advantage can be reaped from *saving*; and that, upon the whole, *economy* ought not to be practised in *dear times*.

Now, Sir, although this doctrine has very much the appearance of a paradox, and certainly would have been thought so, some years ago, I am not quite sure that it is not held to be good and profitable, by a large proportion of my fellow-citizens. They seem to be of opinion, that however heavy our burdens, or multiplied our taxes, yet we ought to think it an *honour* to contribute to the expenses of the war, and that no man would talk of economy in times like the present, who was not *disaffected* to the government.

Notwithstanding the prospect of such an honour, and the danger of being thought disaffected, I confess, Sir, that I have been endeavouring to demonstrate my loyalty in various other ways, and that I think it quite consistent with the said loyalty, to retrench in such articles as cannot well be classed among the necessaries of life.

How far I might have proceeded in my plans of retrenchment, and what might have been the amount of my savings, I am, unfortunately, not able to relate, as, upon my first attempts of that kind, I was resisted by persuasions, which I have not been able to conquer. When I first hinted to my wife, that I thought the *carriage* might be dispensed with, which would

very considerable saving, she said she had no manner of objection; but only begged I would consider *what the people would say*.

When I hinted that the keeping *two houses* was attended with an expense which was very great; and, as we could not be in them both at the same time, it was attended with a waste, over which we had no proper control; that our country-house was little better than an inn, which all our acquaintance visited, without ever "asking for a bill;" and so far from being a place of retirement, we really had more of the trouble of company there than in town—upon all which accounts, it would be better to dispose of it; my deary agreed with me *in every point*, but still concluded with the awful question, *what would the people say?*

I tried other topics of economy, and articles of saving; but the same question still recurred; and I found that I must regulate myself by *what the people would say*, if I wished to preserve my credit. Even when I hinted, that our lodgings at Brighton, at twelve guineas per week, might surely be given up, my considerate help-mate agreed that it was a shameful price. "But then, my dear, you know we have been accustomed to meet our friends there; and if we should give our lodgings up, just as the season is beginning, *what would they say?*

After these specimens, I need not tell you, Sir, of lesser matters, of my turtle-dinners, and my French wines, all of which I must keep up, because my guests would probably *say* something which I might not like, and insinuate, that the character a man has on 'Change, depends, more than some folks would suppose, on the way he lives at home. Such is my experience in the art of saving; and, upon comparing it with that of some of my neighbours, with whom I can exchange sentiments in confidence, I have reason

to

to believe that many very worthy men go on keeping up expensive appearances, for no other reason than that they fear *what people would say.*

Whether this be the wisest measure we can adopt, I may leave to the consideration of your readers.—But I cannot forbear suggesting, that it was an unfortunate time, when we all, rich and poor, thought it necessary to live like one another; when he that was invited to witness the luxuries of a table, or the splendour of an equipage, thought it incumbent on him to exhibit the same table, and the same equipage; and when we became infinitely less attentive to what we *can do*, than to *what people will say.*

I am, Sir, yours,

A SPECULATOR.

ODE TO THE FLEAS * OF WALCHEREN.

IN IMITATION OF PINDAR.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Aug. 25.]

NIMBLE freebooters of this marshy land,
I think it neither complaisant nor right,
That your light infantry, a num'rous band,
Should put the dream-crown'd god of sleep to flight!

From boundless liberty what mischiefs flow!—
France, to such doctrine, owes its *present ruin!*
Your lobster rabble, driving to and fro,
Like it, will gallop on their own undoing!

In vain I twist and turn, and grunt and groan,
Still uppermost the hungry varlets fly;
Pull my poor flesh from ev'ry smarting bone,
And bid sweet slumber quit my closing eye!

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* Among the various plagues the author had to encounter in the late ill-fated Expedition, the treatment he received from the "*hopping inhabitants*" of Walcheren can never be forgotten—for numbers, size, and expertness, they exceed description.

The

The cold phlegmatic Dutchman cannot feel
  Your sharp-nos'd miners, delving through his skin;
He mocks your efforts with an hide of steel,
  My covering (Fortune knows) is rather thin!

E'en now I hear a starving glutton cry,
  (Poking his brown snout from the blanket's side,)
"No fear that we shall of a famine die,
  For here 's a plump, fine, fat, young juicy blade!

"No Frenchman this, without an ounce of fat,
  No Dutchman—lean, impenetrable meat,
Whose rancid flesh tastes like an old ram cat;
  No, he is all delicious—eat, fleas! eat!

"Heav'n! pick a bit of this—the flavour 's fine,
  And rich as turtle—what a juicy part!
How devilish unlucky I should dine
  Before I found him!—Ah! I 've made him start!"

Sweet, Sir, you have indeed! Your piercing snout,
  Which you expertly manage like a drill,
Gives a pang sharper than the stone or gout—
  Case-harden'd I must be, if I lay still!

But, prythee, spare me, murd'rers as you are!
  Your hearts are not so callous, as to keep
A ragged seaman, doom'd to toils severe,
  From his short interval of ease and sleep!

In sleep's care-curing arms, enraptur'd, I
  O'er ev'ry scene of former pleasure rove;
Live in the sunshine of my Laura's eye,
  And, kneeling, tell the damsel tales of love!

Or, seated in some lone, sequester'd spot,
  Far from the world, and glory's mad-brain'd sons,
I bless indulgent Heav'n, it was my lot
  To 'scape the slaughter made by Gallic guns!

There I forget the frowns of those, whose scorn
  Oft rends my heart-strings!—Let me sleep, O fleas!
Grant me a respite, gentlemen, till morn,
  And eat me in the day-time—if ye please!

A FOREMAST-MAN.

His Majesty's Ship Impetueux.

REGULATIONS

REGULATIONS PROPOSED FOR DANDELION.

[From the Morning Herald, Aug. 26.]

THIS admonitory motto is wisely placed over the grand portico :—

Nebe dich in obacht.

As the late lamentable and lamented *fracas*, at the assembly in this town, hath produced a great sensation through the island, the polished and erudite M. C. of Dandelion prudently proposed, as we are informed, that a *Senatus Consultum* should be forthwith held, to arrange a new code of statutes for the better government of that happy order of society, who condescend to commix, by land and water, in this *Baia* of Great Britain.

In pursuance of this sagacious intimation, a council of fashion hath been held in an attic room in Quality Court, who have consequently submitted the following rules for public approbation. I was invited to the Synod, but (to my shame be it registered) they found me too unlearned and inelegant for the purpose; so I was superseded by a dealer in figs from Gracechurch Street.

But to the point, as Horace says :—The following rules are now circulating for signatures, and (if approved) copies will be sent off to Ramsgate, Broadstairs, the Mile End assembly, &c.

NOTA BENE.

These delectable gardens are opened for the reception of the nobility, gentry, &c. every Wednesday and Saturday during the season. The entrance-money entitles the bearer to tea or coffee; but no gentleman must drink more than twelve cups at one sitting.

No gentleman to chew tobacco, or talk slang, except he is a member of the Four-in-hand Club, as they are a *privileged body*.

If any lady should scandalize another, who is her superior in merit, beauty, or fortune, she is to forfeit one shilling, for the use of the sea-bathing hospital; as the M. C. insists that all scandal-bearers shall be considered, in his dominion, as the scandal-makers.

No dogs to be admitted, nor any *puppies*, unless a previous security be given by their owners, for their harmless demeanour.

If any gentleman should be discovered with nails in his pumps, he must pay at the rate of sixpence per brad, to the M. C.

No hornpipes to be allowed before sun-down.

If any gentleman should, unfortunately, have *two left legs*, he is to be put in the awkward squadron, who are all honoured with the insignia of the *crab*, to signify that they cannot go forward in life, as they ought.

Horizontal stocks are provided for those ladies and gentlemen who cannot *immediately* turn out their toes, at the moderate price of half a crown per hour.

No gentlemen to dance in coloured handkerchiefs or worsted stockings.

No gentlemen to come in spurs, except the military.

Any gentleman who squeezes his fair partner's hand too roughly, in the dance, is to forfeit sixpence; unless it may be understood that his partner squeezes, sympathetically, in return.

No gentleman is to blow his nose with his fingers merely.—If he wants a handkerchief, he may borrow one of the waiter, who will have two for the use of the company, at a penny per time, provided he does not take snuff; if he does, he must pay double.

No gentleman to wear a dirty shirt, nor to pocket the sugar, under the penalty of instant ejectment from the premises.

No

No lady to thrust her fingers up her nostrils during the dance, because it is a sort of symptom of ill breeding, and is not to be recognised as admissible in the prejudices of the *beau monde*. Though it is not the mode for ladies to wear pockets in public, yet that will not suffice with the M. C. as an adequate excuse for manual indecorum, as no gentleman would refuse to take hold of the lady's *ridicule* while she is dancing!

No lady or gentleman to indulge themselves too broadly in the fathomless latitude of *double entendres*; as all such *jeux d'esprits* will be submitted to a jury of matrons, who will examine their latent points and tendency, and make their report accordingly.

In order to prevent confusion, the *coachites* and the *hoyites* are to have separate provinces of action. The *coachites* must *wheel* to the right of the lawn, and the *hoyites* are to *swim* down the dance *tout au contraire*.

The dancing will commence at one p. m. and terminate at three o'clock. It is earnestly requested, that those ladies and gentlemen who intend to dance (on the platform) will signify the same to the M. C.; as, by omitting to signify their intentions, many a beau and belle are forced to abstain from this salutary and charming amusement.

POSTSCRIPT,

(To be affixed, like Mr. Murphy's advertisement, *behind* the door.)

N. B. A new patent *Commodité pour les Dames* may be found among the currant-bushes at the southern angle, where two female dippers attend, with broomsticks, to repel the intrusions of the unhallowed.

In the third year of our sovereignty at Dandelion, and as given under our hand and wafer this 24th of August 1810.

LE SIEUR BURNHARD, M. C. (L. S.)
Countersigned, PETER GRIEVOUS, (his mark.)
Vivant Rex et Regina. Huzza!

*** The ensuing bye-laws are to be enforced as occasion may urge, viz.—

No lady or gentleman to pick their teeth with a fork during the breakfast, as a large ivory tooth-pick is kept at the bar, *pro bono publico.*

No lady or gentleman to stand up in the *waltzes,* whose anatomical weight is more than eighteen stone, individually considered.

If any lady or gentleman should give another the "lie direct," the offenders must first wash their mouths, in public, with salt and water, and then make the *amende honorable* to the object of their wrath.

If one gentleman should give another a blow, during the *gala,* he is to be mulcted in half-a-crown's-worth of punch, for the service of the band, provided the aggrieved party resents the wrong; but, if he does not, the offender is to be pardoned, on the condition that he asks pardon of the company *only.*

In order to preserve decorum and harmony, it is suggested, that gradations of rank must be rigorously enforced; viz. the wholesale dealer to precede the retail dealer; the manufacturer to follow them; and the tailors to bring up the rear. This regulation extends to their ladies and daughters, on a similar scale.

Margate.

OUTLINE

OUTLINE OF A PLAN FOR A PEEASANT AND SAFE REFORM IN PARLIAMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

[Aug. 28.]

SIR,

THE bare mention of parliamentary reform being likely to excite a host of bitter animosities and prejudices, I have thought proper to conciliate the attention of the public, by qualifying the term with an epithet which I have never yet seen joined to it, and which will, I trust, assuage all party-feelings, and tend to awaken curiosity.

It is a subject of general concern and regret, that our political prosperity has not, for many years, kept pace with our commercial aggrandizement. The wealth of individuals has accumulated; and, notwithstanding the restrictions attendant on warfare, our commerce has comparatively flourished; while, on the contrary, the nation has sunk deeper into debt. Leaving to statesmen and philosophers the discussion of the great and immediate causes of this difference, I shall confine myself to one so remote, and apparently so trivial, that it has been too often overlooked. The business of individuals is better done than the business of the nation. In this metropolis, our great national emporium, the merchant and the tradesman make their most important affairs the first object of their daily care and attention; on the other hand, our representatives make them the last. The merchant never thinks of dining till he has finished the business of the day; the member of parliament never goes to business till after he has dined. It is easy to foresee what odds there must be between them. The one has all the advantages of a clear head and a sober judgment; the other all the disadvantages of a full stomach, and a mind oppressed with the drowsiness

of repletion, or clouded with the fumes of wine. The faculties of the former are sharpened with the prospect of a cheerful repast and a social circle after the labours of the day; those of the latter are benumbed with the dread of a morning head-ach, vertigo, and nervous fever. Hence arises that character for regularity, dispatch, and mutual accommodation, which distinguishes the peripatetics of Cornhill, from the wrangling disputants of St. Stephen's, whose clamour, on some occasions, might almost excuse the severe allusion of Mr. Gibbon, in a letter to his noble friend, where, mentioning the adjournment of a hot debate, he adds, "*The hounds go out again on Friday.*" That such long-protracted and violent discussions are impediments to the dispatch of public affairs, must be evident to any honourable gentleman at all versed in trade; and I would put it to the good sense of the worthy Baronet, who has so long shone in the representation of the city, whether the most animated and interesting debate he ever heard, was what *he* would call, *doing business?* No, Sir; in the city they order these things better; and if the example were copied by our legislators, no one can deny that they and the nation would speedily feel its beneficial effects.

The reform, therefore, which I have to propose, Sir, is simply this: Let the Right Honourable the Speaker be requested to take the chair every morning at eight o'clock precisely, and let the House proceed immediately to the dispatch of business. In the outset of this regulation, a few calls of the House may be necessary; but there is no doubt that in a short time the members will vie with each other in conforming to it; and we may venture to predict, that in the course of half a session, parliamentary business will be ended, on an average, by five in the afternoon. There will be two hours left for the important duties of corresponding with constituents, &c. After which, with

with an appetite truly enviable, gentlemen may dine. The benefits of so salutary a change cannot long escape the observation of the Upper House, nor will the noble lords be tardy in adopting it. A spirit of emulation will be roused; the debates will be conducted with a temperate sententiousness and brevity, and the affairs of the nation will be transacted with vigour and expedition.

To both parties in the state this plan of reform must be equally acceptable:—To the Ministry, because it will enable them to meet Parliament in their *sober senses*, and thereby give them a chance of applying the strength and treasure of the country to a rational purpose:—To the Opposition, because it will afford them an opportunity of *awakening* their adversaries from those delusive dreams, in which, unhappily for the repose of England and of Europe, they have been but too prone to indulge.

But the genial influence of this reform will not be confined to the two Houses of Parliament; it will emanate from the centre, to the whole sphere of the political world; it will improve the habits, and stimulate the industry of all classes of men in this country, and be communicated, by the electricity of fashion, to the remotest corners of the empire.

I trust, Sir, that this plan will be found to possess those great qualities essential to all measures of national improvement; it is simple in its principle, and powerful in its operation. It opens to Parliament, a way of reforming itself within, instead of being reformed with a vengeance from without. It is the offspring of no wild and dangerous theory; it is built on experience, and sanctioned by the illustrious and paternal example of His Majesty himself. So characterized, and so recommended, I shall no longer trespass on your indulgence in displaying its merits; and have only to add, that, in case of its adoption, I

shall suggest, as one among the projected improvements in Westminster, that there be inscribed in gold letters, over the doors of both Houses, the following paraphrase of a homely, but useful maxim :—

Early to SIT, and early to RISE,
Is the way to get healthy, and wealthy, and WISE.

Yours, with all humility,
POOR RICHARD.

A REPARTEE.

[From the General Evening Post, Sept. 8.]

SLY Ralph was hard-featur'd, and not over-civil,
And the villagers round had nicknam'd him the D—l.
'Squire Banter, his landlord, who lov'd a good joke,
Determin'd the ill-favour'd clown to provoke,
Thus begins: "Mr. D—l, I hope you are well;
When did you arrive? how go things in H—l?"
"Why faith," replies Ralph, with a sarcastic leer,
"We go on down below much as you do up here:
The same complaisance as on earth, worthy Squire,
And the genteelest people sit nearest the fire."

AN OPEN COUNTENANCE.

[From the same.]

AN *open countenance* I love;
It marks th' ingenuous, honest heart,
Fraught with each virtue from above,
Devoid of guile and worldly art.

"An *open countenance!*" quoth Pat,
"Is that the thing you prize so dear?
There's Peg Mullony, fair and fat,
And with *a mouth from ear to ear!*"

COVENT

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

[From the Morning Herald, Sept. 12.]

THE RESURRECTION OF PAT-RIOT; OR, ANOTHER ROW, BY JINGO!

Being a *Scena* from the grand Opera of *Tartarus*, as it is to be acted, recited, sung, and roared on this Evening, in the Pit of Covent Garden Theatre, by some choice Knights of the O. P. Order.

The Music by Roughead Restless, Esq.

ARIA.

LET them prate of their Birmingham mobs,
Or the *sans culotte* riots at Paris;
It is nothing to what you may feel,
When teasing John Kemble or Harris.
Would you send the nine Muses to hell,
Or wound Wisdom, we'll show you all how;
Come this night to the pit with O. P.
Where, by J——s, we'll kick up a *row!*

RECITATIVE.

I say, Mrs. Dashaway in the private box yonder, what is that *there* fellow about in the corner? How long is it since you lived in Queen Anne Street East? Oh! d—me, what, you retire, do you, Madam? She can't stand it, gemmen.—Three groans for Kemble.—That's right; go it, my hearties.—Now for the O. P. dance.

GRAND CHORUS.

O. P.! O. P.! O. P.!
Find out Minerva, boys, and pelt her;
Now up, now down—now helter skelter.
O. P.! O. P.! O. P.!

ARIA.

When John speaks, you must not hear him out,
Or his reasoning may then burst our bubble;
And you know it's our latent design,
To keep all the waters in trouble.

We will bellow out, "God save the King!"
As assassins wear masks while they murder,
Affect grief at poor Decency's groans,
But secretly push the dirk further!

RECITATIVO.

Look at that fellow in the clean shirt, in the first circle; he was sent in with an order; I know him; he is first cousin to a peace-officer in Drury Lane.—How much have you got, my friend, to come here and clap the performances?—I say, you had better come down among us, and stand the racket.—Now for the O. P. dance, then look and weep.

GRAND CHORUS.

O. P.! O. P.! &c.

ARIA.

Though Kemble's conceded as much
As he ought, if to manhood he's true;
Yet should we stop here in our *fun*,
By the L—d we'll have nothing to do!
Should we smash any goods out of doors,
Why go and be *scragg'd* we all must;
But here we've no check but the will,
So d—me we'll kick up a dust!

RECITATIVO.

Now, my boys, for a complete *set-to*; out with your cat-calls—flourish your bugles—swing your rattles—open your throats; that's your sort—a fig for the magistrates and the managers—We're up to every thing—now for the O. P. dance.

GRAND CHORUS.

O. P.! O. P.! O. P.!
Find out Minerva, lads, and pelt her;
Now up, now down—now helter-skelter,
O. P.! O. P.! O. P.!

[*Exeunt omnes*,
Some towards Bow Street, but the greater part to St. Giles's.

O. P.

O. P.—A NEW SONG.

[From the British Press, Sept. 19.]

HAD Shakspeare, when first he took charge of the stage,
Liv'd in half so enlighten'd or moral an age,
He 'd have spar'd all his pains, and, instead of his wit,
Would have treated the town with O. P. in the pit.
O. P. in the pit,
O. P. in the pit,
Oh! there 's nothing like it,
It serves us for freedom, for morals, and wit.

What need of our dramas constructed with art,
Of thoughts, or of language, that go to the heart;
We depend not on genius—our public is free,
And the lowest of blockheads can bawl out—O. P.
O. P. in the pit,
O. P. in the pit,
It eclipses all wit,
All Garrick perform'd, and all Sheridan writ.

A right to *hear* plays would be very absurd;
He that pays at the door has a right *to be heard*;
And this right is so precious, that, if 't is his whim,
The rest have a right—to hear nothing but him!
O. P. in the pit,
O. P. in the pit,
There 's no freedom like it;
Where to *one* score of blackguards whole crowds must submit.

Then what drama so moral, what preacher so nice,
What fanatic so keen a suppressor of vice,
As he, who in zeal to the manager roars,
To turn out the ladies—and let in the wh-r-s?
O. P. in the pit,
O. P. in the pit,
When with modesty smit,
Shall rail down all fashion—and stifle all wit.

TO BE SOLD FOR EXPORTATION,

THE horns, rattles, dust-bells, trumpets, jews-harps, cat-calls, staves, red night-caps, and other artillery and military stores, used in the late O. P. and N. P. B. wars, for which there is, happily, no prospect of any further use. If disposed of in one lot, the purchaser shall have into the bargain, the celebrated *objurgatory vocabulary* used in the late contests, and also a course of lectures upon the accents and quantities, the rhythms, the tones, and the whole *euphony* of braying, mewing, barking, sneezing, coughing, and grunting! Inquire at the *Champion's Head.*—N. B. *Knock hard!*

[From the General Evening Post, Sept. 27.]

CROSS READINGS.

[From the same, Sept. 29.]

THERE will be a large meeting of fashionables tomorrow—

——*to appoint a scavenger for the year ensuing.*

Thursday last, a young man for a wager, ate—

——*thirty feet of our steeple, with great ease and safety.*

The following proves the great value of land in Cheltenham—

——*Lord* ——, *who just drove up, was obliged to sleep all night in his barouche.*

Whoever offends again, shall be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law—

——*N. B. No greater reward will be offered.*

A great promotion is about to take place in the army—

——*consisting of* 5040 *triple bob majors.*

The Queen Charlotte was, last week, launched in fine style at Deptford—

——*The poor woman broke her leg, and is still in a dangerous way.*

A number

A number of forged bank-notes are now in circulation—
——*which will be sold to the poor at 5s. per bushel.*
It is expected, that Lord —— will be married next week—
——*and afterwards hung in chains, pursuant to his sentence.*
There is now reason for believing, that the Empress of France is not pregnant—
——*Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.*
A most daring robbery was committed last night—
——*and the whole performance rapturously encored.*
Last week, an old house was blown down—
——*and was committed to our county gaol for want of security.*
This morning, the Right Hon. Lady —— was married to—
——*a notorious pickpocket, who has three times returned from transportation.*
We are likely to have a strong opposition for the county—
——*which, after long debating, was agreed to,* nem. con.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A MINISTER OF FINANCE WHEN PUT TO HIS LAST SHIFT.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 6.]

1. WHEN you absolutely know not what to do, or which way to turn, look *wise* and *gay* alternately, and be sure to pass more time than usual in the country, or in feasting, that all the world may think you are perfectly at ease.

2. If any person, who has neither personal favour nor parliamentary influence, offers any idea that is useful or new, tell him it is old and useless—get some person who understands business, to examine it, and make a few changes; and when the author calls upon you,

you, say, you have adopted his plan in principle, though not in form; get your private secretary to write a formal letter, saying, that you have no answer to give, but that he is mistaken.

3. Never give any encouragement to men of knowledge or genius—to be served by tools or men who only go to their offices a few hours to read the papers, yawn, and receive their salaries, shows that you do all yourself. This was a favourite maxim with a very great statesman, now no more.

4. Be sure that parliamentary interest alone be consulted in filling vacancies—a Lord's butler, valet, or parasite, ought to be preferred in any public office, to men who understand accounts, and are active.

5. In the lower departments, where the duty is hard and badly paid, get men who have no protection, for you can use them at pleasure; but let all good fat places be filled with protegés, grand protegés, or great grands; even if it is to the fifth degree of protection, which is reckoned either lineally or collaterally, as in the consanguinity of relations.

6. Always consider that the resources of the country are inexhaustible, and that, therefore, you and your friends may take what you please without inquiry, it being demonstrable by $A+B-x$, that to take a *finite* quantity from that which is *infinite*, makes no diminution or difference.

7. If any one tells you how the finances of France fell—if they tell you that in 1786, when Calonne made a loan of 84 millions, people were crushed at the door of the Treasury carrying in their money; but that ever since they have been in vain trying to get it out—if they say that credit is fugitive; that, compared with it,

> "The spider's most attenuated thread
> Is cord and cable;"

—if,

—if, in short, he tells you to walk warily, tell him, which you may truly, that England is not France; that you are not Calonne; and you may add, that he is an impertinent fellow.

8. Whatever you propose, persevere in doing, whether right or wrong. Great men may be wrong often, but confess it never.

9. Be careful to make your private Secretary answer every letter punctually, but take care also that they are full of formality, like a tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing. SWIFT.

THE SAMPFORD GHOST.

[From the Examiner, Oct. 7.]

TO THE REVEREND MR. COLTON.

MOST learned and reverend Pastor,—I have read an account of your laudable anxiety concerning the renowned Ghost of Sampford, with all the reverence due from an humble Parishioner to the holy Seer of his village. With wonder and delight have I contemplated the faith which could "see through a glass darkly" (I hope you will not suppose Sally's bed-clothes are here intended), and discover what a plain farmer could not perceive; and I am almost led to exclaim, Happy are the people who see what Kings and Prophets desired to see, but were denied.—More particularly was I struck with your ingenious invention of making an unlettered family swear upon a Greek Testament instead of an English one: thus soaring above the vulgar prejudice, that it is necessary people should know what they do swear by.—To myself, at this particular moment, the discovery is peculiarly acceptable. My house is unfortunately beset by a Chemist and a Callenderer; both of whom, to the great inconvenience of my family, are, like the steam-engine, eternal drudges, and incessantly industrious. Scarcely have

have the solemn nightly flames of the Chemist been compelled, by the overbearing approach of Aurora, to "pale their ineffectual fires," when the loud "thumps" and rolling movement of the Callenderer succeed; so that with the danger of the one, and the noise and shakings of the other, you may judge, Sir, of our unhappy condition. Our "Sally," indeed, being, like yourself, but little conversant with men and manners, has realized in her distracted imagination all the horrors you must have felt when taking cognizance of the mystical deeds of the Sampford Ghost: she has reported so many strange things of the huge uncouth shapes observable in the Chemist's fires, and of dreadful noises and alarms at the Callenderer's, that I am thinking of putting her and a few credulous followers on their oath,—not on a common translation of James the First, but, after your excellent plan, by all the awful responsibilities of a Greek Testament. Here, however, comes the difficulty: to use a common Greek Bible, such as a school-boy thumbs and greases, and sometimes soddens with his tears, you, who are so learned, and *who so well apply your learning*, must be aware is degrading.—I am anxious therefore to know what edition of the holy writings it was by which you conferred such solemnity on your ghostly lucubrations; and entreat you, through my friend the Examiner, to relieve the difficulty I am under in thinking whether it could be the Septuagint, the critical acumen of a Mill or a Griesbach, or, which would perhaps suit you better, the edition of the *Old Pope* Sextus Fifth, that was the happy instrument by which you sought to unravel the mysteries of the aërial yet terrific visitor?—I wish indeed, learned Sir, that your plan of swearing by Greek instead of our vernacular tongue were to become general, and I anticipate with rapture the benefits likely to flow from its national adoption. Were it, for instance, introduced into the Courts of

Law,

Law, with what awe-struck gravity would a country hind take his oath when he should be told that he swore on a book penned in the same language with which a Demosthenes animated his countrymen against the Macedonian Chief, and a Xenophon commemorated the retreat of the ten thousand! Methinks I see the Lingos of Danmonium in the witnesses' box, in the dreadful predicament of doubting whether they swore at all, and you, as their learned Confessor, cheering their fainting spirits by assurances of comfort.—Nor would this plan be less beneficial with persons of sharper faculties than those of mere countrymen. To what but to their swearing in plain English is to be imputed that two horse-dealers shall, in a Court of Justice, declare that one and the same horse is both all black and all white; that one of them shall swear it to be fleet as the wind, and sound as the undecayed oak, while the other shall protest it as having the pace of a tortoise, and more disorders than all the veterinary professors in the kingdom can cure? Let these men be made to swear on Greek, and Judge, Jury, and Counsel, will no longer be made fools of. Might not a Greek Bible be used with proper effect at elections for Members of Parliament?—Who would suspect the immaculate integrity either of voters, or even Members themselves, when we knew the oath had been administered in so pure and elegant a dialect?—and though a Noble Lord should be convicted (pardon me, I mean suspected, for he was never brought to trial) of trafficking in seats, and corrupt voters be disfranchised, no one ought any longer to be suspicious of their virtue and innocence, when he discovered that they had been sworn to both on a Greek Testament.—When "a Royal Duke," neither famed for wit nor morality, a great many years since talked of taking his "Bible oath" in an affair of adultery, people in general shrunk from affording a large portion of

of credulity to the royal honour; a case which could not have happened had this "illustrious personage" been *able* to make his oath on a Greek Testament.—Indeed, reverend and *learned* Sir, I am in raptures with your invention; and also most cordially congratulate you on the truly evangelical spirit you have displayed while investigating this heart-appalling business: the bitterest of your enemies can never say that your knowledge is of this world. In an age when infidelity is said not only to infect the laity, but even to lurk under the sacerdotal robe, how must your holy Church rejoice that there is yet faith in Israel, and that one of her sons at least "believeth all things," when all others are incredulous!—how must your Alma Mater, Cambridge or Oxford (I am afraid the Edinburgh rogues will say Oxford), rejoice in you as one of her Members who is engaged in the noble attempt of rendering Greek subservient to the ends of justice!—Happy and appropriate application of the means to the end! Much must she rejoice, that, under the auspices of her Greek, criminals who would boldly perjure themselves in the language of the living, would start with horror from committing themselves in that of the dead. I indeed admire your faith, Sir; but permit me to remind you, that "faith without works" is dead. You have yet to augment the fame acquired from your magical and aërial speculations by the substantial donation you have *promised*, in the kindness of your heart, to the poor of Taunton; and I may say, in the language of the Attorney-General, the people of England call for it, common sense and honesty demand it, and the Poor of Taunton moreover *pray* for it.

PHILO-GRÆCORUM.

HORACE

HORACE AT BRIGHTON.

[From the Morning Chronicle, Oct. 12.]

Solvitur acris hyems, &c.—Book 1. Ode iv.

NOW fruitful Autumn lifts his sun-burnt head,
The slighted Park few cambric-muslins whiten;
The dry machines revisit Ocean's bed,
And Horace quits awhile the town for Brighton.

The Cit foregoes his box at Turnham Green,
To pick up health and shells with Amphitrite,
Pleasure's frail daughters trip along the Steyne,
Led by the dame the Greeks called Aphrodite.

Phœbus, the tanner, plies his fiery trade,
The graceful nymphs ascend Judæa's ponies,
Scale the West Cliff, or visit the Parade,
While poor papa in town a patient drone is.

Loose trowsers snatch the wreath from pantaloons;
Nankeens of late were worn the sultry weather in;
But now (so will the Prince's light dragoons)
White jeans have triumph'd o'er their Indian brethren.

Here with choice food earth smiles, and ocean yawns,
Intent alike to please the London glutton;
This, for our breakfast, proffers shrimps and prawns,
That, for our dinner, South-down lamb and mutton.

Yet here, as elsewhere, Death impartial reigns,
Visits alike the cot and the *Pavilion*—
And for a bribe, with equal scorn disdains
My half a crown, and Baring's half a million.

Alas! how short the span of human pride!
Time flies, and hope's romantic schemes are undone;
Crosweller's coach, that carries four inside,
Waits to take back th' unwilling bard to London.

Ye circulating novelists, adieu,
Long envious cords my black portmanteau tighten;
Billiards, begone! avaunt, illegal loo!
Farewell, old Ocean's bauble, glittering Brighton!

Long

Long shalt thou laugh thine enemies to scorn,
  Proud as Phœnicia, queen of watering-places!
Boys yet unbreech'd, and virgins yet unborn,
  On thy bleak downs shall tan their blooming faces.

DIRECTIONS

TO THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN WHO FREQUENT THE ROYAL, LONDON, AND SURRY INSTITUTIONS;

SUNDRY WHEREOF MAY SUIT THE FREQUENTERS OF COFFEE-HOUSES.

[From the General Evening Post, Oct. 13.]

1. WHEN you enter the room, take up and throw down as many of the books and pamphlets as you can lay hold of, and with as much noise as possible.

2. If you see any gentleman intent on reading, stand as much between him and the light as you can; especially if he be elderly, or not likely to resent it.

3. If you have occasion to go in and out of any of the rooms ten times in a day, never shut the door behind you; and if you find any gentleman get up to shut it, go out again as soon as possible, that he may be obliged to get up a second time.

4. If you get hold of three or four newspapers or pamphlets, lean over the table, so as to keep them out of sight, and when you hear them called for, enjoy the fun.

5. Draw your chair close to the fire, sitting with your back to the company. If Tom and Dick are with you, let them do the same—it will keep the room cool, particularly in winter.

6. If there are three or four of you in a group, talk rather loud, where the custom is that there should be no talking at all. By this means the company will be obliged to listen to you, instead of reading a parcel of d——d musty books.

7. If

7. If you call for any books, let them be those only which have prints and ornaments, which you may toss about as if they were common trumpery, and scratch the fine bindings.

8. Where you have nobody to talk to, you must learn to whistle, which is an admirable substitute; and, besides, shows a musical ear.

9. If you perceive any gentleman writing, you may first stare him in the face as broadly as possible every time he looks off his paper; and as you bustle by, there will be no great harm in looking at what he is writing, although you know already that it must be some d——d stuff.

10. In all your *visits* and *studies*, keep down the man of good manners as much as possible, and exhibit in prominence the troublesome and pert coxcomb, being the character which you can perform most in nature.

R. L. S. I.

FREEDOM OF DISCUSSION.

[From the Public Ledger, Oct. 22.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I HAVE no objection to the many fine things which political writers advance in favour of the rights of public discussion. I have no objection to all men being politicians, from the highest to the lowest; and I can, at times, listen to a coffee-house conversation with as much pleasure, and perhaps as much profit, as to a parliamentry debate. Nevertheless, I am for certain arrangements in all these matters: I am for giving every thing its proper time and season; I am not for prohibiting a cobler from being a statesman; but I do say, that when he should be mending my shoes, he ought not to interrupt the work by mending the constitution.

Nay, so far am I from objecting to the lower classes and persons in trade being politicians, that I would promote *institutions*, as they are called, for the purpose, if I could but prevail upon them to appropriate *leisure* hours only to these studies. But I confess, and I hope you will not think the worse of me for saying it, that I know very few men capable of carrying on two trades at one and the same time; and I therefore could wish that handicraft politicians would serve their *customers* first, and the *nation* afterwards.

My barber has this morning kept me waiting a full hour, although very important business called me abroad, because he would first be perfectly satisfied that Lord Wellington's retreat was for no other purpose than to choose a more strong position. Now this in itself is very reasonable, and I shall not inquire how far Mr. Lather is concerned personally in the passage of the Mondego, nor whether the defence of Coimbra be nearly connected with the successful practice of the art of shaving; but I could wish he had first made a diversion in favour of his customers, and bestowed the rest of the day on starving Massena's army.

My domestics, likewise, are so eagerly disposed to adjust the affairs of the distracted Continent, as absolutely to think that my little concerns are beneath their attention. It was but the other day that I had to wait about two hours for my carriage, because my coachman and the stable-keeper who has my horses, could not agree upon the subjects that ought to engage the attention of the Cortes; and although I have so little reason to doubt the honesty of my footmen and maids, that I should not be afraid to leave money in their way, I am obliged to lock up my newspaper (I beg your pardon, Sir), with the utmost care, or hide it in some place where they are not likely to find it. The effect of a newspaper on my cook is very various.

The

The common occurrences of the day have a surprising influence on my table, but an Extraordinary Gazette seldom fails to spoil the dinner. If we send over fresh troops, every thing is *raw*; and if we gain any advantage over the enemy, it is as sure to be *over-done*.

I am sorry to add, that among inferior, as well as superior, politicians, contests and animosities take the place of that zeal for service which ought to influence true patriots. It is in vain for me to *ring*, while there is any hope of a rupture between France and Russia; or to expect attention to my paltry demands, while our alliance with the Turks has any thing of a promising appearance. I confess these things occasion somewhat of hastiness in my temper, and I should be a very frequent customer to the bell-hanger, if his concern for what is going on at Messina would suffer him to twist a bit of wire.

I would wish, therefore, Sir, that some means could be devised for carrying on trade and politics at the same time; or for putting these concerns into different hands. As matters are now managed, these inferior statesmen are carrying on a losing business. Wages may be paid punctually, and bills for *work done* duly discharged, but the cleverest of them cannot earn one penny by working at the affairs of Europe. I hope, therefore, they will consider, that while their anxiety for the Peninsula has a tendency to leave them without a coat on their backs, and every battle in Europe threatens to bring their children to the parish; they will also consider all this is attended with some small inconveniency to their employers. But should this gentle remonstrance be of no avail, we can have no resource but in our eager wishes for the restoration of peace, when men may think their lawful occupations as richly deserving of notice as those transactions to which the epithet *lawful* can, I am afraid, be seldom applied. I am, Sir, yours,

CIVICULUS.

SIR JOHN E——R AND BUONAPARTE!

A SANGUINARY VISION.

[From the Morning Herald, Nov. 3.]

Arma virumque cano. VIRG.

IT will be perceived that the following doggrel verses were engendered in my distracted imagination, by pondering over the late unhappy bickerings, and scratching of character, that hath manifested itself among those gallant Corps, the London and Tower Hamlets Militia; as these disputes not only sully our martial character, but, peradventure, endanger our existence as a nation! My ambition is not of that preposterous quality which could suppose that the gallant Colonel can derive either satisfaction, or disgust, from any effusion of mine: yet, as they report of Virgil, who was reproached for wasting his precious time in reading Ennius, Sir John may likewise exclaim, "*Aurum de stercore,*" when he takes off his spectacles, after perusing this article in the Morning Herald of to-morrow, and puts it, quiescently, upon his table.

Fame said, "Sir John,
Rise up anon,
And leave your figs and jars;
The world demands
Your matchless bands;
So hie thee to the wars!"

This flower of men,
With ardour, then
Brac'd on his sword to please her;
And march'd, quite blithe,
Through—Rotherhithe,
And look'd as big as Cæsar!

Scarcely Sir John
Had got upon

His

His nutmeg-colour'd charger;
Ere Envy came,
T' oppose his fame,
And make his perils—larger.
Grand as a sugar-loaf appears
On some poor huckster's shelf,
He tower'd above his pioneers!
In short, he was—himself!

"Would Heaven but shower down such men!"
The civic spinsters cried:
The widows bless'd his portly paunch,
Then look'd *en bas*, and sigh'd.

The baggage-waggon clos'd the rear,
Whose wheels the city greases;
Cramm'd with brown stout, to cheer their hearts,
Gunpowder tea, and cheeses.

Snug, in a cloud, o'er London Bridge,
Mars sat, while Venus coax'd him;
And, as Sir Johnny pass'd along,
The God (in envy) hoax'd him!

But he, a Knight
As brave as bright,
Scoff'd at this minor evil:
And pitch'd his tent
At Lea—in Kent;
And would have fought—the Devil!

Those winds that play
At break of day,
Seeing Sir John's battalions,
Scudded to France,
With eyes askance,
And scar'd Nap's gaunt rascallions!

Aw'd and afraid,
Napoleon said,
(And trembled till he p——d!)
"I 'm all alarms,
Sir John 's in arms,
By G—d we 're dish'd, and diddled!"

But Discord fell
Arose from hell,
To craze these corps so bonny:
Then Nap's dismay
Was sooth'd away,
And anguish seiz'd Sir Johnny!

From my Dormitory on Addle Hill, P.
Nov. 2, 1810.

RHAPSODIES,

BY THE LATE HENRY TOWNLEY ROBERDEAU, ESQ. OF THE BENGAL CIVIL ESTABLISHMENT.

WRITTEN AT MOODUPORE (A SPORTING COUNTRY), A FEW MILES FROM THE AUTHOR'S STATION AT MYNUMSING, WHERE HE WENT TO KILL TIME—AND PEACOCKS.

[Original.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following whimsical piece, which has received considerable notice in India, was sent by the Author as a letter to a friend (also a Civil Officer of the Honourable Company), then on an excursion of amusement at *Chittagong by the sea* (Islamabad in some maps), the most south-easterly of the Company's stations in Bengal, and the only one where the benefit or enjoyment of the sea, and its breezes, can be obtained either for health or pleasure.—Some of the allusions are personally referential:—thus, "*the Crabs,*" is founded upon the gentleman's having declared that live Crabs were perfectly inoffensive if caught by the naked hand, but which a lacerated finger had made him retract.—That of the drinking "Glass" alludes to the same person's assertion, of English Porter (a great luxury in Asia) being unpalatable and worthless from a glass vessel. The circumstance of the "Boat," from his being an unskilful and timid navigator. The *Mohurgange Bungalow* (or Cottage à l'Indienne) was

a sort of pleasure-house, a few miles from the station of Mynumsing (or Momensing), to which the social circle of Company's Civil Officers on that station (viz. Judge, Magistrate, Receiver-general, Registrar, Surgeon, and their several assistants, all junior civil officers) made frequent excursions for purposes of conviviality and field-sports:—this building had been recently burnt down by accident.—The line of "one whose countenance," &c. is the amiable and lamented Author's designation of himself: he possessed a vivacity of feature, and an intelligence of aspect, almost unparalleled.

While you, dear Charles, on Neptune's sandy shore,
Delighted rove, and list the ocean's roar;
While you, dear Charles, beneath the briny flood,
Taste all the joys that flow from—salt and mud!
Now half above, and half below you glide,
And seem *Arion* on the foaming tide:
While you, dear Charles, 'mid social circles live,
And share the joys which friends—and oysters—give!
Or, haply wand'ring on the pebbly beach,
(Fine wriggling Crabs within your eager reach;)
Fir'd with a noble ardour at the view,
You catch those Crabs, or else—the Crabs catch you!
While you, dear Charles, inhale the fresh'ning breeze,
As strong it blows, or moans among the trees;
Or, venturing more, you woo the wanton gale,
Launch the swift boat, and spread the swelling sail:
While you,—though waves and surges may o'erwhelm,
Stand, like the great Ulysses, at the helm;—
And like him too, the tempests may arise,
Now sink the boat, now lift it to the skies!
You brave it all, nor heed the ocean's roar,
Though one sole wish inspires,—again to reach the shore:
While you each joy in due succession prove,
Of friendship, oysters, sailing, or—of love;
Behold your friend, sad, pining, pale, and wan;
Quite tailor-like,—the ninth part of a man!
Behold him lonely, in a straw-thatch'd cot,
Railing at fate, that ties him to the spot;

See him, his grief depictur'd in his look,
Now puff a sigh, and now—his hookah smoke.
But hark! he speaks: "What woe can mine surpass,
Doom'd to drink British beer, from out a brittle glass!
No Wedgwood jug, no China's azure pride,
Bears to these lips th' invigorating tide:
Curst glass!" he cries; while from his hand it flies,
And the transparent cup a glittering ruin lies!—
Such woes as these o'erwhelm his tender soul,
His lip quick quivers, and his eyeballs roll!
Conceal'd in *malt*, at length kind Morpheus comes,
Lulls all his cares, and dissipates his glooms.
But short his rest; perch'd on the roof of straw,
Dan Corvo sits, and croaks forth, Kaw! kaw! kaw!
Harmonious bird, kaw on;—thy dulcet throat
Knows how to pour soft melancholy's note;
Such unask'd music how can I repay;
I sing a little,—so accept a lay.

VERSES TO A CROW.

Say, lovely bird of sable hue,
  What woes call forth thy plaintive strains;
What cares, what sorrows, visit you,
  Hunger perchance, with all its pains?
Or haply, I have caus'd the smart,
  All innocent of such intent;
To *Mistress Corvo*'s faithful heart,
  Perhaps, th' unerring shot I sent?
Ah! then, sweet bird, what opiate charm
  Shall sooth the anguish of thy breast,
While memory paints th' illusive form
  Of her who lull'd thy cares to rest!
Vain were th' attempt her charms to show,
  Her jetty mien, her faithful love;
And though by mortals call'd a crow,
  Her temper claim'd the name of—Dove.
Though oft she stray'd, by hunger bid;
  (Who can resist so strong a law?)
Though oft her slow return you chid,
  Her only answer was—a kaw!

But

But why should I increase thy pain,
By painting what is now no more?
Ah! cease, my muse, thy cruel strain,
Nor probe a heart already sore!
Yet grateful for thy plaintive lay,
And willing, too, to sooth thy grief,
The debt of gratitude I 'll pay,
And give thy bursting heart relief:
To ease at once the throbbing smart,
A certain method I 'll pursue;
I caus'd your grief—I wrung your heart;
And now in mercy—I kill you!

[*The Crow falls.*]

Now softly sinking, lo! the God of day
Glows in the west, and sheds a feeble ray:
He lingers still;—the lengthen'd shades extend:
His influence o'er, the various shadows blend.
Soft from the heav'ns descending, dewy Eve
Comes silent on, and bids the verdure live;
Pours her mild balsam o'er the thirsty earth,
The languid flow'rs restores, and aids their latent birth.
At this still hour,—to bats and lovers dear,
(For bats and lovers hold resemblance near;
For though bright Sol beams forth meridian day,
The bat, or will, or cannot, see his way;
And thus, though Truth her mirror holds to sight,
The rapturi'd lover scorns her faithful light:
And though his fair be ugly, cross, and old,
Blind, toothless, painted; add to these—a scold;
He fondly thinks he clasps within his arms
More than blest Paris saw, who clasp'd all Venus' charms!)
At this still hour, to taste the fragrant air;
Or appetite exhausted, to repair;
I wander forth, and as all records prove,
That poets were, and must be, deep in love;
In love I straight become, and, lover-like,
Now softly sigh, and now my bosom strike!
Now ask—a tree to point me out my love,
Now tell her beauties to the listening grove:
Now, near a babbling brook supinely laid,
Pour forth my homage to th' ideal maid.

STANZAS TO AN UNKNOWN NYMPH.

Distracting girl, I own thy reign,
My captive soul receives thy chain,
Nor would again be free:
For who that views that angel face,
That madd'ning form, that kindling grace,
Would wish for liberty?

And, ah! what subtle magic lies
In the blue heaven of those bright eyes,
All wanton as they rove!
Those lucid orbs, without control,
Dissolve in bliss the yielding soul,
O'erwhelming it in love!

Those roseate cheeks, those smiling lips,
Where love the fragrant nectar sips,
And revels in delight;
Those curly locks of auburn hair,
Which shade a skin than snow more fair,
O'ercome my dazzled sight!

Those swelling breasts, but ill conceal'd,
Would force an anchoret's heart to yield,
And thrill his veins with fire:
On ardent youth how great their force!
They stop dull reason's sluggish course,
And melt to soft desire!

Distracting girl! oh! veil those charms,
Or, while you cause such fierce alarms,
An equal passion prove;
Time flies,—the present hour employ,
Yield all your soul to love and joy,
For youth was made for love!

Thus sung the lover—then in haste arose,
Sent forth a sigh, and—brush'd his dusty clothes!
In rumination deep, as on he walk'd,
Of fleeting beauty thus he largely talk'd:
"Ah! what is that, which fascinates the eye,
That draws the tear, and prompts the fervent sigh?
Beauty, thou lovely phantom of an hour,
Canst thou repel Time's all-assailing pow'r?

Canst

Canst thou retain those love-exciting charms,
Whose magic force philosophy disarms?
Lo! in its shroud, that lifeless piece of clay,
That shone a Hebe, only yesterday:
Ah! mark it well;—nor vainly rate too high
Youth's blooming glow, which blossoms but to die!"
He said,—and, wand'ring on, his footsteps chose
A path that cross'd where once a dwelling rose;
A shapeless ruin now deform'd the place,
But memory still its former site can trace.

LINES OCCASIONED BY SEEING THE MOHURGANGE BUNGALOW, IN RUINS.

Lo! where yon heap of mould'ring fragments lie,
Once stood a mansion rear'd by friendship's hand;
Here oft, conven'd by ev'ry social tie,
Came, at the festive hour, the small but happy band.
To hail the infant year, the party came,
And ev'ry face wore Mirth's enlivening smile;
To please—be pleased—was all the gen'ral aim,
And in such joys their careless hours beguile.
And beauty, too, once grac'd the cheerful scene,
And smiling babes around their mother hung,
As now she watch'd their balmy sleep serene,
Or raptur'd heard the untaught prattling tongue!
Here too, by mirth's bland inspiration led,
Burst forth the unpremeditated joke,
From one, upon whose countenance was read
The joke or pun, long ere the tongue had spoke.
But these gay scenes are flown, to rise no more,
And dreary Silence holds her solemn reign;
No tuneful voice, or laughter's festive roar,
Again shall wake this joy-deserted plain.
Yet Memory still shall treasure up the scene,
And oft recall these objects to her view;
And still in Fancy's tablet shall be seen,
What once Reality's bright pencil drew!

Thus to cheat the dull hours, I've been courting the Muses,
Though my time perhaps might have turn'd to more uses;
But Amusement's my goddess; and this I thought better
Than sending so far a prose common-place letter;

For

For I find, when the mind is by fancy employ'd,
The effects of *ennui* are remov'd and destroy'd;
Like old Epicurus, seize time as it flies,
And the sweets of this life I 'll enjoy as they rise.
What 's the use, prythee tell me, of sadd'ning the hour
By thinking that tempests hereafter may lower?
It puts me in mind—but the lay you don't know:
Take it, then, as a FINIS, not *mal-apropos*.

THE MOTHER—A SONG.

A tear stood trembling in her eye,
Expressive of her present joy;
Her gentle bosom heav'd a sigh,
Lest fickle Fortune should be coy:
The tear bespoke a mother's love,
Who, raptur'd, gazes on her child;
She sighs lest future time should prove
That all her hopes were weak and wild!
Sad moralist!—no joy is thine,
If on fictitious woes you dwell:
Though soft and sweet fair Cynthia shine,
You think the angry clouds may swell!
Yon opening rosebud bids so fair
To be the garden's blushing pride;
And time would soon reward the care
Which on the promis'd hope relied.
But go, sad moralist! and break,
And bear its infant bud away;
Thus—all its *present* sweets forsake,
Lest frost should nip its *future* day!

MODEL OF A MODERN CHALLENGE.

A JEU D'ESPRIT.

[From the General Evening Post, Dec. 25.]

SIR,

SINCE such a villain and scoundrel you 've been,
As to blame me unheard, and to stab me unseen,
By all that is sacred, we 'll have such a fight
As shall put all the tales of *Don Quixote* to flight!
In vain from my pistol six inches you 'll crave;
We'll fight in a church-yard—we 'll stand on a grave!

With

With my broad-sword I 'll hack you to atoms piece-meal—
I 'll cut you like capers—I 'll mince you like veal!
Not a limb of your dirty existence I'll spare,
But *one* barrel of powder shall blow us to air!
So that if our joint friends come inquiring with sorrow,
They will find nothing left but our bones on the morrow!
But hold!—I am told I 'm a *sensible* man—
And some, who are brave, disapprove of this plan:
So, dropping all pistols, my broad-sword, and gun,
I only beg pardon, and now—I have done.

THE STATUE OF "THE DRUNKEN DEPUTY."

A PARODY *.

[This Figure is represented in a reclining posture, its head resting upon an empty Magnum; a plate, with a knife and fork, and a spoon, by its side.]

[From the Morning Chronicle, Jan. 26, 1811.]

WILL there no pitying drug its succour lend,
The Deputy's stomachic throes to end!
To free th' o'erloaded craw, whose mighty power
Triumph'd o'er dainties in their gayest hour!
Bow'd low, and full of wine, his head declines;
Yet o'er his brow true civic valour shines:
Still glares his vacant eye with drunken light;
Now rolls—now deadens with approaching night.
Think not with hunger heaves that bulky breast,
'Tis fulness visible, and speech supprest.
Calm in excess—in drunkenness sedate,
His proud craw wrestles with th' o'ermastering treat:
That belch the conflict ends!—he falls not yet—
Seems every tooth for one more effort set.
At once by wine—wine's conquering pow'r to brave,
He would not sip, but gulp the purple wave;
Expand his mighty mouth for one last treat,
And rally life's whole energy—to eat.

* See "The Statue of the Dying Gladiator," an Oxford Installation Poem, in p. 286.

Unfear'd

Unfear'd is now that spoon which oft ensnar'd
The trembling jelly which his fork had spar'd;
Those glasses mute which on the lily cloth
Jingled to deeds of more than civic wrath;
Once pois'd by peerless skill, once dear to fame,
The flask, which could not cool, supports his frame:
His fix'd eye dwells upon the shining blade,
As if in silent agony he said,
"Oh might I yet by one sublime 'set-to,'
Not shun my fate, but share it still with you!"
Vain hope! the fumes of claret fast ascend,
That giant chest's voracious pow'r must bend:
Yet shall he scorn, though falling, to betray.
One dastard sign of terror or dismay,
With one faint snore to shame his sleepy eyes,
In drink sublime—magnificent in pies!
Yet his were deeds unchronicled—till now
No civic wreaths have grown to grace his brow.
Him—soothing thoughts console of duties done,
Of eating honours for his "*Comp'ny*" won.
And he whose jolly form gives deathless fame
To Portsoken *—ne'er drinks without a name!
Happy to grace some Alderman be-mayor'd,
The hero, sot, or guttling champion dar'd,
When London (famous town) for shows and feeds
Barter'd her character for martial deeds;
Sold all that freemen prize as good and great,
For liveried banners and for feasts of State.

THE SELF-MURDERER.—A HORRIBLE STORY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GELLERT.

YOUNG men and maidens who this story read,
Oh, learn to moderate your warm desires;
For direful fruits do oftentimes proceed
From yielding up your souls to Cupid's fires.

Damon appear'd to all a model pure:
His aged father's prop he was, and stay;
His dawning talents promis'd, when mature,
The brighter radiance of the coming day.

* No particular or personal allusion is meant.

But,

But him the mighty pow'r of love constrain'd
  To wear the beautiful Climene's chains;
He sigh'd and swore; but still the maid remain'd,
  As any adder, deaf to all his pains.

Upon his knees before her feet he fell,
  In vain he fell; she told him to be gone:
" For ever, then, Climene, fare thee well,
  Me never shall thy eyes again look on."

From out the scabbard straight he drew his blade,
  Resolv'd, at last, to ease his weary pain;
But when he saw its point, though not afraid,
  He deem'd it wise to put it back again.

B;

HOW D'YE DO, AND GOOD-BYE.

BY THE HON. R. W. SPENCER.

ONE day Good-bye met How d'ye do,
  Too close to shun saluting;
But soon the rival sisters flew
  From kissing to disputing.

" Away!" says How d'ye do, " your mien
  Appals my cheerful nature;
No name so sad as yours is seen
  In sorrow's nomenclature.

" Whene'er I give one sunshine hour,
  Your cloud comes in to shade it;
Whene'er I plant one bosom's flow'r,
  Your mildew drops to fade it.

" Ere How d'ye do has tun'd each tongue
  To 'hope's delighted measure,'
Good-bye in Friendship's ear has rung
  The knell of parting pleasure.

" From sorrows past my chemic skill
  Draws smiles of consolation;
While you from present joys distil
  The tears of separation."

Good-bye replied, " Your statement 's true,
  And well your cause you 've pleaded;
But pray who 'd think of How d'ye do,
  Unless Good-bye preceded?

" Without